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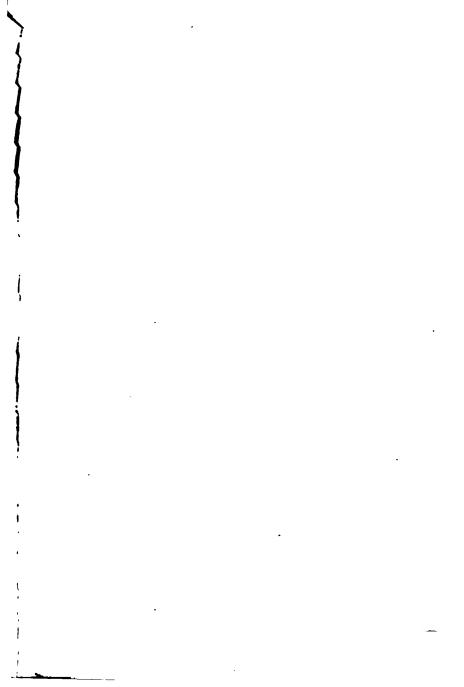
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## SIXTH

OR

## CLASSIC ENGLISH

# READER

BY

### WILLIAM SWINTON

AUTHOR OF SWINTON'S READERS, HISTORIES, GEOGRAPHIES, SPELLERS, LANGUAGE SERIES, ETC.

NEW YORK :: CINCINNATI :: CHICAGO

AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY

MAR 19 1919

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"Were I to pray for a taste that should stand me in stead under every variety of circumstances, and be a source of happiness and cheerfulness to me during life, and a shield against its ills, however things might go amiss and the world frown upon me, it would be a taste for reading. Give a man this taste and the means of gratifying it, and you can hardly fail of making him a happy man; unless, indeed, you put into his hands a most perverse selection of books. You place him in contact with the best society of every period,—with the wisest, the wittiest, the tenderest, the bravest, and the purest characters who have adorned humanity. You make him a denizen of all nations, a contemporary of all ages. The world has been created for him."—Sir John Herbschel.

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#### PREFACE.

THE present volume forms the advanced number in the series of reading books known as "Swinton's Readers." It is designed for study in the upper grades of the grammar school; as also in high schools, academies, and seminaries,—as an accompaniment to the ordinary historical manual of English literature.

It will be observed by those who have examined the preceding numbers of this series that the present work, while forming close connection with the Fifth Reader, both in matter and in mode of treatment, has a distinctive plan which differentiates it from the conventional Sixth Reader, and which may in some degree justify its sub-title of Classic English Reader.

It seemed to the editor that, at the point of intellectual advancement reached by pupils who have really mastered a series of pieces such as are found in the ordinary Fifth Reader, it was fitting to make a change in the mode of exhibiting literary selections,—a change that should substitute for the usual heterogeneous collection of unrelated, miscellaneous "extracts," something of organism—something that should at least suggest the existence of a coherent body of works known as English literature: understanding, of course, by that term the series of "volumes paramount" written as well by American as by distinctively British authors.

To this end there appeared to be two requisites,—first, that the authors should be arranged in chronological order as the key to their place in the development of English literature; and secondly, that they should be few enough to admit of a fairly adequate taste of the quality of each.

The present volume seeks to realize these conditions. Its theory is very simple, and may be summed up in the following particulars:—

I. The authors are limited to twenty, of whom ten are British and ten American. They are arranged chronologically,—the first being Stakespeare; the last, Lowell. Nothing need be said as to why tuese twenty are "taken," and many others "left": it is sufficient if each shall be deemed a classic, and each valuable for academic study.

II. It is sought to interest pupils in the selections by interesting them first in the author. To this end, an introductory sketch is given of the "Life and Works" of each of the twenty representative writers. These sketches are for the most part original; in the other cases, they are adaptations. It is certainly presumable that some knowledge of the biography of the author—his personal characteristics, chief works, place in literature, and style—will add interest and animation to the study of the selections.

III. The authors represented being few in number, it has been possible to present what has already been termed "a fairly adequate taste of the quality of each." Complete pieces have been given save in the few instances of selections from elaborate works, and even in these it may fairly be claimed that the selections are in themselves "entire and perfect chrysolites." To present complete pieces of literary workmanship was indeed a prime object of the book, for extracts are at best what Bacon calls "flashy things."

IV. Each piece is made the subject of careful annotation: first, with the view of explaining such difficulties as it is presumed the pupil would be unable to overcome, unaided; and secondly, to indicate to the teacher a line of rhetorical study in continuation of the language-work that forms so approved a feature of this series of Readers. Additional suggestions are made in the Introduction, and a copious Glossary will furnish material for many interesting etymological inquiries.

The thanks of editor and publishers are due to Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., D. Appleton & Co., and James R. Osgood & Co., for liberal permission to draw selections from their copyrighted authors.

W. S.

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#### SUGGESTIONS

ON

#### TEACHING ENGLISH LITERATURE.

#### I. - METHOD FOR GRAMMAR SCHOOLS.

THE following hints on the method of using this book are offered as helps to pupils, and to such teachers as have not a well-defined system of their own.

As the Classic English Reader is designed for use in two grades of schools differing considerably in the degree of preparedness of pupils for the study of these texts,—the Grammar School on the one hand, and the High School on the other,—it will be proper to indicate an elementary method for the former, and a more advanced method for the latter, in which pupils are pursuing simultaneously the study of Rhetoric and the History of English Literature.

- I. In grammar school classes, the strictly chronological order of reading may, in the first going over, give place to an order based on the comparative ease of the classic. This principle would dictate that, for example, Longfellow and Whittier should be read before Shakespeare and Milton; Addison and Irving, before Burke and Thackeray.
- II. The sketch preceding each author,—"Life and Works,"—besides being used as a regular reading lesson, should receive sufficient study to make the pupil familiar with a few leading facts of the author's history,—his birth and death years, names of two or more of his chief works, etc. Then, as an occasional composition exercise, the pupils should be required to make a reproduction ("abstract from memory") of these sketches; the merit of the exercise to be determined, not by the fidelity with which it reproduces the text, but by the degree in which the scholar has made a pleasing and coherent story expressed in his own language.

- III. The general character of the selection may be noted: as, whether it is narration, description, exposition, or a mingling of the three; whether the piece is of the nature of the essay, or history, or oration, or romance, etc.; and of the poem, whether it is in rhyme or blank verse. Brief elementary oral instruction by the teacher will enable the class to enlarge the scope of inquiry under this head.
- IV. A study of selected words may be made, with respect to their derivation (here the *Glossary* at the end of the book will come into service), their shades of meaning, whether obsolete or living, their synonyms, etc.
- V. A study of selected sentences may be made with reference to —
- (a) Their nature grammatically considered: as, simple, complex, etc.; declarative, interrogative, etc.
- (b) Their component parts, as shown by simple sentential analysis. In the case of inverted sentences, the brief indication of their component parts (no minutiæ of analysis should be gone into) will often serve to elucidate what would otherwise be obscure.
- (c) Their nature *rhetorically* considered; as, period or loose sentence.
- (d) The transformation of sentences from the rhetorical to the direct order of words, and vice versa. (All the knowledge needed for these simple requirements will be found in the Definitions, pages xiii-xvi).
- VI. Illustrations of the more common and useful figures of speech (such as are defined on pages xii, xiii) may be given.
- VII. Selected passages should be assigned for reproduction, or "translation:" that is, for the expression of the same thought in different words. An admirable statement of the nature of this exercise will be found in the selection from Franklin's Autobiography, given on pages 168 et seq. of this volume. It was by this practice that Franklin acquired his singularly pure, simple, and graceful style.

#### II. - METHOD FOR HIGH SCHOOLS.1

I. At the outset, the *whole* of a poem, sketch, essay, etc., should be read by the pupils, either at home or at school: this, with the view of forming a general conception of the production.

It will frequently be desirable to direct pupils to make a written abstract or brief analysis of the selection to be studied, so as to bring into prominence the framework of its structure. This will serve as an evidence whether the time allotted to preparation has been rightfully employed, thoroughly test the scholars' comprehension of the piece, and furnish excellent practice in writing.

II. In the class-room exercise, let inquiry first be made: To which of the several "kinds of composition" (as classified in the rhetorical text-book) does this selection belong? then pass to the cardinal question, viz.,—

III. What is the main object of the author in the whole poem, play, essay, oration, or other production under consideration? It is most important that the general meaning of every selection should be asked after, even when it seems obvious. When this is well discovered, the meaning of the parts should be inquired into, and their relation to the main idea investigated; that is, the *unity* of the piece should receive attention.

IV. In connection with the study of the subject-matter of the piece, attention should be given to such minor but important details as,—

- (a) The signification of rare, technical, or difficult terms.
- (b) The explanation of allusions, suggestions, references to marners and customs, historical and biographical references, and the like.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> This section is, in part, a condensation and re-arrangement of valuable suggestions contained in Boston School Document No. 29 (1877), and the introduction to Hales' Longer English Poems.

- (c) The application of sentential analysis wherever such analysis will help elucidate the meaning of the more difficult and involved passages. It may be well, too, to show something of the relations of logic—the grammar of thought—to technical grammar, which has to do with words, phrases, clauses, and sentences.
- (d) The matter of prosody or rhythm (in the case of the poetic selections) should receive some attention; the amount proportioned to the pupils' advancement in Rhetoric.
- v. The elements of style should now be considered. These have relation to —
- (a) The vocabulary, or diction, of the piece: the range and character of the author's verbal repertory, — whether predominantly Latin or Saxon, learned or simple, florid or plain, etc. At this stage also the words may be examined with reference to their origin, derivation, and formation.
- (b) The structure of the sentence: whether period or loose; studiously long or short; the balanced sentence; the condensed sentence.
- (c) Figures of speech. Here again the extent to which the study should be carried will of course depend on the pupils' knowledge of Rhetoric.
- VI. The qualities of style may next be taken up. These may be viewed as,—
- (a) Intellectual qualities: simplicity and clearness.
- (b) Emotional qualities: strength, pathos, the ludicrous, etc.
- (c) Elegances of style: melody, harmony, taste.
- VII. Lastly, a study of the author should be made with reference to  $\,$
- (a) His personal history.(b) His times.(c) His character.(d) His works.

The biographical sketches in this work will be of some assistance; but the pupil should be encouraged and *helped* to go much farther, and every accessible source should be explored for material to be used in a written account of each author.

#### DEFINITIONS IN LANGUAGE STUDY.

1.

- DEF. 1. A figure of speech is a deviation from the direct and literal mode of expression.
- Def. 2. A simile, or comparison, is the statement of a likeness between one thing and another; as,—

The tear down childhood's cheek that flows Is like the dewdrop on the rose.

Def. 3. A metaphor is a mode of speaking of one object as if it were another; as,—

#### Virtue is a jewel.

Simile and metaphor both express comparison. In the simile, one object is said to resemble another; and some sign of comparison (as, like, etc.) stands between them. In the metaphor, an object is spoken of as if it were another, and no sign of comparison is used. A metaphor is an implied simile. Thus,—

SIMILE. — He is like a lion in the fight. METAPHOR. — He is a lion in the fight.

Def. 4. **Personification** is the figure of speech in which an inanimate being is represented as animated, or endowed with personality; as,—

The mountains sing together, the hills rejoice and clap hands.

Def. 5. Antithesis is the statement of a contrast or opposition of thoughts and words; as,—

I do not live that I may eat, but I eat that I may live.

Def. 6. Climax (meaning literally a ladder) is a series of statements rising in strength or importance until the last; as,—

Learning is better than wealth; culture is better than learning; wisdom is better than culture.

DEF. 7. Syneodoche is the figure of speech by which the whole of a thing is put for a part, or a part for the whole; the genus for the species, or the species for the genus; and the like: as,—

Sail, for ship.
Daily bread, for daily food.

Def. 8. **Metonymy<sup>2</sup>** is the use of the name of one object to represent some related object; as,—

Gray hairs, meaning old age.

The fatal cup, meaning the drink in the cup.

- Def. 9. **Hy-per'bo-le** consists in magnifying objects beyond their natural bounds, to make a statement more emphatic. "Swift as the wind," "Rivers of blood, and hills of slain," are hyperbolical expressions.
- Def. 10. Apostrophe consists in addressing some absent person or thing as if present; as,—

Milton, thou shouldst be with us at this hour!

Def. 11. Irony is the use of words whose literal meaning is contrary to the real signification; as,—

Brutus is an honorable [meaning not honorable] man!

Def. 12. Ellipsis is the omission of words grammatically necessary, but supplied by the thought.

<sup>1</sup> Synecdoche (pron. sin-ek'do-ke, from the Greek sun, "together with," and ekdechomai, "to understand in a certain sense."

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Metonymy (pron. me-tŏn'ĭ-mĭ), from the Greek meta, implying "change," and onoma, "a name."

#### II.

Def. 13. The direct or grammatical order of words is their ordinary prose arrangement.

Def. 14. The indirect or rhetorical order of words is an inverted arrangement of words adopted to make a statement more impressive.

In the sentence, "I shall neither attempt to palliate nor deny the atrocious crime of being a young man," the words are arranged in the grammatical order,—subject, verb, object; but in the form, "The atrocious crime of being a young man, I shall neither attempt to palliate nor deny," the words are arranged in the indirect or rhetorical order.

Def. 15. A period is a sentence in which, by using an inverted order of words, the meaning is suspended till the close or near the close.

DEF. 16. A loose sentence is one which may be brought to a grammatical close at one or more points before the end.

Period.—On the rich and the eloquent, on nobles and priests, the Puritans looked down with contempt.

LOOSE SENTENCE.—The Puritans looked down with contempt on the rich | and the eloquent, | on nobles and priests.

#### III.

Def. 17. **Description** is the representation of things observed at any one point of time.

Def. 18. Narration is the report of a succession of events observed in the order of time.

Def. 19. Exposition is the discussion of principles.

Def. 20. Poetry, in its mechanism, is that kind of composition in which words are arranged in lines

(verses) containing a definite number and succession of accented and unaccented syllables.

- Def. 21. Rhyme is that species of verse in which is found concord of sounds in words at the end of lines.
- DEF. 22. Blank verse consists of unrhymed lines containing five feet of two syllables each, with the accent on the second syllable.
- Def. 23. A refrain is a phrase or verse which occurs at the end of each of the stanzas of a poem.
- Def. 24. Style is the peculiar manner in which thought is expressed in language.

There are many descriptive words used to denote the various kinds of style, and the meaning of these the pupil may look up in the dictionary; as, figurative, flowery, plain, verbose, terse, simple, sublime, witty, epigrammatic.

### **CLASSIC**

## ENGLISH READER.

### INTRODUCTORY READINGS.

[These introductory pieces are out of the chronologic order of authors, which begins with Shakespeare, p. 24: they are designed to stimulate a love of reading by showing what several illustrious men have said on the subject of books.]

#### 1.-BOOKS OF THE HOUR AND BOOKS OF ALL TIME.

-John Ruskin.

All books are divisible into two classes,—the books of the hour and the books of all time. The good book of the hour is simply the useful or pleasant talk of some person with whom you can not converse, printed for you. Very useful, often, telling you what you want to know; very pleasant, often, as a sensible friend's talk would be.

These bright accounts of travels, good-humored and witty discussions of questions, lively or pathetic story-telling in the form of a novel, firm fact-telling by the real agents concerned in the events of passing history,—all these books of the hour, multiplying among us as education becomes more general, are a peculiar

characteristic and possession of the present age. We ought to be entirely thankful for them, and entirely ashamed of ourselves if we make no good use of them. But we make the worst possible use, if we allow them to usurp the place of true books; for, strictly speaking, they are not books at all, but merely letters or newspapers in good print.

A book is essentially, not a talked thing, but a written thing; and written, not with the view of mere communication, but of permanence. The book of talk is printed only because its author can not speak to thousands of people at once; if he could, he would: the volume is mere multiplication of his voice. You can not talk to your friend in India; if you could, you would: you write instead; that is mere conveyance of voice. But a book is written, not to multiply the voice merely, not to carry it merely, but to preserve it.

The author has something to say which he perceives to be true and useful, or helpfully beautiful. So far as he knows, no one has yet said it; so far as he knows, no one else can say it. He is bound to say it, clearly, and melodiously if he can; clearly, at all events. In the sum of his life, he finds this to be the thing, or group of things, manifest to him; this the piece of true knowledge, or sight, which his share of sunshine and earth has permitted him to seize.

He would fain set it down for ever, engrave it on rock, if he could; saying, "This is the best of me; for the rest, I ate and drank and slept, loved and hated, like another; my life was as the vapor, and is not: but this I saw and knew; this, if any thing of mine, is

worth your memory." That is his "writing;" it is, in his small human way, and with whatever degree of true inspiration is in him, his inscription, or scripture. That is a "book."

Now, books of this kind have been written in all ages by their greatest men,—by great leaders, great statesmen, and great thinkers. These are all at your choice,—and life is short. You have heard as much before, yet have you measured and mapped out this short life and its possibilities? Do you know, if you read this, that you can not read that; what you lose to-day you can not gain to-morrow?

Will you go and gossip with your housemaid or your stable-boy, when you may talk with kings and queens; or flatter yourselves that it is with any worthy consciousness of your own claims to respect, that you jostle with the common crowd for *entrée* here and audience there, when all the while this eternal court is open to you, with its society wide as the world, multitudinous as its days, the chosen and the mighty of every place and time?

Into that you may enter always; in that you may take fellowship and rank according to your wish; from that, once entered into it, you can never be outcast but by your own fault. By your aristocracy of companionship there your own inherent aristocracy will be assuredly tested, and the motives with which you strive to take a high place in the society of the living measured, as to all the truth and sincerity that are in them, by the place you desire to take in this company of the dead.

#### 2.-THE SOULS OF BOOKS.

-SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

Sir here and muse! It is an antique room, High-roofed, with casements through whose purple pane

Unwilling daylight steals amidst the gloom,
Shy as a fearful stranger. There they reign
(In loftier pomp than waking life had known),
The kings of Thought! not crowned until the grave.
When Agamemnon sinks into the tomb,
The beggar Homer mounts the monarch's throne!

Ye ever-living and imperial souls,
Who rule us from the page in which ye breathe!
What had we been, had Cadmus never taught
The art that fixes into form the thought,—
Had Plato never spoken from his cell,
Or his high harp blind Homer never strung?
Kinder all earth hath grown since genial Shakespeare sung.

Lo! in their books, as from their graves, they rise,
Angels that, side by side, upon our way
Walk with and warn us! Hark! the world so loud,
And they, the movers of the world, so still!
From them how many a youthful Tully caught
The zest and ardor of the eager Bar;
By them each restless wing has been unfurled,
And their ghosts urge each rival's rushing car!

They made you preacher zealous for the truth; They made you poet wistful for the star; Gave age its pastime, fired the cheek of youth; The unseen sires of all our beings are.

All books grow homilies by time; they are
Temples, at once, and landmarks. In them, we
Who, but for them, upon that inch of ground
We call "the Present," from the cell could see
No daylight trembling on the dungeon bar,—
Turn, as we list, the globe's great axle round,
Traverse all space, and number every star,
And feel the near less household than the far!
There is no Past, so long as books shall live!
Rise up, ye walls, with gardens blooming o'er!
Ope but that page—lo! Babylon once more!

Books make the Past our heritage and home; And is this all? No, by each prophet-sage,—
No, by the herald souls that Greece and Rome
Sent forth, like hymns, to greet the Morning Star
That rose on Bethlehem; by thy golden page,
Melodious Plato! by thy solemn dreams,
World-wearied Tully!—and, above ye all,
By this, the Everlasting Monument
Of God to mortals, on whose front the beams
Flash glory-breathing day,—our lights they are
To the dark bourn beyond; in them are sent
The types of truths whose life is the To-come;
In them soars up the Adam from the fall;

In them the Future as the Past is given;
Even in our death they bid us hail our birth:
Unfold these pages, and behold the heaven,
Without one gravestone left upon the earth!

#### 3.-OBLIGATIONS TO LITERATURE.

-THOMAS HOOD.

I WILL here place on record my own obligations to literature. I owe to it something more than my earthly welfare.

Adrift, early in life, upon the great waters, if I did not come to shipwreck, it was that, in default of paternal or fraternal guidance, I was rescued, like the "ancient mariner," by guardian spirits—"each one a lovely light"—who stood as beacons to my course.

Infirm health, and a natural love of reading, happily threw me into the company of poets, philosophers, and sages, — to me, good angels and ministers of grace. From these silent instructors, who often do more than parents for our temporal and spiritual interests; from these mild monitors, — no importunate tutors or wearisome lecturers, but delightful associates, — I learned something of the divine, and more of the human, religion.

They were my interpreters in the House Beautiful of God, and my guide among the Delectable Mountains of Nature. They tempered my heart, purified my tastes, elevated my mind, and directed my aspirations. I was lost in a chaos of crude fancies and bewildering

doubts, when these bright intelligences called my mental world out of darkness, like a new creation, and gave it "two great lights," Hope and Memory,—the past for a moon, and the future for a sun.

Hence have I genial seasons; hence have I Smooth passions, smooth discourse, and joyous thoughts; And thus, from day to day, my little boat Rocks in its harbor, lodging peaceably.—
Blessings be with them, and eternal praise,—
The poets,—who on earth have made us heirs Of truth and pure delight, by heavenly lays!
Oh, might my name be numbered among theirs, How gladly would I end my mortal days!

#### 4.-BOOKS NOT DEAD THINGS.

-JOHN MILTON.

BOOKS are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a potency of life in them to be as active as that soul was whose progeny they are; nay, they do preserve as in a vial the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them.

As good almost kill a man as kill a good book: who kills a man kills a reasonable creature, God's image; but he who destroys a good book kills reason itself, kills the image of God, as it were, in the eye. Many a man lives a burden to the earth; but a good book is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life.

#### I. - WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

#### LIFE AND WORKS.

A TALL gray spire, springing from amid embowering elms and lime-trees, marks the position of the parish church of Stratford-on-Avon, within the chancel of which rests the dust of William Shakespeare, the greatest of all dramatists and poets. His grave is marked by a flat stone on which are carved four lines, said to have been written by himself, imprecating a curse on any one who should "move my bones." A niche in the wall above holds a bust of the poet, whose high arching brow, and sweet oval face fringed with a peaked beard and small moustache, are so familiar to us all

Not far from Shakespeare's grave the house in which he was born stands, in a restored condition; and the conjectured room of his birth is scribbled over — walls, ceiling, windows — with thousands of names of visitors, known and unknown to fame.

Here, then, was born, in the month of April, 1564, William, son of John Shakespeare and Mary Arden his wife. The precise day of his birth is not known with certainty; but the baptismal register of Stratford-on-Avon contains the following entry in Latin: "April 26, 1564. Gulielmus, filius Johannes Shakespeare,"—William, son of John Shakespeare. As it was an established custom in those times to baptize on the third day after birth, it is assumed with good likelihood that he was born April 23.

John Shakespeare, the son of a farmer, followed the trade of a "glover." It is to be believed that during the early years of his son's life he prospered; for he was elected an alderman of Stratford in 1565, the year following William's birth, and for a term he held office as "high bailiff," equivalent to our modern title of mayor. Later on, however, John Shakespeare's fortunes seem to have taken an ill turn. He died in 1601, by which time his son had mounted to the zenith of his fame.

Of Shakespeare's mother, Mary Arden, it would be deeply interesting to have some particulars, since it is held that men resemble more their mothers than their fathers in nature and genius. But all that is known is that she was the daughter of Robert Arden, who belonged to an ancient Warwickshire family, and is mentioned in the records of the times as a "gentleman of worship." He was a land-owner; and to his daughter Mary he left a farm of considerable value, which became the property of John Shakespeare on her marriage.

Little is known in the way of certain fact as to the childhood and early youth of Shakespeare, and, indeed, the same is true of his whole career. That, as a lad, he kept his eyes and ears wide open, and that the knowledge which was to develop into a knowledge of mankind began at home, are things of which we may be quite sure. It is known, also, that he was a pupil of the "Free Grammar School" of Stratford, where he obtained the rudiments of the ordinary classical education of his day.

Another species of education Shakespeare may at the same time have received. It is known that companies

of actors frequently visited Stratford, in the marketplace of which they set up their crazy stage, hung with faded curtains, and there flourished their wooden swords, and raved through their parts, to the immense delight of the gaping rustics. These visits were no doubt longed for and intensely enjoyed by young Shakespeare. So, too, when in 1575 the princely Leicester entertained Queen Elizabeth for nineteen days in the grand castle of Kenilworth, why may we not believe that Alderman Shakespeare, his wife Dame Mary, and his little son Will, then aged eleven, were among the crowd of people who had traveled from all the country round to see the Queen, the maskers, and the players?

How Shakespeare spent his life after he left school, and before he went to London, has been made matter of much speculation by various ingenious inquirers, who have essayed to deduce from the plays what his profession was. The results are amusing enough. One makes him out a butcher, a second a farmer, a third an usher of the grammar-school, a fourth an apprentice to a lawyer, a fifth a surgeon, a sixth a soldier; but these speculations are of little more value than that in which Mr. Grant White humorously demonstrates that Shakespeare was a tailor! In point of fact, he was—

"Not one, but all mankind's epitome."

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Rural Life of Shakespeare, by Roach Smith.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Lord Chief Justice Campbell.

<sup>8</sup> Was Shakespeare a Surgeon? by W. Wadd.

<sup>4</sup> Was Shakespeare ever a Soldier? by W. J. Thoms.

Tradition says of Shakespeare, that he was rather a wild youth, one of the "thirsty lads of Stratford," and, in evidence of this, various stories are told; among others, the story that he was arrested for deer-stealing, and had to flee from Stratford in consequence. It should be said, that modern authorities discard these legends with scorn.

At the early age of eighteen, Shakespeare married Anne Hathaway. She died (1623) seven years after her husband, and, according to a tradition, desired to be laid in the same grave with him.

Three children were born to the Shakespeares,—the eldest Susanna, in 1583; and two years later a son and a daughter, twins, who were baptized under the names of Hamnet and Judith. But no descendants of the poet have been in existence for more than two hundred years.

It appears to have been about 1586, when Shake-speare was twenty-two years of age, that he quitted his native town, and repaired to London. Several of the most distinguished London actors of the time belonged to the neighborhood of Stratford, and Shakespeare had doubtless made their acquaintance during their professional visits to his native place. This, then, would seem to have been the attraction that drew him to the capital.

Joining the company of players at the Blackfriars Theater, Shakespeare early attained considerable reputation as an actor. An old writer records of him, that he "did act exceedingly well." If the tradition be true, that his favorite parts were the Ghost in *Hamlet* 

and Adam in As You Like It, it would seem that he was not ambitious to represent any of his greatest characters; but that he had critically mastered the actor's art, is sufficiently proved by his famous "Instruction to the Players" in Hamlet.<sup>1</sup>

From acting Shakespeare soon passed to dramatic composition. He would seem to have begun with adaptations of old plays, but speedily advanced to writing plays of his own. During the first ten years of his residence in London he produced no fewer than six comedies and six tragedies.

The gradual progress of Shakespeare's genius is supposed to have been not unobserved by Spenser. In 1594 or 1595 the venerable poet wrote his pastoral, entitled *Colin Clout's Come Home Again*, in which he commemorates his brother-poets under feigned names. The gallant Raleigh is the Shepherd of the Ocean, Sir Philip Sidney is Astrophel, and other living authors are characterized by factitious appellations. He concludes as follows:—

"And then, though last not least, is Aëtion,
A gentler shepherd may nowhere be found,
Whose muse, full of high thoughts' invention,
Doth, like himself, heroically sound."

The sonorous and chivalrous-like name of *Shake-speare* seems here designated. The supposition that Shake-speare was meant is at least a pleasing one.

A few years afterwards, in 1598, we meet with an

<sup>1</sup> See Swinton's Fifth Reader, p. 315.

important notice of Shakespeare by Francis Meres, a contemporary author. "As Plautus and Seneca," he says, "are accounted the best for comedy and tragedy among the Latins, so Shakespeare, among the English, is the most excellent in both kinds for the stage; for comedy, witness his Gentlemen of Verona, his Errors, his Love's Labor Lost, his Love's Labor Won (or All's Well that Ends Well), his Midsummer Night's Dream, and his Merchant of Venice; for tragedy, his Richard II., Richard III., Henry IV., King John, Titus Andronicus, and his Romeo and Juliet."

This was indeed a brilliant contribution to the English drama, far transcending all the previous productions of the English stage. The harvest, however, was not yet half reaped: the glorious intellect of Shakespeare was still forming, and his imagination nursing those magnificent conceptions which were afterwards embodied in the *Lear*, *Macbeth*, *Othello*, and *Hamlet* of his tragic muse.

In the mean time by his labors as actor and playwright he had become prosperous, and even wealthy. He became a stockholder in the Blackfriars Theater a few years after his first appearance in London, and later he was part owner of the Globe Theater. Thus acting, writing, and managing, he lived his London life of twenty-five years, honored with the special notice of his Queen, and associating every day with the noblest and wittiest Englishmen of that brilliant time, yet never snapping the link which bound him to the sweet banks of Avon. Every year he ran down to Stratford, where his family continued to reside;

and there he bought a house and land for the rest and solace of his waning life.

The year 1612 is given as the date of the poet's final retirement from London life. He was then only forty-eight, and might reasonably hope for a full score of years in which to grow his flowers, his mulberries, and his apple-trees, to treat his friends to sack and claret under the hospitable roof of New Place, — perhaps to add to that marvelous series of dramas of which The Tempest was the last. But four years more brought this great life to an untimely close. He died on the 23d of April, 1616, of what disease we have no certain knowledge. On the same day died Cervantes, the illustrious author of Don Quixote.

Seven years after the poet's death, a volume, known to students of Shakespeare as the "First Folio," was published. This book contained thirty-six plays: seven more were afterwards added, but of these only one is received as genuine. The plays of Shakespeare, therefore, so far as the battling of critics has agreed upon their number, are thirty-seven. And these have been corrected and re-corrected, altered and revised, mended and re-mended, until we must have a very true and pure text of the poet.

The thirty-seven plays are classed as tragedies, comedies, and histories. The great tragedies are five, — Macbeth, King Lear, Romeo and Juliet, Othello, and Hamlet. The Midsummer Night's Dream, As You Like It, and the Merchant of Venice are, perhaps, the finest comedies; while Julius Cæsar, Henry IV., and King John stand out prominently among the noble series of histories.

Of Shakespeare's person we have but scanty notice. A contemporary speaks of him as "a handsome, well-shaped man, of a very ready and pleasant smooth wit." Many portraits have been engraved as likenesses of him, but there is no authority attached to any one of them. The monumental bust in Stratford Church is deemed the most authentic image: it was executed soon after his death, and, according to good evidence, was copied from a cast after nature.

To the character and disposition of Shakespeare, to the felicity of his temper, and the charm of his manners, tradition bears the most uniform testimony; and, indeed, had tradition been silent on the subject, his own works would bear ample evidence of the sweetness and goodness of his heart. "Sweet Will" was the name by which he was known to all his friends. "I loved the man," says Ben Jonson, a great contemporary dramatist, "and do honor his memory on this side idolatry. He was, indeed, honest, and of an open and free nature."

The subject of Shakespeare's dramatic and poetical genius is so vast that it would be idle here to attempt any analysis. The student, however, may read with pleasure and profit the following tributes.

## HAZLITT'S TRIBUTE.

THE genius of Shakespeare shone equally on the evil and on the good, on the wise and on the foolish, on the monarch and on the beggar. He turned the globe around for his amusement, and surveyed the generations of men, and the individuals, as they passed,

with their different concerns, passions, follies, vices, virtues, actions, and motives, — as well those that they knew as those which they did not know or acknowledge to themselves. The dreams of childhood, the ravings of despair, were the toys of his fancy. Airy beings waited at his call, and came at his bidding. The world of spirits lay open to him, like the world of real men and women; and there is the same truth in his delineations of the one as of the other; for, if the preternatural characters he describes could be supposed to exist, they would speak and feel and act as he makes them. He had only to think of any thing, in order to become that thing, with all the circumstances belonging to it. Shakespeare's language and versification are like the rest of him. He has a magic power over words: they come winged at his bidding, and seem to know their places. They are struck out at a heat, and have all the truth and vividness which arise from an actual impression of the objects. His language translates thoughts into visible images.

No man of whom we have any knowledge in literature ever had like Shakespeare the faculty of pouring out on all occasions such a flood of the richest and deepest language; no other man ever said such splendid things on all subjects universally. He was the greatest master of expression that literature has known. Indeed, by his power of expression he has beggared and forestalled posterity. Such lightness and ease in the manner, and such prodigious wealth and depth in the matter, are combined in no other writer.

# MILTON'S TRIBUTE.

What needs my Shakespeare for his honored bones The labor of an age in piléd stones, Or that his hallowed relics should be hid Under a star-ypointing pyramid? Dear son of memory, great heir of fame, What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name? Thou in our wonder and astonishment Hast built thyself a livelong monument: For whilst to th' shame of slow-endeavoring art Thy easy numbers flow, and that each heart Hath from the leaves of thy unvalued 2 book Those Delphic lines with deep impression took, Then thou, our fancy of itself bereaving, Dost make us marble with too much conceiving; And so sepulchred in such pomp dost lie That kings for such a tomb would wish to die.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Star-ypointing, star-pointing. The y (= Anglo-Saxon ge, the prefix of the past participle) is here wrongly used in combination with a present participle.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Unvalued, invaluable.

## 1.-JULIUS CÆSAR.

[The play of Julius Cesar, written about 1600, is the noblest of that series of historical dramas in which Shakespeare so marvelously reproduced the ancient Roman world. The historical facts are taken throughout from Plutarch's Lives, in an English translation published during Shakespeare's time, and of which the poet is known to have possessed a copy.

In order to bind together the scenes here given, they are framed in a brief prose narrative.]

#### PART I.

It was high holiday in Rome (44 B.C.), and the streets were filled with crowds eager to welcome Julius Cæsar, who was to make his triumphal entry into the city, on his return from a victorious campaign. Cæsar was the most famous soldier of his time. He had conquered Gaul (now France); and he had twice visited Britain with an army, and had made it known to the civilized world.

He had now returned from Spain, where he had crushed a rebellion raised by the sons of Pompey, his late rival; and the Roman senate and Roman people vied with each other in heaping honors on him. He had been made Consul (or head of the Republic) for ten years, and then Dictator for life; and all Rome had turned out into the streets to applaud the conquering hero.

But there were some among the foremost men in the state who were jealous of Cæsar's great power. He had all the authority of an emperor, and many suspected him of desiring the title also. Among the leading men, the one most jealous of him was a general named Caius Cassius, a man of an envious and fiery spirit. He formed a conspiracy against Cæsar, and was anxious to draw the noble Brutus into it.

While Cæsar is passing in triumph through the crowded streets, Cassius takes the opportunity to talk with Brutus, in order to sound him. While they stand together in conversation, a noise of shouting is heard. This attracts the attention of Brutus.

Brutus. What means this shouting? I do fear, the people

Choose Cæsar for their king.

Cassius. Ay, do you fear it?

Then must I think you would not have it so.

Brutus. I would not, Cassius; yet I love him well.—But wherefore do you hold me here so long?
What is it that you would impart to me?
If it be aught toward the general good,
Set honor in one eye¹ and death i' the other,
And I will look on both indifferently;²
For let the gods so speed³ me as I love
The name of honor more than I fear death.

Cassius. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus, As well as I do know your outward favor. Well, honor is the subject of my story.—
I can not tell what you and other men
Think of this life; but, for my single self,
I had as lief not be, as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.

<sup>1</sup> in one eye, before the view of one eye.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> indifferently, impartially,

speed, prosper.

<sup>4</sup> that virtue. What is the reference here?

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> your outward favor, your personal appearance.

<sup>6</sup> what you...life. Of what verb is this clause the object?

<sup>7</sup> I had as lief. Explain the phrase.

I was born free as Cæsar: so were vou: We both have fed as well, and we can both Endure the winter's cold as well as he. For once, upon a raw and gusty day, The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores, Cæsar said to me, "Darest thou, Cassius, now Leap in with me into this angry flood, And swim to yonder point?" Upon the word, Accoutered 1 as I was, I plungéd in, And bade him follow: so indeed he did. The torrent roared, and we did buffet it With lusty 2 sinews, throwing it aside And stemming it with hearts of controversy:8 But, ere we could arrive the point proposed,4 Cæsar cried. "Help me. Cassius, or I sink!" I, as Æneas, our great ancestor, Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tiber Did I the tired Cæsar.<sup>5</sup> And this man Is now become a god, and Cassius is A wretched creature, and must bend his body

<sup>1</sup> Accoutered. Meaning?

<sup>2</sup> lusty. Give a synonym.

<sup>8</sup> with ... controversy, with courage that opposed and contended with the violence of the stream.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>4</sup> arrive the point proposed.

"Arrive," now usually followed by at, was formerly employed transitively. So in Milton:—

<sup>&</sup>quot;Ere he arrive the happy isle."

as Eneas... Cesar. Eneas, the Trojan hero, son of Anchises and Venus, was believed to have come to Italy after the fall of Troy, and then to have married Lavinia, daughter of Latinus. Their son, Eneas Sylvius, was the reputed founder of the Roman power.—
How are the two "I's" in this sentence to be disposed of grammatically?

If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him! He had a fever when he was in Spain; And, when the fit was on him, I did mark How he did shake: 'tis true, this god did shake! His coward lips did from their color fly.1 And that same eye whose bend2 doth awe the world Did lose his luster.8 I did hear him groan; Ay, and that tongue of his that bade the Romans Mark him and write his speeches in their books, Alas, it cried, "Give me some drink, Titinius!"4 As a sick girl. — Ye gods! it doth amaze me. A man of such a feeble temper 5 should So get the start of the majestic world, And bear the palm alone.6 [Cheering is heard. BRUTUS. Another general shout!

I do believe that these applauses are For some new honors that are heaped on Cæsar.

Cassius. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world

Like a colossus,7 and we petty men

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> His coward lips . . . fly. Express in plainer terms.

<sup>2</sup> bend, look.

English, his was the possessive of the neuter (hit) as well as of the masculine (he); and in Shake-speare's time its had not come into general use.

<sup>4</sup> Titinius was one of the friends of Cassius.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> temper=temperament, disposition, organization.

<sup>6</sup> bear the palm alone. The figure is taken from a race in which a palm was the prize.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>7</sup> a colossus. "Colossus" was the general name for any gigantic statue; but the name was specially applied to the famous Colossus of Apollo at Rhodes, which was seventy cubits high, and spanned the entrance to the harbor, so that large ships could sail "under his huge legs." Hence the English word colossal.

Walk under his huge legs, and peep about To find ourselves dishonorable graves. Men at some time are masters of their fates: The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars, But in ourselves, that we are underlings.1 Brutus, and Cæsar: what should be in that "Cæsar"? Why should that name be sounded more than yours? Write them together, - yours is as fair a name; Sound them, - it doth become the mouth as well; Weigh them, — it is as heavy; conjure with 'em — "Brutus" will start a spirit as soon as "Cæsar." Now, in the names of all the gods at once, Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed, That he is grown 2 so great? — Age, thou art shamed! Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods! When went there by an age, since the great flood, But it was famed with 8 more than with one man? When could they say till now, that talked of Rome, That her wide walls encompassed but one man? Now is it Rome indeed and room enough.4 When there is in it but one only man.— Oh, you and I have heard our fathers say. There was a Brutus<sup>5</sup> once that would have brooked

<sup>1</sup> underlings, inferiors, serfs. The termination -ling marks a contemptuous diminutive.

<sup>2</sup> is grown. What is the modern form of the verb?

<sup>3</sup> famed with = famed for.

<sup>4</sup> Rome and room enough. This is a pun, or play on words, "Rome" having been in Shakespeare's time pronounced as "room."

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> There was a Brutus. The reference here skillfully made is to the ancestor of Marcus Brutus, viz., Lucius Junius Brutus, who brought about the expulsion of the Tarquins. Cassius' aim is, by recalling the memory of the Elder, to induce the Younger Brutus to emulate the patriotism of his ancestor.

The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome As easily as a king.

BRUTUS. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;2 What you would work me to, I have some aim<sup>3</sup> How I have thought of this and of these times. I shall recount hereafter; for this present, I would not, so with love I might entreat you, Be any further moved. What you have said I will consider; what you have to say I will with patience hear, and find a time Both meet to hear and answer such high things. Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this:4 Brutus had rather be a villager Than to repute himself a son of Rome Under these hard conditions as this time Is like to lay upon us.

Here their conversation is interrupted by the reappearance of Cæsar and his train, for the games are ended. As they pass, Brutus notices that Cæsar looks sad; that

"The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar's brow;"

and he plucks by the sleeve Casca (one of the disaffected nobles who side with Cassius), and asks him why Cæsar's looks are so sad. Casca tells him that Mark Antony (who was consul at the time, and was a warm and faithful friend of Cæsar's) had offered Cæsar a crown three times, "which he had thrice refused," though with evident re-

<sup>1</sup> keep his state, maintain a position of dignity.

nowise doubtful.

<sup>8</sup> aim, guess, conjecture.

<sup>4</sup> chew upon this. We now use 2 I am nothing jealous, I am the Latin equivalent ruminate for the metaphorical sense of "chew."

luctance; and that, every time he refused it, the people shouted in approval. Cæsar was sad because he saw that they did not wish him to be king.

Cassius, pondering these things, goes home, resolved to fan into a flame the little spark of envy he has discovered in the breast of Brutus. He cunningly arranges to throw in at Brutus's window certain papers as if from different persons, all calling on him to become the champion of the people against ambitious Cæsar.

A month passes, during which Cassius and the other conspirators complete their plans, and succeed in adding Brutus to their band. "The Ides [fifteenth day] of March are come,"—the very day of which, in his triumph, a soothsayer in the crowd had told Cæsar to beware.

Calphurnia, Cæsar's wife, tries to dissuade him from going to the Senate House on this day. She has had bad dreams, and strange sights have been seen and strange sounds have been heard in the air during the night,—all evil omens to this Roman matron. At first Cæsar consents to remain at home; but one of the conspirators, coming in, ridicules the idea of the business of the state being stopped by a woman's dreams; so Cæsar says, "Give me my robe, for I will go," and then proceeds to the Capitol.

All the senators being seated, business begins. One after another of the conspirators kneels before Cæsar, and offers a petition or asks a favor. When they are all thus gathered around him, Casca stabs him in the neck. Then the others pierce him with their daggers; and last of all, the "well-beloved Brutus" raises his hand and stabs him. Stung by the treason of such a friend, Cæsar turns a reproachful glance on Brutus, and falls, exclaiming with his last breath,—

<sup>&</sup>quot;Et tu Bruté!" (Even thou, O Brutus!)

### PART II.

Great confusion follows the death of Cæsar. The voice of one of the conspirators is heard shouting,—

"Liberty! freedom!—tyranny is dead!"

The senators flee to their homes. Men, women, and children run about the streets in wild fear and amazement. Brutus and Cassius now set themselves to allay the excitement, and to satisfy the people that there were reasons of state for putting Cæsar to death. With this view they go to the Forum to address the citizens.

Meantime Mark Antony, as the chief friend and ally of Cæsar, requests permission of the conspirators to produce Cæsar's body in the market-place, and "to speak in the order of his funeral."

Cassius objects to granting Antony this privilege, lest his words should "move" the people; but Brutus overcomes this by proposing that he should himself speak first, and "show the reason of our Cæsar's death." The scene opens with the Roman populace clamoring to know this reason.

CITIZENS. We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.

BRUTUS. Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.—

Cassius,<sup>2</sup> go you into the other street, And part the numbers.<sup>3</sup>—

Those that will hear me speak, let 'em stay here;
Those that will follow Cassius, go with him;

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> audience. See Glossary.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Cassius. Parse.

<sup>\*</sup> part the numbers, divide the assemblage.

And public reasons shall be rendered Of Cæsar's death.

FIRST CITIZEN. I will hear Brutus speak.

Second Citizen. I will hear Cassius; and compare their reasons,

When severally we hear them renderéd.

[CASSIUS withdraws with some of the citizens. Brutus goes into the rostrum.]

THIRD CITIZEN. The noble Brutus is ascended: silence! Brutus. Be patient till the last.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause, and be silent, that you may hear; believe me for mine honor, and have respect to mine honor, that you may believe; censure me2 in your wisdom, and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If then that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer: Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves, than that Cæsar were dead, to live all free men? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it: as he was valiant. I honor him: but as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is tears for his love; joy for his fortune; honor for his valor; and death for

<sup>1</sup> Romans, etc. What kind of sentence grammatically?

<sup>2</sup> censure me, judge me.

<sup>\*</sup> ambitious. See Glossary.

What kind of ally?

dige me.

e Glossary.

4 There is, followed by a plural or by several subjects, is common in Shakespeare and the writers of his age.

his ambition. Who is here so base that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I¹ offended. Who is here so rude² that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

ALL. None, Brutus, none.

BRUTUS. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled <sup>8</sup> in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated <sup>4</sup> wherein he was worthy, nor his offenses enforced <sup>5</sup> for which he suffered death.

# Enter Antony and others with CESAR's body.

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony: who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart,—that, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself when it shall please my country to need my death.

ALL. Live, Brutus! live, live!

FIRST CITIZEN. Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

Second Citizen. Give him a statue with his ancestors.

<sup>1</sup> him have I. Which order of words? (See Defs. 13, 14.)

<sup>2</sup> rude, barbarous.

<sup>\*</sup> enrolled, formally recorded, registered, in the Capitol, where the chronicles (fasti) of the consulships were preserved.

<sup>4</sup> extenuated. Give a synonym.

<sup>5</sup> enforced, exaggerated. "Extenuated" and "enforced" are antithetical terms.

<sup>6</sup> my best lover. Explain.

when it shall please, etc. What kind of clause?

THIRD CITIZEN. Let him be Cæsar.

FOURTH CITIZEN.

Cæsar's better parts

Shall be crowned in Brutus.

FIRST CITIZEN. We'll bring him to his house with shouts and clamors.

BRUTUS. My countrymen, -

Second Citizen. Peace, silence! Brutus speaks.

FIRST CITIZEN. Peace, ho!

Brutus. Good countrymen, let me depart alone, And for my sake stay here with Antony.

Do grace 1 to Cæsar's corpse, 2 and grace his speech Tending to Cæsar's glories, which Mark Antony,

By our permission, is allowed to make.

I do entreat you, not a man depart,8

Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. [He retires.

FIRST CITIZEN. Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.

THIRD CITIZEN. Let him go up into the public chair; 6 We'll hear him. — Noble Antony, go up.

Antony. For Brutus' sake, I am beholding to you.

FOURTH CITIZEN. What does he say of Brutus?

THIRD CITIZEN. He says, for Brutus' sake,
He finds himself beholding to us all.

<sup>1</sup> do grace, show respect.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> corpse. See Glossary.

<sup>8</sup> depart. What is the mood?

<sup>4</sup> save I alone is a nominative absolute or independent=I alone saved or excepted.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> spoke. Give the modern form of this participle.

<sup>6</sup> the public chair, the rostrum (or, as Shakespeare calls it, the "pulpit") from which Brutus had spoken.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>7</sup> I am beholding to you: that is, I am indebted to you. The modern form of "beholding" is beholden.

FOURTH CITIZEN. 'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here.

FIRST CITIZEN. This Cæsar was a tyrant.

Nay, that's certain: THIRD CITIZEN.

We're blessed that Rome is rid of him.

SECOND CITIZEN. Peace! let us hear what Antony can say.

Antony. You gentle Romans -

Peace, ho! let us hear him. CITIZENS.

Antony. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears:1

I come 2 to bury Cæsar, not to praise him. The evil that men do lives after them, The good is oft interréd with their bones; So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious. If it were so, it was a grievous fault— And grievously hath Cæsar answered 4 it. Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest. -For Brutus is an honorable man:5 So are they all, all honorable men,-Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral. He was my friend, faithful and just to me: But Brutus says he was ambitious;

<sup>1</sup> lend me your ears. What is | plain terms.

<sup>2</sup> I come, etc. Point out the antithesis.

<sup>8</sup> interred. See Glossary.

<sup>4</sup> answered. How had Cæsar "answered" or atoned for it?

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> honorable man. Antony rethe figure? (Def. 8.) Express in peats this phrase again and again with consummate skill till he makes it plain that he is sneering at Brutus and his friends. This is the figure called irony, - saying a thing, but meaning the opposite.

And Brutus is an honorable man. He hath brought many captives home to Rome, Whose ransoms did the general coffers 1 fill: Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious? When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept: Ambition should be made of sterner stuff. Yet Brutus says he was ambitious: And Brutus is an honorable man. You all did see that on the Lupercal<sup>2</sup> I thrice presented him a kingly crown, Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition? Yet Brutus says he was ambitious; And, sure, he is an honorable man. I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke. But here I am to speak what I do know. You all did love him once, not without cause; What cause withholds you, then, to mourn for him? O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts, And men have lost their reason!—Bear with me; My heart is in the coffin<sup>3</sup> there with Cæsar, And I must pause till it come back to me.

First Citizen. Methinks 4 there is much reason in his sayings.

SECOND CITIZEN. If thou consider rightly of the matter, Cæsar has had great wrong.<sup>5</sup>

THIRD CITIZEN. Has he, masters? I fear there will a worse come in his place.

1 the general coffers, the state treasury.

<sup>\*</sup> the Lupercal, the festival held on Feb. 15, in honor of Luper'cus, a Roman god.

<sup>\*</sup> my heart, etc. What figure? (See Def. 9.)

<sup>4</sup> Methinks. See Glossary.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> If thou . . . wrong. What kind of sentence grammatically?

FOURTH CITIZEN. Marked ye his words? He would not take the crown;

Therefore 'tis certain he was not ambitious.

FIRST CITIZEN. If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

Second Citizen. Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

THIRD CITIZEN. There's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.

FOURTH CITIZEN. Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

Antony. But yesterday the word of Cæsar might Have stood against the world; now lies he there, And none so poor to do him reverence.¹

O masters! if I were disposed² to stir

Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honorable men.
I will not do them wrong: I rather choose
To wrong the dead,³ to wrong myself and you,
Than I will wrong such honorable men.
But here's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar—
I found it in his closet—'tis his will:
Let but the commons⁴ hear this testament⁵
(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read⁶),
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,

<sup>1</sup> so poor to do him reverence, so low as to be able to look up to him.
2 if I were disposed. What

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> if I were disposed. What does Antony pretend not to want to do; at the very time that he is doing it? Rome.

<sup>8</sup> the dead. Meaning whom?

<sup>4</sup> the commons, the citizens of come.

<sup>5</sup> testament, will.

<sup>6</sup> Which . . . read. Where is the artfulness here?

And dip their napkins<sup>1</sup> in his sacred blood; Yea, beg a hair of him for memory, And, dying, mention it within their wills, Bequeathing it as a rich legacy Unto their issue.<sup>2</sup>

FOURTH CITIZEN. We'll hear the will. Read it, Mark Antony.

CITIZENS. The will, the will! we will hear Cæsar's will.

Antony. Have patience, gentle friends; I must not read it:

It is not meet you know how Cæsar loved you. You are not wood, you are not stones, but men; And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar, It will inflame you, it will make you mad. "Tis good you know not that you are his heirs; For, if you should, oh, what would come of it!

FOURTH CITIZEN. Read the will! we'll hear it, Antony;

You shall read us the will! Cæsar's will!

Antony. Will you be patient? Will you stay
awhile?

I have o'ershot myself,3 to tell you of it.

I fear I wrong the honorable men

Whose daggers have stabled Cæsar; I do fear it.

FOURTH CITIZEN. They were traitors! Honorable men!

CITIZENS. The will! the testament!

SECOND CITIZEN. They were villains, murderers. The will! Read the will!

<sup>1</sup> napkins, handkerchiefs.

<sup>2</sup> issue. Give a synonym.

ress in your own language.

Antony. You will compel me, then, to read the will? Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar, And let me show you him that made the will. Shall I descend? And will you give me leave? CITIZENS. Come down. He comes down.

SECOND CITIZEN. Descend.

THIRD CITIZEN. You shall have leave.

FOURTH CITIZEN. A ring! stand round.

FIRST CITIZEN. Stand from the hearse; stand from the body.

SECOND CITIZEN. Room for Antony!—most noble An-

Antony. Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off. SEVERAL CITIZENS. Stand back! room! bear back! Antony. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.

You all do know this mantle: I remember The first time ever Cæsar put it on; 'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent, That day he overcame the Nervii.1 Look! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through. See what a rent the envious Casca made! Through this the well-belovéd Brutus stabbed: And as he plucked his curséd steel away, Mark how the blood of Cæsar followed it, As 2 rushing out of doors, to be resolved If Brutus so unkindly knocked, or no: For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:3

<sup>1</sup> the Nervii, a tribe of Gauls | 8 Cesar's angel, his guardian living in what is now Belgium.

<sup>2</sup> as = as if.

spirit, - indicating very close friendship.

Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him! This was the most unkindest 1 cut of all: For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab, Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms, Quite vanquished him. Then burst his mighty heart: And in his mantle muffling up his face, Even at the base of Pompey's statuë,2 Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell. Oh, what a fall was there, my countrymen! Then I, and you, and all of us fell down, Whilst bloody treason flourished over us. Oh, now you weep, and I perceive you feel The dint<sup>8</sup> of pity: these are gracious drops. Kind souls, what weep you when you but behold Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here, -Here is himself, marred,4 as you see, with traitors.

FIRST CITIZEN. O piteous spectacle! SECOND CITIZEN. O noble Cæsar! THIRD CITIZEN. O woful day! FOURTH CITIZEN. O traitors, villains! FIRST CITIZEN. O most bloody sight! SECOND CITIZEN. We will be revenged.

CITIZENS. Revenge — about — seek — burn — fire kill—slay! Let not a traitor live!

Antony. Stay, countrymen.

FIRST CITIZEN. Peace there! hear the noble Antony.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Pompey's statuë. A statue 8 dint, impression, influence. of Cneius Pompeius, Cæsar's former | 4 marred with, mangled by.

<sup>1</sup> most unkindest, a double | rival, stood in the Senate House. superlative, — common in Shake- "Statuë" is here to be pronounced as a trisvllable.

SECOND CITIZEN. We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with him.<sup>1</sup>

Antony. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up

To such a sudden flood of mutiny.

They that have done this deed are honorable:
What private griefs they have, alas! I know not,
That made them do 't; they're wise and honorable,
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts: I am no orator, as Brutus is;
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That love my friend; and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him.
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;
I tell you that which you yourselves do know;
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb

And bid them speak for me: but were I Brutus, And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony Would ruffle up<sup>5</sup> your spirits, and put a tongue In every wound of Cæsar, that should move The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

mouths.4

<sup>1</sup> We'll hear . . . him. Point out the ascending steps in this climax.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> private griefs, personal causes of quarrel. Arrange thus: "Alas, I know not what private griefs that made them do it they have."

<sup>8</sup> to steal away your hearts. Explain.

<sup>4</sup> dumb mouths. What is the figure? (See Def. 3.)

<sup>5</sup> Would ruffle. Supply the ellipsis.

CITIZENS. We'll mutiny.

FIRST CITIZEN. We'll burn the house of Brutus.

THIRD CITIZEN. Away, then! come, seek the conspirators.

Antony. Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak.

CITIZENS. Peace, ho! hear Antony; most noble Antony.

Antony. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what.

Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserved your loves? Alas! you know not:—I must tell you, then.

You have forgot the will I told you of.

CITIZENS. Most true; the will! let's stay, and hear the will.

Antony. Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal. To every Roman citizen he gives,

To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.<sup>1</sup>

SECOND CITIZEN. Most noble Cæsar! We'll revenge his death.

THIRD CITIZEN. O royal Cæsar!
ANTONY. Hear me with patience.

ALL. Peace, ho!

Antony. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks, His private arbors and new-planted orchards, On this side Tiber,—he hath left them you, And to your heirs for ever, common pleasures, To walk abroad and recreate yourselves. Here was a Cæsar! when comes such another?

<sup>1</sup> drachmas. The drachma was Roman denarius, equal to about a Greek coin corresponding to the seventeen cents.

FIRST CITIZEN. Never, never! — Come, away, away! We'll burn his body in the holy place, And with the brands fire the traitors' houses. Take up the body.

Second Citizen. Go fetch fire.

THIRD CITIZEN. Pluck down benches.

FOURTH CITIZEN. Pluck down forms, windows, anything. [The citizens retire with the body.

Antony. Now let it work.2 Mischief, thou art afoot, Take thou what course thou wilt!

### PART III.

So powerfully does the speech of Antony stir the sympathy of the Romans with the fallen Cæsar, that they call out for vengeance upon his murderers. Brutus and Cassius with their partisans are forced to flee from Rome; and the government is intrusted to three leading men, called a triumvirate, - namely, Mark Antony, Lepidus, and Octavius Cæsar, who was Julius Cæsar's grand-nephew, and afterwards became emperor with the title of Augustus.

Civil war now follows. Brutus and Cassius form their camp near Sardis, in Asia Minor. Antony and Octavius raise an army, and march against them.

While Brutus and Cassius are at Sardis awaiting the attack of Antony and Octavius, a violent quarrel \* between these two leaders takes place in the tent of Brutus.

of this scene, "I know no part of Shakespeare that more impresses on me the belief of his genius being almost superhuman, than the \* a violent quarrel. Coleridge, famous scene between Brutus and

<sup>1</sup> forms, benches, seats.

<sup>2</sup> Now let it work. This shows the purpose of the whole of Antony's most artful speech.

the illustrious poet and critic, said | Cassius."

Cassius. That you have wronged me, doth appear in this:

You have condemned and noted 1 Lucius Pella For taking bribes here of the Sardians; Wherein my letter, praying on his side,<sup>2</sup> Because I knew the man, was slighted off.<sup>3</sup>

Brutus. You wronged yourself, to write in such a case.

Cassius. In such a time as this, it is not meet
That every nice 4 offense should bear his 5 comment.

Brutus. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself Are much condemned to have an itching palm,<sup>6</sup> To sell and mart<sup>7</sup> your offices for gold To undeservers.<sup>8</sup>

Cassius. I an itching palm? You know that you are Brutus that speak this, Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

BRUTUS. The name of Cassius honors this corruption, And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

Cassius. Chastisement!

Brutus. Remember March, the Ides of March remember!

Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake? What villain touched his body, that did stab, And not for justice? What! shall one of us, That struck the foremost man of all this world,

<sup>1</sup> noted, branded with disgrace.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> praying on his side, excusing him.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>8</sup> slighted off, contemptuously disregarded.

<sup>4</sup> nice, petty, trivial.

<sup>5</sup> his, for its.

demned for having. "To have an itching palm," is a metonymy for covetousness.

<sup>7</sup> mart. traffic with.

<sup>8</sup> undeservers. Explain.

<sup>9</sup> honors, favors, countenances.

But for supporting robbers, shall we now Contaminate<sup>1</sup> our fingers with base bribes, And sell the mighty space of our large honors For so much trash as may be graspéd thus?<sup>2</sup> I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,<sup>3</sup> Than such a Roman!

Cassius. Brutus, bay not me!<sup>4</sup> I'll not endure it. You forget yourself, To hedge me in;<sup>5</sup> I am a soldier, I, Older in practice, abler than yourself To make conditions.<sup>6</sup>

BRUTUS.

Go to; you are not, Cassius.

Cassius. I am.

Brutus. I say you are not.

Cassius. Urge me no more: I shall forget myself. Have mind upon your health; 7 tempt me no farther! Brutus. Away, slight man! 8

Cassius. Is't possible?

Brutus. Hear me, for I will speak.

Must I give way and room to your rash choler?<sup>9</sup> Shall I be frighted when a madman stares?

Cassius. O ye gods! ye gods! Must I endure all this?

<sup>1</sup> Contaminate. Give a synonym.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> grasped thus (at the same time clinching his hand).

<sup>\*</sup> bay the moon, bark at the moon.

<sup>4</sup> bay not me. Cassius retorts upon Brutus by using the same word he had used, but in a different sense: "Do not try to hold me at bay, as the dogs do a stag."

<sup>5</sup> to hedge me in, to reduce my power.

<sup>6</sup> to make conditions, to settle the terms on which I engage my men.

<sup>7</sup> your health, your safety, your well-being.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>8</sup> slight man. Explain the use of the adjective.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>9</sup> choler. Give a synonym, and see Glossary.

Brutus. All this? ay, more! Fret till your proud heart break;

Go, show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble! Must I budge?
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy? humor? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you; for, from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth,—yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish!

Cassius. Is it come to this?

BRUTUS. You say, you are a better soldier: Let it appear so; make your vaunting true, And it shall please me well. For mine own part, I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

Cassius. You wrong me every way; you wrong me, Brutus.

I said, an elder soldier, not a better.

Did I say, better?

Brutus. If you did, I care not.

Cassius. When Cæsar lived, he durst not thus have moved me.

Brutus. Peace, peace; you durst not so have tempted him!

Cassius. I durst not?

BRUTUS. No.

Cassius. What! durst not tempt him?

Brutus. For your life, you durst not.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> observe you, watch and give | <sup>2</sup> testy, peevish.
way to your whims. <sup>3</sup> vaunting. Give a synonym.

Cassius. Do not presume too much upon my love: I may do that I shall be sorry for.

Brutus. You have done that you should be sorry for.

There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats; For I am armed so strong in honesty, That they pass by me as the idle wind, Which I respect not. I did send to you For certain sums of gold, which you denied me; -For I can raise no money by vile means: By heaven, I had rather coin my heart, And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring From the hard hands<sup>2</sup> of peasants their vile trash<sup>8</sup> By any indirection.4—I did send To you for gold to pay my legions, Which you denied me. Was that done like Cassius? Should I have answered Caius Cassius so? When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous, To lock such rescal<sup>5</sup> counters<sup>6</sup> from his friends. Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts, Dash him to pieces!

Cassius.

I denied you not.

BRUTUS. You did.

Cassius. I did not;—he was but a fool
That brought my answer back.—Brutus hath rived 7
my heart;

<sup>1</sup> I respect not, I do not heed, do not care for.

<sup>2</sup> hard hands. Why "hard"?

<sup>\*</sup> vile trash, "filthy lucre."

<sup>4</sup> indirection, crooked means.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> rascal, worthless, base.

<sup>6</sup> counters, round pieces of metal of no value, used only in reckoning.

<sup>7</sup> rived, rent, lacerated.

A friend should bear a friend's infirmities, But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Brutus. I do not, till you practice them on me.

Cassius. You love me not.

Brutus. I do not like your faults.

Cassius. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

Brutus. A flatterer's would not, though they do appear

As huge as high Olympus.1

Cassius. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come, Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius, For Cassius is aweary 2 of the world; Hated by one he loves; braved by his brother; Checked like a bondman; all his faults observed, Set in a note-book, learned, and conned by rote, To cast into my teeth. 3 Oh, I could weep My spirit from mine eyes!—There is my dagger, And here my naked breast; within, a heart Dearer than Plutus' mine, 4—richer than gold; If that thou be'st 5 a Roman, take it forth; I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart: 6 Strike as thou didst at Cæsar; for, I know,

When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him

Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius!

better

<sup>1</sup> Olympus, a famous mountain in Greece, supposed by ancient poets to be the abode of the gods.

<sup>2</sup> aweary. What is the modern form?

<sup>\*</sup> To cast into my teeth. Literal, or figurative?

<sup>4</sup> Dearer than Plutus' mine, of more value than the wealth of Plutus, the god of riches.

<sup>5</sup> be'st. Give the modern form.

<sup>I, that denied ... heart. What is the figure of speech? (See Def.
Point out the opposed terms.</sup> 

BRUTUS.

Sheathe your dagger;

Be angry when you will, it shall have scope; Do what you will, dishonor shall be humor.¹ O Cassius, you are yokéd with a lamb² That carries anger as the flint bears fire; Who, much enforcéd,³ shows a hasty spark, And straight is cold again.

CASSIUS.

Hath Cassius lived

To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus, When grief, and blood ill-tempered, vexeth him?

Brutus. When I spoke that, I was ill-tempered, too.

Cassius. Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.

Brutus. And my heart too.

Cassius.

O Brutus!

BRUTUS.

What's the matter?

Cassius. Have not you love enough to bear with me, When that rash humor which my mother gave me Makes me forgetful?

Brutus. Yes, Cassius; and from henceforth, When you are over-earnest with your Brutus, He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

Cassius. I did not think you could have been so angry.

<sup>1</sup> dishonor shall be humor: i.e., what would be dishonor in other men shall be set down to humor—to caprice—in you.

<sup>\*</sup> with a lamb. To whom is the reference?

<sup>\*</sup> much enforced, when greatly provoked. As the flint must be struck sharply before it gives a spark, so must Brutus before his anger bursts forth; and even then he is as cool as the flint.

Brutus. O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs! Cassius. Of your philosophy 1 you make no use, If you give place to accidental evils.

Brutus. No man bears sorrow better. — Portia<sup>2</sup> is dead.

Cassius, Ha! Portia?

BRUTUS. She is dead.

Cassius. How 'scaped I killing, when I cross'd you so ? 3 —

Oh, insupportable and touching loss!— Upon what sickness?

Impatient of my absence, BRUTUS. And grief that young Octavius with Mark Antony Have made themselves so strong; -- for with her death That tidings 4 came. — With this she fell distract, And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.5

Cassius. And died so?

BRUTUS.

Even so.

CASSIUS.

O ye immortal gods!—

They retire.

longed to a sect called Stoics, who were equally heedless of pleasure and of pain. From the Stoics we get the word stoical, meaning indifferent to misfortune.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Portia, Brutus's wife.

<sup>8</sup> How 'scaped I killing? Cas- as a plural noun. sius here acknowledges how forbearing Brutus had been. Cassius But one Roman writer says that did not know how great a sorrow was weighing Brutus down and death Portia swallowed redwhile he was venting his ill- hot coals.

<sup>1</sup> Your philosophy. Brutus be- | humor upon him; and Brutus was too much of a man to mention it until after the reconciliation. This is one of the finest touches of pathos in the play.

<sup>4</sup> That tidings. Shakespeare uses "tidings" both as a singular and

<sup>5</sup> swallowed fire, took poison. after hearing of Brutus's defeat

Next day the opposing armies meet on the plains of Philippi in Macedonia. The wing led by Brutus is successful against Octavius; but Antony defeats Cassius, who, ignorant of Brutus's success, kills himself in despair. Antony then turns on Brutus's force, and overpowers it. Rather than be taken prisoner, Brutus commands his servant to hold out his sword, while he, in Roman fashion, runs on its point, and dies.

When Antony hears how Brutus thus met his end, he exclaims, in acknowledgment of the nobleness of the character of Brutus,—

This was the noblest Roman of them all:
All the conspirators save only he
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar;
He only, in a general honest thought¹
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle; and the elements²
So mixed³ in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, "This was a man!"

## 2.- FALSTAFFIAN HUMOR.

[Sir John Falstaff is, perhaps, the greatest humorous character ever invented. "He is a man at once young and old, enterprising and fat, a dupe and a wit, harmless and wicked, weak in principle and resolute by constitution, cowardly in appearance and brave in reality, a knave without malice, a liar without deceit, and a knight, a gentleman, and a soldier, without either dignity, decency, or honor. This is a character which, though it may be decomposed, could not have been formed upon any receipt whatever; it required the hand of Shakespeare himself to give to every particular part a relish of the whole, and of the whole to every particular part."

<sup>1</sup> a general honest thought, a desire for the common good.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> elements. See Glossary. <sup>8</sup> mixed, mingled, blended.

Falstaff first makes his appearance in the play from which the following extracts are made,—the "First Part of King Henry IV." By Henry IV. is meant the English sovereign of that title, who reigned 1399-1413. Shakespeare represents the king's son, Prince Henry (afterwards Henry V.), as being, when heir-apparent, a sharer in the wild frolic of youth; and he surrounds him with a group of jolly roisterers,—Bardolph, Pistol, and the rest, with Falstaff as the lord of the revels.]

# I. A DOUBLE ROBBERY PLANNED. Scene: Apartment of Prince Henry.

FALSTAFF. I must give over this life, and I will give it over: an I do not, I am a villain!

PRINCE. Where shall we take a purse to-morrow, Jack?<sup>2</sup>

FALSTAFF. Zounds! where thou wilt, lad. I'll make one: 8 an I do not, call me villain, 4 and baffle 5 me.

PRINCE. I see a good amendment of life in thee,—from praying to purse-taking!

FALSTAFF. Why, Hal,<sup>6</sup> 'tis my vocation, Hal; 'tis no sin for a man to labor in his vocation.

# Enter Poins.7

Poins! Now shall we know if Gadshill<sup>8</sup> have set a match.<sup>9</sup>—This is the most omnipotent villain that ever cried "Stand!" to a true man.

<sup>1</sup> an. if.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Jack. Falstaff has just been protesting that he has determined to give up his evil ways,—to reform; and the Prince slyly tests his sincerity by asking when it is proposed to do the next bit of highway robbery. "Jack" is of course Falstaff,—Sir John.

<sup>8</sup> make one, be one of the party.

<sup>4</sup> villain. See Glossary.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> battle me, hang me up by the heels.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>6</sup> Hal, i.e., Henry, — the Prince.

<sup>7</sup> Poins figures as the most gentlemanly of Falstaff's band of vagabonds.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>8</sup> Gadshill, the name of one of Falstaff's crew.

<sup>\*</sup>set a match: equivalent to the slang expression "put up a job;" i.e., to rob some party.

PRINCE. Good morrow, Ned.1

Poins Good morrow, sweet Hal. Now, my lads, my lads, to-morrow morning, by four o'clock, early at Gadshill!<sup>2</sup> There are pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offerings,<sup>3</sup> and traders riding to London with fat purses. I have vizards for you all; you have horses for yourselves. Gadshill lies to-night in Rochester; I have bespoke supper to-morrow night in East-cheap; we may do it as secure as sleep. If you will go, I will stuff your purses full of crowns; if you will not, tarry at home, and be hanged!

FALSTAFF. Hear ye, Yedward: 7 if I tarry at home, and go not, I'll hang you for going.

Poins. You will, chops?8

FALSTAFF. Hal, wilt thou make one?

PRINCE. Who, I rob? I a thief? Not I, by my faith. FALSTAFF. There's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee, nor thou camest not of the blood royal, if thou darest not stand for ten shillings.9

PRINCE. Well, then, once in my days, I'll be a mad-cap. 10

FALSTAFF. Why, that's well said.

<sup>1</sup> Ned; that is, Poins.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Gadshill, in Kent, about three miles from Rochester, on the road from London to Canterbury.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> rich offerings = offerings to the shrine of St. Thomas à Becket, at Canterbury.

<sup>4</sup> vizards, masks.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> lies, sleeps, stays.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>6</sup> Eastcheap, a street in London, in which was the famous Boar's

Head Tavern, where the Prince, Falstaff, and the boon companions used to sup.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>7</sup> Yedward, for Edward, i. e., Poins.

<sup>8</sup> chops. Meaning whom?

stand for ten shillings. The word "royal" means a ten-shilling piece; so this is one of Falstaff's quips.

<sup>10</sup> madcap. See Glossary.

PRINCE. Well, come what will, I'll tarry at home.

FALSTAFF. I'll be a traitor, then, when thou art king. PRINCE. I care not.

Poins. Sir John, I prithee, leave the prince and me alone; I will lay him down such reasons for this adventure, that he shall go.

FALSTAFF. Well, may'st thou have the spirit of persuasion, and he the ears of profiting, that what thou speakest may move, and what he hears may be believed, that the true prince may, for recreation sake, prove a false thief; for the poor abuses of the time want countenance. Farewell; you shall find me in Eastcheap.

Prince. Farewell, thou latter spring! Farewell, All-hallown summer!<sup>2</sup> [Exit Falstaff.

Poins. Now, my good sweet honey lord, ride with us to-morrow. I have a jest to execute that I can not manage alone. Falstaff, Bardolph, Peto, and Gadshill shall rob those men that we have already waylaid; yourself and I will not be there; and when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head from my shoulders.<sup>3</sup>

PRINCE. But how shall we part with them in setting forth?

Poins. Why, we will set forth before or after them,

<sup>1</sup> for recreation sake. The possessive inflection is dropped. This often happens when either the noun in the possessive ends with the sound of s, or the following noun begins with s; and especially when the following noun is "sake."

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> All - hallown summer: like "latter spring," summer as at Allhallows day, or All-saints' day, the first day of November.

<sup>\*</sup> Now...shoulders. Of the three sentences in this speech, which is complex?

and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to fail: and then will they adventure upon the exploit themselves; which they shall have no sooner achieved but we'll set upon them.

PRINCE. Ay, but 'tis like that they will know us, by our horses, by our habits,1 and by every other appointment, to be ourselves.

Poins. Tut! our horses they shall not see: I'll tie them in the wood; our vizards we will change after we leave them: and, sirrah, I have cases of buckram<sup>2</sup> for the nonce,8 to immask4 our noted5 outward garments.

PRINCE. But I doubt they will be too hard for us.

Poins. Well, for two of them, I know them to be as true-bred cowards as ever turned back; 6 and for the third, if he fight longer than he sees reason, I'll forswear arms. The virtue of this jest will be the incomprehensible lies that this same fat rogue 7 will tell us when we meet at supper: how thirty, at least, he fought with; what wards,8 what blows, what extremities he endured; 9 and in the reproof of this lies the jest.

PRINCE. Well, I'll go with thee; provide us all things necessary, and meet me to-night in Eastcheap; there I'll sup. Farewell.

Poins. Farewell, my lord.

<sup>1</sup> habits, clothes, garments.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> buckram, coarse linen cloth noun, not an adverb, here. stiffened with glue.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>8</sup> for the nonce, for this once.

immask = mask, disguise.

<sup>5</sup> noted, known.

<sup>&</sup>quot;Back" is a 6 turned back.

<sup>7</sup> fat rogue. Whom?

<sup>8</sup> wards, postures of defense in sword-practice.

<sup>9</sup> endured, suffered.

### 2.-FALSTAFF'S VALOR.

PRINCE HENRY and Poins in the Boar's Head Tavern. FALSTAFF, GADSHILL, BARDOLPH, and PETO.

Poins. Welcome, Jack. Where hast thou been?

FALSTAFF. A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance, too! marry,1 and amen!—Give me a cup of sack,2 boy. - Ere I lead this life long, I'll sew netherstocks,3 and mend them, and foot them too. A plague of all cowards! - Give me a cup of sack, rogue. - Is there no virtue extant? (He drinks, and then continues.) You rogue, here's lime in this sack, too; there is nothing but roguery to be found in villainous man: yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it; a villainous coward!—Go thy ways, old Jack; die when thou wilt: if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring.4 There live not three good men unhanged in England; and one of them is fat, and grows old. I would I were a weaver; I could sing psalms, or any thing. A plague of all cowards! I say still.

PRINCE. How, now, woolsack? what mutter you?

FALSTAFF. A king's son! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more. You, Prince of Wales!

<sup>1</sup> marry, an exclamation.

<sup>8</sup> nether-stocks = stockings. 2 sack, the generic name for 4 shotten herring, a lean her-Spanish wines.

PRINCE. Why, you villainous round man! what's the matter?

FALSTAFF. Are you not a coward? answer me to that; and Poins there?

Poins. Zounds! ye fat paunch, an ye call me coward, I'll stab thee.

FALSTAFF. I call thee coward! I'll see thee hanged ere I call thee coward: but I would give a thousand pound I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your back: call you that backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing! give me them that will face me. — Give me a cup of sack: I am a rogue if I drunk to-day.

PRINCE. O villain! thy lips are scarce wiped since thou drunkest last.

FALSTAFF. All's one for that. (He drinks.) A plague of all cowards, still say I.

PRINCE. What's the matter?

FALSTAFF. What's the matter! there be four of us here have ta'en a thousand pound this morning.

PRINCE. Where is it, Jack? where is it?

FALSTAFF. Where is it! taken from us it is: a hundred upon poor four of us.

Prince. What, a hundred, man?

FALSTAFF. I am a rogue if I were not at half-sword <sup>1</sup> with a dozen of them two hours together. I have scaped <sup>2</sup> by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet; <sup>3</sup> four, through the hose; <sup>4</sup> my buckler

<sup>1</sup> at half-sword, in close fight.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> scaped = escaped.

<sup>8</sup> doublet, coat.

<sup>4</sup> hose, breeches.

cut through and through; my sword hacked like a hand-saw; Ecce signum! 1 I never dealt better since I was a man; all would not do. A plague of all cowards! Let them speak (pointing-to GADSHILL, BARDOLPH, and Pero); if they speak more or less than truth, they are villains and the sons of darkness.

PRINCE. Speak, sirs: how was it?

GADSHILL. We four set upon some dozen -

FALSTAFF. Sixteen, at least, my lord.

GADSHILL. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

FALSTAFF. You rogue, they were bound, every man of them; or I am a Jew, else - an Ebrew Jew.2

GADSHILL. As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us-

FALSTAFF. And unbound the rest; and then come<sup>8</sup> in the other.4

PRINCE. What! fought ye with them all?

FALSTAFF. All? I know not what ye call all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish: if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then I am no two-legged creature.

PRINCE, Pray Heaven, you have not murdered some of them.

FALSTAFF. Nay, that's past praying for; I have peppered two of them; two I am sure I have paid; two

the token!" Falstaff presents his able force in the qualification sword, that they may see with their ! " Ebrew." own eyes how it has suffered.

<sup>2</sup> Ebrew = Hebrew. Falstaff 4 other = others.

<sup>1</sup> Byce signum! (Lat.) "Behold | seems to think there is consider-

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>8</sup> come. The historical present.

rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal, if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, and call me horse. Thou knowest my old ward; here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me—

PRINCE. What! four? Thou saidst but two even now.

FALSTAFF. Four, Hal; I told thee four.

Poins. Ay, ay, he said four.

FALSTAFF. These four came all a-front,<sup>2</sup> and mainly <sup>8</sup> thrust at me. I made me no more ado, but took all their seven points in my target,<sup>4</sup> thus.

PRINCE. Seven? why, there were but four even now.

FALSTAFF. In buckram?

Poins. Ay, four, in buckram suits.

FALSTAFF. Seven, by these hilts,5 or I am a villain else.

PRINCE. Prithee, let him alone; we shall have more anon.

FALSTAFF. Dost thou hear me, Hal?

PRINCE. Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

FALSTAFF. Do so, for it is worth the listening to. These nine in buckram that I told thee of—

PRINCE. So, two more already.

FALSTAFF. Their points being broken, began to give me ground: but I followed me close, came in foot and hand; and with a thought seven of the eleven I paid.<sup>6</sup>

PRINCE. Oh, monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two!

<sup>1</sup> call me horse, abuse me.

 $<sup>^2</sup>$  a-front = in front.

<sup>3</sup> mainly, with might and main.

<sup>4</sup> target, shield.

b these hilts, his sword.

e paid. Explain.

FALSTAFF. But three knaves in Kendal green came at my back, and let drive at me; for it was so dark, Hal, that thou couldst not see thy hand.

PRINCE. These lies are like the father that begets them; gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brained paunch, thou nott-pated 2 fool, thou greasy tallow-keech 8 --

FALSTAFF. What! art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth the truth?

PRINCE. Why, how couldst thou know these men in Kendal green, when it was so dark thou couldst not see thy hand? Come, tell us your reason; what sayest thou to this?

Poins. Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

FALSTAFF. What, upon compulsion? No; were I at the strappado,4 or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion! if reasons were as plentiful as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I.

PRINCE. I'll be no longer guilty of this sin: this sanguine 5 coward, this horseback-breaker, this huge hill of flesh -

FALSTAFF. Away! you starveling, you eel-skin, you dried neat's tongue, you stock-fish! 6 Oh for breath to

<sup>1</sup> Kendal green. Westmoreland, was celebrated for its manufacture of green cloth.

<sup>2</sup> nott-pated, having the hair cut short round and round.

<sup>8</sup> tallow-keech. A keech of tallow is the fat of an ox or cow rolled Glossary. up by the butcher in a round 6 stock-fish, a dried cod.

Kendal, in | lump, in order to be carried to the chandler.

<sup>4</sup> strappado, a military punishment, whereby the joints were dislocated.

<sup>5</sup> sanguine, full-blooded. See

utter what is like thee! - you tailor's yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing-tuck,1-

PRINCE. Well, breathe a while, and then to it again; and when thou hast tired thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this.

Poins. Mark, Jack.

PRINCE. We two saw you four set on four; you bound them, and were masters of their wealth. Mark now, how a plain tale shall put you down. Then did we two set on you four, and with a word out-faced 2 you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can show it you here in the house. - And, Falstaff, you carried your paunch away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy, and still ran and roared, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in fight! What trick, what device, what starting-hole,8 canst thou now find out to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

Poins. Come, let's hear, Jack. What trick hast thou now?

FALSTAFF. Ha! ha! I knew ye as well as he that made ye. Why, hear ye, my masters: was it for me to kill the heir-apparent? Should I turn upon the true prince? Why, thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules; but beware instinct: the lion will not touch the true prince; instinct is a great matter; I was a coward on instinct. I shall think the better of myself and thee during my life; I for a valiant lion, and thou for

<sup>1</sup> tuck, a rapier; hence "stand-| 2 out-faced, frightened. ing-tuck," a rapier set on end.

<sup>\*</sup> starting-hole, subterfuge,

a true prince. But, lads, I am glad you have the money.—Hostess, clap to the doors; watch to-night, pray to-morrow.—Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, all the titles of good fellowship come to you! What! Shall we be merry? Shall we have a play extempore?

PRINCE. Content; and the argument 1 shall be thy running away.

FALSTAFF. Ah! no more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me.<sup>2</sup>

## II. - JOHN MILTON.

#### LIFE AND WORKS.

In the year 1608, while Shakespeare was still alive,—and indeed had eight more years of life before him,—there lived in Bread Street, London, one John Milton, who carried on the business of "scrivener" (law-stationer and notary-public) in a shop bearing the sign of the Spread Eagle.

Under the wings of this Spread Eagle, which seems to have shadowed a very comfortable, happy home, was born on the 9th of December, 1608, John Milton, the future author of *Paradise Lost;* receiving from his father literary tastes and a love for music, and from his mother a sweet yet lofty nature and the sad inheritance of weak eyes.

Having received his earliest education at home, he

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> argument, subject, theme. | <sup>2</sup> Ah! ... me. Parse.

was sent, when about twelve years old (1620), to St. Paul's School. Even then he showed a hunger and thirst after learning, which, as he says, "I seized with such eagerness, that from the twelfth year of my age I scarce ever went to bed before midnight." Of his boyish exercises, two paraphrases of the Psalms have been preserved; and there are other indications that from very early years Milton's mind was seriously turned to poetry.

When sixteen years old he was admitted to Christ's College, Cambridge, where he resided for seven years. The delicate beauty of the student's face, and the rolling masses of silken auburn hair, parted in the middle, that framed its oval contour, excited the jeers of some rougher classmates, who called him "the lady of the college." They might well have spared their mockery; for the blonde beauty was to outshine them all, and even then was showing signs of a wondrous genius in its dawn. In the winter of 1629, Milton's twenty-first year, he composed his Ode on the Morning of Christ's Nativity, which, though not ranking with his greatest works, is enough to make the fame of any ordinary poet.

Having taken his degrees, he left Cambridge at the age of twenty-four (1632), and returned to his father's house, the elder Milton having meantime given up business, and retired to country life in the village of Horton, near London. Milton had been intended for the Church, but by the time he left college it was plain that this was not his calling; and his father, clearly discerning his son's remarkable talents, wisely refused

to send him "into the resorts of commerce, or hurry him into the law."

In the calm retirement of Horton, communing with nature and with books, Milton passed five years of self-cultivation and preparation for the service to which he had resolved to devote his life,—the composing of some great work that should bring honor to his country. He looked upon himself as a man dedicated to a high purpose, and framed his life accordingly. Before he can make a poem, Milton will make himself, as he tells us in a grand sentence: "I was confirmed in the opinion that he who would not be frustrate of his hope to write well hereafter in laudable things ought himself to be a true poem,— not presuming to sing high praises of heroic men or famous cities, unless he have in himself the experience and practice of all that which is praiseworthy."

The intensity of his nature showed itself in his method of study. He read, not desultorily, a bit here and another there; but "when I take up with a thing, I never pause or break it off, nor am drawn away from it by any other interest, till I have arrived at the goal I proposed to myself." In this routine of study he made occasional breaks by visits to London, for the purpose of seeing friends, buying books, or receiving tuition in music and mathematics.

The residence at Horton constitutes Milton's first poetic period (1632–1637). The fruit of these five years was not large in quantity, but very choice in quality. It includes two idyls L'Allegro and Il Penseroso (the "Cheerful" and the "Thoughtful" Man), Comus (a

lyrical drama, or "mask"), and the sublime dirge called *Lycidas*. Of these four poems, a well-qualified judge says, that, "had *Paradise Lost* never been written, they would yet have sufficed to place their author in a class apart, and above all those who had used the English language for poetical purposes before him."

A journey to Italy was now (1638) undertaken as a portion of the poet's education which he was giving himself. In his absence of a little more than a year, Milton visited Paris, Florence, Rome, Naples, Venice, and Geneva, making the acquaintance of many of the European celebrities of that day.

A most interesting incident in connection with his stay in Florence was his visit to the veteran martyr of science, Galileo, whom he tells us he found, grown old and blind, "a prisoner (in his own house) to the Inquisition for thinking in astronomy otherwise than the Franciscan and Dominican licensers thought."

The civil and religious struggles then beginning in his native land led Milton to cut short his tour, and return to England, where he arrived in the latter part of 1639. A few months afterwards the "Long Parliament" assembled, resolved to curb the despotic power of Charles I.; and those contests began which resulted in the Civil War between the Royalists, or Cavaliers, and the Puritans, or Roundheads.

Milton, who was a Puritan and a republican by instinct and by conviction, threw himself into the struggle with all the passionate ardor of his nature. As he tells us himself, he deemed it disgraceful to be

idling away his time abroad, while his countrymen were contending for their liberty.

Here, then, begins the second period in Milton's career. It lasted for twenty years (1640-1660), and those the most vigorous of his manhood; namely, from his thirty-second to his fifty-second year. It contrasts very markedly with the calm, scholarly life at Horton. Poetry had to be abandoned, and Milton found himself "embarked in a troubled sea of noises and hoarse disputes." Before 1642, when the Civil War began, he had written five vigorous pamphlets on religious and political reformation; twenty others followed in succession, treating of all the great issues of the times. These works are written in a style of majestic eloquence that fairly blazes. When Charles I. was executed, in 1649, and Cromwell became "Protector" of the English Commonwealth, he made Milton his Latin secretary; and in the duties of that office, and in the production of various powerful papers on high questions of state, he was occupied till the Restoration, in 1660.

In the mean time the awful calamity of blindness had come upon Milton. His eyesight, though naturally quick (for he was a proficient with the rapier), had never been strong. His constant headaches, and his late study and overwork, concurred to sow the seeds of the fatal malady. It had been steadily coming on for a dozen years before, and about 1650 the sight of the left eye was gone.

Milton was warned by his doctor, that, if he persisted in using the remaining eye for book-work, he would lose that too. "The choice lay before me," says

the poet, "between dereliction of a supreme duty, and loss of eyesight. In such a case, I could not listen to the physician, not if Æsculapius himself had spoken from his sanctuary." It was about the year 1652 that the calamity was consummated,—at the age of forty-three, the poet was in total darkness. Yet, even then, he consoles himself with the reflection that he had grown blind in a noble cause. In a sonnet to his friend Cyriack Skinner he writes:—

Cyriack, this three years day, these eyes, though clear,
To outward view, of blemish or of spot,
Bereft of light, their seeing have forgot;
Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear
Of sun or moon or star, throughout the year,
Or man or woman. Yet I argue not
Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope; but still bear up, and steer
Right onward. What supports me, dost thou ask?
The conscience, friend, to have lost them overplied
In liberty's defense, my noble task,
Of which all Europe rings from side to side.
This thought might lead me through the world's vain mask,
Content, though blind, had I no better guide.

And other bitter experiences befell Milton during this second period. In 1643 he had married a young country maiden named Mary Powell. The union proved to be a very unhappy one. She died in 1652, when only twenty-six years old, leaving the poet three daughters, who all lived to grow up.

Four years afterwards he married again, his spouse

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> See the extract from *Paradise* most pathetic reference to his blind-Lost, given on p. 101, for another ness.

being Catharine Woodcock. To her he seems to have been deeply attached, as he spoke of her in a commemorative sonnet as one in whose person "love, sweetness, goodness shined." But only fifteen months after the union she died, and Milton was again alone.

With the downfall of the "Commonwealth," and the "Restoration" of the Stuarts in the person of Charles II., Milton retired to private life, blind, destitute, almost friendless. This is the third period of his life,—the period of solitary and Promethean grandeur, during which he composed his three great poems,—Paradise Lost, Paradise Regained, and Samson Agonistes. The last was published in 1671.

After this he wrote no more poetry, though he lived three years longer. He died of the "gout struck in," on Sunday, Nov. 8, 1674. "His funeral," says a contemporary, "was attended by all his learned and great friends in London, not without a friendly concourse of the vulgar."

The name of Milton is a synonym for sublimity. He has endowed our language with the loftiest and noblest poetry it possesses. Of him Dryden wrote, in a splendid panegyric,—

Three poets, in three distant ages born, Greece, Italy, and England did adorn.

The first <sup>2</sup> in loftiness of thought surpassed, The next <sup>3</sup> in majesty, in both the last.

The force of Nature could no further go:

To make a third, <sup>4</sup> she joined the other two.

<sup>1</sup> Pronounce Ag-o-nis'tes.

<sup>?</sup> Homer.

<sup>8</sup> Virgil.

<sup>4</sup> Milton.

Milton had an open, pure, and beautiful face. His complexion was exceedingly fair, and even in old age his cheeks retained a ruddy tinge. His hair was light brown, parted in front, and hung down over his shoulders. His eyes were a dark gray, and even when he was totally deprived of sight they retained their luster.

A clergyman, who was a contemporary, has left a record of how he "found John Milton in a small chamber, hung with rusty green, sitting in an elbowchair, and dressed neatly in black; pale, but not cadaverous. He used, also, to sit in a gray, coarse cloth coat at the door of his house in Bunhill Fields, in warm, sunny weather, to enjoy the fresh air, and so, as well as in his room, received the visits of people of distinguished parts, as well as quality." On the whole, a pleasant picture.

In his manner of living he was exceedingly temperate. In summer he rose at four, in winter at five, in the morning. A chapter of the Hebrew Bible was read to him, after which he studied, with the intervention of breakfast, till noon. He then took garden-exercise for an hour, dined, played on the organ, either sang himself, or made some friend sing, and continued his studies till six in the evening. From six to eight he entertained visitors. After a light supper, followed by a pipe of tobacco and a glass of water, he retired to rest.

By nature he was serenely serious; an heroic trust in Heaven made him superior to the accidents of life: and so, when we think of his old age, wrapped in darkness, and assailed with evil tongues, the vision that rises before us is not that of a soured and disappointed politician, but of a seraphic bard who finds a holy joy in the perennial inspirations of his own genius.

Let us close this sketch with the noble lines in which Wordsworth pays tribute to this lofty soul:—

Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart:
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea,
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free.
So didst thou travel on life's common way,
In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart
The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

#### 1.-L'ALLEGRO.

[L'Allegro (pron. lal-lā'gro: Ital.) signifies literally the cheerful or merry man; and the poem celebrates the charms of a social, amiable, light-hearted view of life. The advocate of this mood calls on "hearteasing Mirth" (mirth to be understood as a placid, philosophical sentiment) to come to him with a retinue of kindred spirits. "He would fain hear the lark singing, and enjoy all other cheery sights and sounds of the bright morning time; he would be present at the merry-makings of the village, and listen to the marvelous tales there told; he rejoices in the life of the town, in all its gay gatherings; he goes to see great comedies acted; above all things, he would be surrounded by the sweet singing of exquisite verses."]

# Hence, loathéd Melancholy,<sup>1</sup> Of Cerberus<sup>2</sup> and blackest Midnight<sup>8</sup> born,

<sup>1</sup> Melancholy. What is the figure of speech? (See Def. 4.)
a dog with three heads, but some-

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Cerberus, the monster that times with a hundred. guarded the entrance to the infer
8 Midnight. Figure?

In Stygian 1 cave forlorn,

'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights<sup>2</sup> unholy!
Find out some uncouth<sup>3</sup> cell.

Where brooding Darkness spreads his jealous wings, And the night raven sings;

There, under ebon 4 shades and low-browed rocks, As ragged 5 as thy locks,

In dark Cimmerian 6 desert ever dwell. But come, thou goddess fair and free, In heaven ycleped 7 Euphrosyne, 8 And by men, heart-easing Mirth, Whom lovely Venus at a birth, With two sister Graces more, To ivy-crownéd Bacchus 9 bore.

Haste thee, <sup>10</sup> nymph, and bring with thee Jest and youthful Jollity, Quips, and cranks, <sup>11</sup> and wanton <sup>12</sup> wiles,

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Stygian, from Styx (meaning "the Hateful"), a river of Hades over which Charon ferried the ghosts of the dead.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> shapes, shrieks, sights. Note the alliteration.

s uncouth, wild, strange.

<sup>4</sup> ebon. Meaning?

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> ragged. Find in Isa. ii. 21, a similar use of this adjective. Rugged is the more common expression now.

<sup>6</sup> Cimmerian, relating to the Cimmerii, who, in Homer's time, were supposed to inhabit a region of perpetual darkness, "beyond the ocean stream."

<sup>7</sup> ycleped, named.

Buphrosyne . . . two sister Graces more. Euphrosyne (the Mirthful), one of the three Graces who attended on Venus, the goddess of love. The "two sister Graces more" were Aglaia (Brightness) and Thalia (Bloom).

<sup>9</sup> Bacchus, the god of wine.

<sup>10</sup> Haste thee, etc. Point out all the examples of personification in these lines.

<sup>11</sup> Quips and cranks. A "quip" is a smart, satirical saying; a "crank," a lively, humorous, and puzzling turn of speech.

<sup>12</sup> wanton, free and easy.

Nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles Such as hang on Hebe's 1 cheek, And love to live in dimple sleek; Sport, that wrinkled Care derides, And Laughter holding both his sides. Come, and trip it as ye go On the light fantastic toe; 2 And in thy right hand lead with thee The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty.<sup>8</sup> And, if I give thee honor due, Mirth, admit me of thy crew 4 To live with her, and live with thee, In unreprovéd 5 pleasures free: To hear the lark begin his flight, And singing startle the dull Night From his watch-tower in the skies. Till the dappled dawn 6 doth rise; Then to come in spite of sorrow,7 And at my window bid good-morrow, Through the sweet-brier, or the vine, Or the twisted eglantine,8

1 Hebe, the goddess of youth. 2 trip it ... toe. Express in plain language.

derogatory meaning; but not so here. "Crew" is radically the same word as crowd.

• unreprovéd; i.e., not requiring reproof, blameless.

6 dappled dawn. Explain this beautiful epithet.

7 in spite of sorrow=to spite sorrow.

8 twisted eglantine here denotes 4 crew. Except when denoting the common honeysuckle or dog-

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>8</sup> Mountain nymph . . . Liberty. "Liberty" is here called a mountain nymph in allusion to the "fleet Oreads" (mountain nymphs), who were supposed to "sport visibly" on the sunny alopes of Grecian hills.

a shin's crew, this word now has a rose.

While the cock, with lively din,1 Scatters the rear of darkness thin,2 And to the stack or the barn door Stoutly struts his dames before; Oft listening how the hounds and horn Cheerly 3 rouse the slumbering morn, From the side of some hoar hill,4 Through the high wood echoing shrill; Sometime walking, not unseen, By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green, Right against 5 the eastern gate,6 Where the great sun begins his state,7 Robed in flames and amber light, The clouds in thousand liveries 8 dight.9 While the plowman near at hand Whistles o'er the furrowed land, And the milkmaid singeth blithe, And the mower whets his scythe, And every shepherd tells his tale 10 Under the hawthorn in the dale. Straight 11 mine eye hath caught new pleasures While the landscape 12 round it measures. —

<sup>1</sup> lively din. Explain.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Scatters . . . thin. Express in plain terms.

<sup>8</sup> cheerly = cheerily.

<sup>4</sup> hoar hill, a hill covered with hoar-frost, rime-white.

<sup>5</sup> against, towards.

<sup>6</sup> the eastern gate. Explain.

<sup>7</sup> state, stately progress.

<sup>8</sup> liveries, colors.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>9</sup> dight (Anglo-Saxon dihtan, to arrange, to deck), arrayed.

<sup>10</sup> tells his tale. The tale is here not a tale of love, but the tale (tally, number) of sheep counted by the shepherd. So the "tale" of bricks in Exod. v. 8.

<sup>11</sup> Straight=straightway, immediately.

<sup>12</sup> landscape. See Glossary.

Russet lawns and fallows 1 gray, Where the nibbling flocks do stray, Mountains on whose barren breast The laboring clouds do often rest, Meadows trim with daisies pied,2 Shallow brooks, and rivers wide, Towers and battlements it sees Bosomed 3 high in tufted trees, Where perhaps some beauty lies,4 The cynosure 5 of neighboring eyes. Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes From betwixt two agéd oaks, Where Corydon and Thyrsis 6 met Are at their savory dinner set Of herbs and other country messes,7 Which the neat-handed Phyllis dresses; And then in haste her bower 8 she leaves, With Thestylis to bind the sheaves, Or, if the earlier season lead, To the tanned haycock in the mead. Sometimes with secure 9 delight

Sometimes with secure delight The upland hamlets will invite, When the merry bells ring round,

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> fallows. Meaning? "Gray" here means light brown.

<sup>2</sup> pied, of varied color.

<sup>8</sup> Bosomed. What is the exact meaning of this word here?

<sup>4</sup> Lies, resides, dwells.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> cynosure, a center of attraction. For its derivation, see Glossary.

<sup>6</sup> Corydon and Thyrsis. Milton's classical fancy gives to English sary.

peasants the names of Virgilian swains and shepherdesses. "Corydon," "Thyrsis," "Phyllis," "Thestylis," occur in the idyls of Virgil and other Latin poets.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>7</sup> messes, different kinds of food served up at table.

<sup>8</sup> bower, apartment.

<sup>9</sup> secure, void of care. See Glossary.

And the jocund rebecs 1 sound To many a youth and many a maid, Dancing in the checkered shade; And young and old come forth to play On a sunshine holiday, Till the livelong daylight fail; Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,2 With stories told of many a feat: How fairy Mab 8 the junkets 4 eat; She 5 was pinched and pulled, she said; And he,5 by friar's lantern 6 led; Tells how the drudging goblin sweat To earn his cream-bowl duly set, When in one night, ere glimpse of morn, His shadowy flail hath threshed the corn That ten day-laborers could not end: Then lies him down the lubbar9 fiend, And, stretched out all the chimney's 10 length, Basks at the fire his hairy strength; And crop-full 11 out of doors he flings, 12

<sup>1</sup> rebec, a fiddle of three strings.

<sup>2</sup> spicy nut-brown ale (the same as Shakespeare's "gossips' bowl"), a beverage consisting of ale, nutmeg, sugar, toast, and the pulp of roasted apples.

<sup>8</sup> Mab, the queen of the fairies.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>4</sup> junkets, cream-cheese, and other dainties.

<sup>5</sup> She . . . he, some of the storytellers.

<sup>6</sup> friar's lantern, meaning the sprite known as Jack-o'-the-lantern, or Will-o'-the-wisp.

<sup>7</sup> Tells. Supply he as subject.

<sup>8</sup> the drudging goblin is the Robin Goodfellow of British folklore, a "servant spirit that would grind corn for a mess of milk, cut wood, or do any kind of drudgery work."

<sup>9</sup> lubbar=lubber, clumsy, awkward.

<sup>10</sup> chimney, fireplace, very ample in the olden times.

<sup>11</sup> crop-full, stomach-full.

<sup>12</sup> flings, throws himself, rushes (a classical construction).

Ere the first cock his matin rings.1 Thus done the tales, to bed they creep, By whispering winds soon lulled asleep. Towered cities please us then, And the busy hum of men, Where throng of knights and barons bold. In weeds<sup>2</sup> of peace, high triumphs<sup>8</sup> hold, With store of ladies, whose bright eyes Rain influence,4 and judge the prize Of wit or arms, while both contend To win her grace whom all commend. There let Hymen 5 oft appear In saffron robe, with taper clear, And pomp, and feast, and revelry, With mask and antique pageantry;6 Such sights as youthful poets dream On summer eves by haunted stream. Then to the well-trod stage anon, If Jonson's learnéd sock be on.7

<sup>1</sup> his matin rings. Explain.

<sup>2</sup> weeds, garments. See Glossary.

<sup>\*</sup> triumphs, tournaments, and other public pageants.

<sup>4</sup> influence. "Here used in its original sense of the rays, glances, or aspects flowing from the stars to the earth. These aspects were believed to have a great and mysterious power over the fortunes of men."

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> Hymen, the god of marriage, who, in the old plays, was represented as clothed in a saffron-colored robe.

<sup>6</sup> pomp, ... feast, ... revelry, ... mask, ... pageantry, were various forms of entertainment highly popular in the early part of the seventeenth century. They were all the rage at court. Milton himself wrote a "mask" called Comus.

<sup>7</sup> If Jonson's . . . on; that is, if one of the comedies of the learned Ben Jonson were performing. The "sock" was a low-heeled light shoe worn by actors of comedy, and by a figure of speech came to mean comedy itself.

Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child, Warble his native wood-notes wild. And ever, against eating cares, Lap me in soft Lydian 1 airs, Married to immortal verse<sup>2</sup>— Such as the meeting soul may pierce In notes with many a winding bout 3 Of linkéd sweetness long drawn out With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,4 The melting voice through mazes running. Untwisting all the chains that tie The hidden soul of harmony; That Orpheus' 5 self may heave his head From golden slumber on a bed Of heaped Elysian flowers, and hear Such strains as would have won the ear Of Pluto to have quite set free His half-regained Eurydice.5 These delights if thou canst give, Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

1 Lydian, denoting an ancient | and wondrous "cunning" that but

5 Or'pheus' . . . Euryd'ice. Orpheus, son of Apollo, who, with the music of his lyre, had the power to move inanimate objects. His wife Eurydice having died, he folwhere the god Pluto was so moved

Greek mode of music remarkable appears "giddy." for its tender softness.

<sup>2</sup> Married . . . verse. Explain.

<sup>8</sup> bout, musical passage.

<sup>4</sup> wanton . . . cunning. There is an apparent contradiction between "wanton" (free, sportive) lowed her into the infernal region, and "heed;" "giddy" and "cunning" (skill); but the meaning is by the music, that Orpheus almost a "heed" (that is, a care, an art) succeeded in carrying her back to that only seems to be "wanton," earth.

#### 2.-SATAN AND BEELZEBUB.

The following two hundred and eighty-six lines are from the First Book of Paradise Lost, and come almost immediately after the opening, or invocation, -

> "Of man's first disobedience, and the fruit Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste Brought death into the world, and all our woe, With loss of Eden, . . . Sing, heavenly Muse," etc.

The inquiry is then put, as to what moved our first parents to disobey; and answer is made, that it was the seductions of "the serpent, or, rather, Satan in the person of the serpent," - Satan, whose pride had caused him to be cast out of heaven, with all his rebel angels. Then follow the magnificent speeches in which the interlocutors are the "arch-enemy" Satan, and his "bold compeer" Beelzebub.]

Him 1 the Almighty Power Hurled headlong flaming from the ethereal sky, With hideous ruin and combustion, down To bottomless perdition; there to dwell In adamantine 2 chains and penal 8 fire. Who durst 4 defy the Omnipotent to arms.5

Nine times the space that measures day and night To mortal men, he with his horrid crew Lay vanquished, rolling in the fiery gulf, Confounded, though immortal. But his doom Reserved him to more wrath; for now the thought Both of lost happiness and lasting pain,

<sup>1</sup> Him; i.e., Satan.

<sup>2</sup> adamantine. "Adamant" is, literally, the unconquerable, usually applied to the hardest metal; noun is this adjective clause an "adamantine," not to be broken.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>8</sup> penal. See Glossary.

<sup>4</sup> durst = dared.

<sup>5</sup> Who . . . arms. To what proadjunct?

Torments 1 him. Round he throws his baleful 2 eyes, That witnessed 3 huge affliction and dismay, Mixed with obdurate pride, and steadfast hate. At once, as far as angel's ken,5 he views The dismal situation 6 waste and wild. A dungeon horrible on all sides round As one great furnace flamed; yet from those flames No light; but rather darkness visible 8 Served only to discover 9 sights of woe, -Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace And rest can never dwell; hope never comes, That comes to all; but torture without end Still urges, 10 and a fiery deluge, fed With ever-burning sulphur unconsumed. Such place Eternal Justice had prepared For those rebellious, here their prison ordained In utter 11 darkness, and their portion set As far removed from God and light of heaven As from the center thrice to the utmost pole.<sup>12</sup> (O, how unlike the place from whence they fell!)

<sup>1</sup> torments. The historical present: give subsequent examples.

<sup>2</sup> baleful, causing bale, or sorrow.

<sup>\*</sup> witnessed, bore witness to. The word is always used in this sense in Shakespeare and Milton, and not (as now) as merely equivalent to saw.

<sup>4</sup> obdurate. Accent on the second syllable.

<sup>5</sup> ken. See Glossary.

<sup>6</sup> situation, site, region.

verb.

<sup>8</sup> darkness visible. De Quincey explains this as "a sullen light intermingled with massy darkness."

<sup>9</sup> discover, disclose.

<sup>10</sup> urges, presses, drives.

<sup>11</sup> utter, outer. See Matt. xxii. 13.

<sup>12</sup> center thrice to the utmost pele. According to Milton's system, the center of the earth is also the center of the universe, and the "utmost pole" here meant is not 7 no light. Supply the missing the pole of the earth, but that of the universe.

There the companions of his fall, o'erwhelmed With floods and whirlwinds of tempestuous fire, He soon discerns, and, weltering 1 by his side, One next himself in power and next in crime, Long after known in Palestine and named Beëlzebub: 2 to whom the arch-enemy,—
And thence in heaven called Satan, 3—with bold words Breaking the horrid silence, thus began:

"If thou beest he, — but O, how fallen! how changed

From him, who, in the happy realms of light, Clothed with transcendent brightness, didst outshine Myriads though bright!—if he, whom mutual league, United thoughts and counsels, equal hope And hazard in the glorious enterprise, Joined with me once, now misery hath joined In equal ruin; into what pit, thou seest, From what height fallen! so much the stronger proved He<sup>5</sup> with his thunder: and till then who knew The force of those dire arms? Yet not for those, Nor what the potent victor in his rage Can else inflict, do I repent or change (Though changed in outward luster<sup>6</sup>) that fixed mind

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> weltering. From Anglo-Saxon weltan, to roll.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Beëlzebub. This term signifies literally "Lord of Flies;" and it is said that Beëlzebub was worshipped in Ekron, a city of Palestine, on a moist soil in a hot climate and infested with flies, against which the protection of the idol was invoked.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>8</sup> and thence ... Satan. Thence, because "Satan" is a Hebrew word signifying enemy, adversary.

<sup>4</sup> beest, not subjunctive, but second pers. sing. pres. indic. of been, to be. It is now obsolete, but is used in a passage in Julius Casar. (See p. 58.)

<sup>5</sup> He: i.e., the Almighty.

<sup>6</sup> luster. Give a synonym.

And high disdain from sense of injured merit That with the Mightiest raised me to contend.1 And to the fierce contention brought along Innumerable force of spirits armed, That durst dislike his reign, and, me preferring, His utmost power with adverse power opposed In dubious<sup>2</sup> battle on the plains of heaven, And shook his throne. What though the field be lost? All is not lost—the unconquerable will, And study 8 of revenge, immortal hate, And courage never to submit or yield, And what is else not to be overcome, -That glory never shall his wrath or might Extort 4 from me. To bow and sue for grace, With suppliant knee, and deify his power Who from the terror of this arm so late Doubted his empire,5 that were low indeed. That were an ignominy 6 and shame beneath This downfall; since by fate the strength of gods And this empyreal substance 7 can not fail,8 Since through experience 9 of this great event In arms not worse, in foresight much advanced, We may with more successful hope resolve

To what I 1 That . . . contend. word is this clause an adjunct?

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> dubious. See Glossary.

study here has the sense of the Latin original, studium, endeavor.

<sup>4</sup> extort. See Glossary.

<sup>5</sup> empire here has the force of the Latin original, imperium, su- What kind of sentence grammatipreme authority.

<sup>6</sup> ignominy. Here shortened (as always in Shakespeare) to ignomy.

<sup>7</sup> empyreal substance, fiery essence.

<sup>8</sup> can not fail; that is, is indestructible.

<sup>9</sup> Since through experience, etc. cally? Rhetorically?

To wage by force or guile<sup>1</sup> eternal war, Irreconcilable to our grand Foe<sup>2</sup> Who now triumphs,<sup>3</sup> and in the excess of joy Sole reigning holds the tyranny<sup>4</sup> of heaven."

So spake the apostate Angel, though in pain, Vaunting aloud, but racked with deep despair; And him thus answered soon his bold compeer:

"O Prince, O chief of many thronéd Powers. That led the embattled seraphim 6 to war Under thy conduct, and in dreadful deeds Fearless, endangered heaven's perpetual King, And put to proof his high supremacy,— Whether upheld by strength, or chance, or fate, Too well I see and rue the dire event That with sad overthrow and foul defeat Hath lost us heaven, and all this mighty host In horrible destruction laid thus low, As far as gods and heavenly essences Can perish; for the mind and spirit remains Invincible, and vigor soon returns, Though all our glory extinct,8 and happy state Here swallowed up in endless misery. But what if he our Conqueror (whom I now

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> guile. See Glossary.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> grand Foe. To whom is the reference?

<sup>\*</sup> triumphs. Accent on second lable.

\* spirit. Fr

able.

\* spirit. Fr

able.

\* spirit. Fr

able.

\* spirit. Fr

<sup>4</sup> tyranny, supreme rule.

<sup>5</sup> compeer. Accent on last syllable. See Glossary.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>6</sup> seraphim. What number? See Glossary.

<sup>7</sup> spirit. Pronounce as one syllable.

<sup>8</sup> glory extinct. In reading, the final y in "glory" is to be elided. "Extinct" = extinguished like a flame.

Of force 1 believe Almighty, since no less
Than such could have o'erpowered such force as ours)
Have left us this our spirit and strength entire,
Strongly to suffer and support our pains,
That we may so suffice 2 his vengeful ire,
Or do him mightier service as his thralls 3
By right of war, whate'er his business be,
Here in the heart of hell to work in fire,
Or do his errands in the gloomy deep?
What can it then avail, though yet we feel
Strength undiminished, or eternal being,
To undergo eternal punishment?"
Whereto with speedy words the Arch-fiend 4 replied:

"Fallen Cherub! to be weak is miserable, Doing or suffering; but of this be sure,—
To do aught good never will be our task, But ever to do ill our sole delight,
As being the contrary to His high will,
Whom we resist. If then his providence
Out of our evil seek to bring forth good,
Our labor must be to pervert that end,
And out of good still to find means of evil;
Which oft-times may succeed, so as perhaps
Shall grieve him, if I fail not, and disturb
His inmost counsels from their destined aim.
But see! the angry Victor hath recalled
His ministers of vengeance and pursuit

<sup>1</sup> of force = perforce, necessarily.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> suffice, gratify.

<sup>3</sup> thralls. See Glossary.

<sup>4</sup> Arch-fiend. Who is meant?

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> pervert. See Glossary.

<sup>6</sup> if I fail not, if I err not.

Back to the gates of heaven; the sulphurous hail, Shot after us in storm, o'erblown hath laid The fiery surge, that from the precipice Of heaven received us falling; and the thunder, Winged with red lightning and impetuous rage, Perhaps hath spent his shafts,1 and ceases now To bellow through the vast and boundless deep. Let us not slip the occasion, whether scorn Or satiate fury yield it from our foe. Seest thou you dreary plain,3 forlorn and wild, The seat of desolation, void of light, Save what the glimmering of these livid flames Casts pale and dreadful? Thither let us tend From off the tossing of these fiery waves; There rest, if any rest can harbor there:4 And, re-assembling our afflicted 5 powers,6 Consult how we may henceforth most offend Our enemy — our own loss how repair — How overcome this dire calamity— What reinforcement we may gain from hope -If not,7 what resolution from despair."

Thus Satan, talking to his nearest mate, With head uplift above the wave, and eyes That sparkling blazed: his other parts besides,

For the use of 1 his shafts. "his" for "its," see p. 37, note 3.

<sup>2</sup> slip the occasion. Express in other words.

<sup>8</sup> you dreary plain, etc. Compare with line seventeen of this ment is to be gained from hope. extract.

<sup>4</sup> if . . . there: that is, if any res can be found there.

<sup>5</sup> afflicted, beaten down.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>6</sup> powers, forces.

<sup>7</sup> if not: that is, if no reinforce-

<sup>8</sup> uplift, for uplifted.

Prone 1 on the flood, extended 2 long and large, Lav floating many a rood, in bulk as huge As whom 8 the fables name of monstrous size. Titanian 4 or Earth-born. 5 that warred on Jove. Briareos 6 or Typhon, 7 whom the den By ancient Tarsus 8 held, or that sea-beast Leviathan,9 which God of all his works Created hugest 10 that swim the ocean-stream, 11— Him haply slumbering on the Norway foam, The pilot of some small night-foundered 12 skiff Deeming some island, oft, as seamen tell,18 With fixed anchor in his scaly rind Moors by his side under the lee, while night Invests the sea, and wished morn delays,—

cave in Cilicia, in Asia Minor.

<sup>1</sup> prone (Lat. pronus), lying front | ing to the Greek poets, lived in a downward.

<sup>\*</sup> extended: this is not the past participle, but the past tense, adjunct to "parts."

s as whom. Supply the ellipsis beween "as" and "whom."

<sup>4</sup> Titanian. The Titans in Greek mythology were sons of Heaven (Uranus) and Earth (Gea).

<sup>5</sup> Earth-born, the Giants (meaning literally the earth-born ones), the sons of Gaa (Earth) by Uranus (Heaven), were a savage race of men whom the gods destroyed for their insolence.

<sup>6</sup> Briareos, an enormous monster with fifty heads and a hundred hands.

dred-headed monster, who, accord-lauthor named Olaus Magnus.

<sup>8</sup> Tarsus, the chief city of Cilicia. 9 Leviathan. See Job xli. and Ps. civ. 26. Generally any large sea animal, the whale, etc.

<sup>10</sup> hugest. Pronounce as a monosvllable.

<sup>11</sup> the ocean-stream, a Homeric expression. Homer regarded the ocean as a great stream running round the flat disk of the earth.

<sup>12</sup> night-foundered (not wrecked, but) brought to a stand by the coming-on of night.

<sup>18</sup> as seamen tell. Milton doubtless had in mind the curious tales of "anchors fastened on whales' backs," etc., told in a book of 7 Typhon, a fire-breathing hun- Northern Antiquities by a Swedish

So stretched out huge in length the Arch-fiend lay, Chained¹ on the burning lake: nor ever thence Had risen, or heaved his head, but that the will And high permission of all-ruling Heaven Left him at large to his own dark designs, That with reiterated crimes he might Heap on himself damnation, while he sought Evil to others; and, enraged, might see How all his malice served but to bring forth Infinite² goodness, grace, and mercy, shown On man by him seduced; but on himself Treble confusion, wrath, and vengeance poured.

Forthwith upright he rears from off the pool His mighty stature.<sup>3</sup> On each hand the flames, Driven backward, slope their pointing spires, and, rolled

In billows, leave in the midst a horrid <sup>4</sup> vale. Then with expanded wings he steers his flight Aloft, incumbent <sup>5</sup> on the dusky air That felt unusual weight, till on dry land He lights; if it were land that ever burned With solid as the lake with liquid fire, And such appeared <sup>6</sup> in hue, <sup>7</sup> as when the force Of subterranean <sup>8</sup> wind transports a hill

<sup>1</sup> chained; meaning, as if kept there by a chain.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> infinite. Accent on the second syllable.

<sup>\*</sup> rears...stature. Rhetorical ject? expression: what is the plain statement?

<sup>4</sup> horrid. See Glossary.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> incumbent, leaning, reclining. See Glossary.

<sup>6</sup> appeared. What is the sub-

<sup>7</sup> hue. Give a synonym.

<sup>8</sup> subterranean. See Glossary.

Torn from Pelorus,¹ or the shattered side
Of thundering Ætna, whose combustible
And fueled entrails thence conceiving fire,
Sublimed² with mineral fury, aid the winds,
And leave a singéd bottom all involved
With stench and smoke. Such resting found the sole
Of unblest feet. Him followed his next mate;³
Both glorying to have 'scaped the Stygian⁴ flood,
As gods, and by their own recovered strength,
Not by the sufferance⁵ of supernal power.

"Is this the region, this the soil, the clime," Said then the lost Archangel, "this the seat That we must change for heaven? this mournful gloom For that celestial light? Be it so, since He<sup>6</sup> Who now is Sovran<sup>7</sup> can dispose, and bid What shall be right; farthest from him is best, Whom reason hath equaled, force hath made supreme Above his equals. Farewell, happy fields Where joy for ever dwells! Hail, horrors! hail, Infernal world! and thou, profoundest hell, Receive thy new possessor!—one who brings A mind not to be changed by place or time. The mind is its own place, and in itself

<sup>1</sup> Pelorus (modern Cape Faro), the north-east point of Sicily, not far from Mount Ætna.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Sublimed, literally uplifted, raised to an extraordinary heat. For the meaning of the verb to "sublime," in its chemical sense, see Webster.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>8</sup> next mate. To whom is the reference?

<sup>4</sup> Stygian. See note, p. 81.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> sufferance. Meaning?

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>6</sup> He. To whom is the reference?

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>7</sup> Sovran. See Glossary.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>8</sup> Hail, etc. What kind of sentence?

Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven.1 What matter where, if I be still the same, And what I should be, - all but less than He Whom thunder hath made greater. Here at least We shall be free; the Almighty hath not built Here for his envy,2 — will not drive us hence: Here we may reign secure; and, in my choice, To reign is worth ambition, though in hell: Better to reign in hell than serve in heaven. But wherefore let we then our faithful friends. The associates and copartners of our loss, Lie thus astonished 3 on the oblivious pool,4 And call them not to share with us their part In this unhappy mansion, or once more, With rallied arms, to try what may be yet Regained in heaven, or what more lost in hell?"

So Satan spake, and him Beëlzebub
Thus answered: "Leader of those armies bright,
Which but the Omnipotent none could have foiled!
If once they bear that voice,—their liveliest pledge
Of hope in fears and dangers, heard so oft
In worst extremes, and on the perilous edge
Of battle when it raged, in all assaults
Their surest signal,—they will soon resume

<sup>1</sup> The mind . . . heaven. Analyze this sentence.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Here for his envy. Satan speaks ironically. "The Almighty has certainly not made hell so attractive that he envies us the possession of it."

<sup>8</sup> astonished, in the literal sense of thunderstruck.

<sup>4</sup> oblivious pool, the pool causing oblivion. What was this pool?

<sup>5</sup> they. Who are meant?

<sup>6</sup> perilous. Give a synonym.

New courage and revive, though now they lie Groveling and prostrate on you lake of fire, As we erewhile, astounded and amazed: No wonder, fallen such a pernicious height."

He scarce had ceased when the superior fiend Was moving toward the shore, his ponderous shield, Ethereal stemper, massy, large, and round, Behind him cast. The broad circumference Hung on his shoulders like the modn, whose orb Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views At evening, from the top of Fesolé, Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands, Rivers, or mountains, in her spotty globe. His spear,—to equal which the tallest pine, Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast Of some great ammiral, were but a wand,—He walked with, to support uneasy steps

erewhile, before, previously.
 pernicious, excessive, ruin-

ous.

8 ethereal. What preposition is

understood before this word?

\* temper. Meaning here?

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> massy. Poetic form of what word?

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>6</sup> The broad circumference. What object is meant by this rhetorical expression?

Galileo, whom Milton saw in Florence (see p. 75). He constructed (about 1609) an "optic glass," called ship of a fleet.

by his name the Galilean telescope, which immensely advanced the science of astronomy.

<sup>8</sup> Fesole (Fiesole) is a hill near Florence, on which are the remains of the ancient city of Fæsulæ.

Valdarno (Val d'Arno), the valley of the Arno, in which both Florence and Pisa are situated.

<sup>10</sup> new lands. Galileo was the first to discover that the surface of the moon is uneven.

<sup>12</sup> ammiral = admiral: not the commander, however, but the chief ship of a fleet.

Over the burning marle 1 (not like those steps On heaven's azure), and the torrid clime Smote on him sore besides, vaulted with fire. Nathless 2 he so endured, till on the beach Of that inflamed sea he stood, and called His legions, angel forms, who lay entranced. Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks In Vallombrosa,3 where the Etrurian shades. High over-arched, imbower; or scattered sedge 4 Afloat, when with fierce winds Orion 5 armed Hath vexed the Red-sea coast, whose waves o'erthrew Busiris and his Memphian chivalry,6 While with perfidious hatred they pursued The sojourners of Goshen,7 who beheld From the safe shore their floating carcasses And broken chariot-wheels: so thick bestrewn, Abject and lost lay these, covering the flood, Under amazement of 8 their hideous change. He called so loud, that all the hollow deep Of hell resounded: "Princes, potentates,

<sup>1</sup> marle=marl; that is, soil generally.

<sup>2</sup> nathless = nevertheless.

<sup>\*\*</sup> Vallombrosa (Latin, vallis umbrosa, shady valley) is eighteen miles east of Florence. The fall of leaves is hastened, and the accumulation of them enormously increased (as Milton may have seen on his Italian tour), by the peasants beating the woods for chestnuts.

<sup>4</sup> scattered sedge, an allusion to the Hebrew name of the Red Sca, — Yâm Sûf, "Sea of Sedge."

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> Orion. The setting of the constellation Orion is accompanied by stormy weather.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>6</sup> Busiris . . . chivalry. As the name Pharaoh was merely a general designation of Egyptian kings, Milton selected one who figures in the myth of Hercules as notorious for his cruelty to strangers. Memphis was one of the oldest cities of ancient Egypt.

<sup>7</sup> sojourners of Goshen, etc. See Exod. xiv. 30.

<sup>8</sup> of=at.

Warriors! the flower of heaven, once yours, now lost, If such astonishment as this can seize Eternal spirits! Or have ye chosen this place After the toil of battle to repose Your wearied virtue, for the ease you find To slumber here as in the vales of heaven? Or in this abject posture have ye sworn To adore the Conqueror—who now beholds Cherub and seraph polling in the flood, With scattered arms and ensigns—till anon His swift pursuers from heaven-gates discern The advantage, and, descending, tread us down, Thus drooping, or, with linkéd thunderbolts, Transfix us to the bottom of this gulf? Awake! arise!—or be for ever fallen!"

#### 3.-INVOCATION TO LIGHT.

[The following fifty-five lines form the opening of the Third Book of *Paradise Lost:* they are of special interest, as containing the touching lament of the poet on his own blindness.]

HAIL, holy Light! soffspring of Heaven first-born, Or of the Eternal co-eternal beam,
May I express thee unblamed? since God is light,

astonishment, thunderstruck dismay.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> virtue, valor, manhood. See Glossary.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>8</sup> Hail, holy Light! Analyze this sentence.

<sup>4</sup> offspring. With what in apposition?

<sup>5</sup> co-eternal. Meaning?

<sup>6</sup> express, name.

<sup>7</sup> God is light. See John i. 5; Tim. vi. 16.

And never but in unapproachéd light Dwelt 1 from eternity, dwelt then in thee, Bright effluence<sup>2</sup> of bright essence increate.<sup>8</sup> Or hear'st thou 4 rather pure ethereal stream, Whose fountain who shall tell? Before the sun, Before the heavens, thou wert, and at the voice Of God, as with a mantle, didst invest The rising world of waters dark and deep, Won from the void and formless infinite. 5/ Thee I revisit 6 now with bolder wing, Escaped the Stygian pool, though long detained In that obscure sojourn, while, in my flight Through utter and through middle darkness borne, With other notes than to the Orphéan lyre,8 I sung of Chaos and eternal Night; Taught by the heavenly Muse to venture down The dark descent, and up to re-ascend, Through hard and rare: thee I revisit safe,

<sup>1</sup> dwelt. What is the subject of this yerb?

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> effluence. See Glossary.

<sup>8</sup> increate. What is the modern form?

<sup>4</sup> hear'st thou. A Latin idiom: the meaning is, "art thou called?" "Stream" is the object of "hear'st."

<sup>5</sup> Won . . . infinite. To what noun is this adjective phrase an adjunct?

<sup>6</sup> Thee I revisit, etc. "Thee;" that is, the light of the natural world, which the poet now reaches, having completed his description of hell.

<sup>7</sup> utter . . . middle darkness, By the former (outer darkness), Milton means that remote part of Chaos in which hell was situated; by the latter, the intermediate part between hell and the "new-created world," through which Satan had made his way.

<sup>8</sup> Onphean lyre; that is, Orpheus, to whom are ascribed a hymn on Night, and a poem on the Creation out of Chaos. "With other notes" is an intimation that Milton deemed he drew his inspiration from a deeper source than the heathen poets.

And feel thy sovran vital lamp; but thou Revisit'st not these eyes, that roll in vain To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn; So thick a drop serene hath quenched their orbs. Or dim suffusion 1 veiled. Yet not the more? Cease I to wander where the Muses haunt Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill, Smit with the love of sacred song; but chief Thee, Sion, and the flowery brooks beneath, That wash thy hallowed feet, and warbling flow. Nightly I visit: nor sometimes forget Those other two equaled with me in fate,4 So were I equaled with them in renown, Blind Thamyris,<sup>5</sup> and blind Mæonides,<sup>6</sup> And Tiresi'as,7 and Phine'us,8 prophets old: Then feed on thoughts, that voluntary move

<sup>1</sup> drop serene...dim suffusion. An allusion to the two causes of blindness, which, according to the medical authorities of Milton's time, were the "serene drop" (gutta serena),—a sort of transparent watery humor that destroyed the optic nerve; and "suffusion" (suffusio), a kind of film that gathered over the eye.

<sup>2</sup> Yet not the more, etc. = nevertheless I still wander.

<sup>\*</sup> the flowery brooks are Kedron and Siloa, the latter of which, however, is only a pool.

<sup>4</sup> equaled with me in fate; that is, blind, like myself, by the decree of fate.

<sup>5</sup> Tham'yris was a Thracian blinded.

bard. He is mentioned by Homer, who relates his presumption in challenging the Muses to a contest, and his punishment in being deprived by them of sight and the power of song.

<sup>6</sup> Meson'ides; that is, Homer, who is so called because supposed to be a native of Mesonia, the ancient name of Lydia.

<sup>7</sup> Tiresi'as, a renowned "prophet" (or bard) of the mythological age of Greece. He was blind from childhood.

<sup>8</sup> Phine us, a celebrated Thracian seer, whom the gods deprived of sight because, on a false accusation, he had caused his sons to be blinded.

Harmonious numbers; as the wakeful bird Sings darkling,1 and in shadiest covert hid, Tunes her nocturnal note.<sup>2</sup> Thus with the vear Seasons return; but not to me returns Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn, Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose, Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine; But cloud instead, and ever-during dark Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair Presented with a universal blank Of nature's works to me expunged and rased,3 And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out. So much 5 the rather thou, Celestial Light, Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers Irradiate: there plant eyes; 6 all mist from thence Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell Of things invisible to mortal sight.

6 there plant eyes. Translate this metaphorical expression into plain terms.



<sup>1</sup> darkling (adverb) = in the dark.

<sup>2</sup> nocturnal note. Explain.

<sup>\*</sup> expunged and rased, as from a waxen tablet, by the use of the blunt end of the stylus; the imagery is classical.

<sup>4</sup> one entrance. Explain.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> So much the rather, etc. Who but must admire the pious fortitude that thus transforms the loss of sight into a gain!

# III. - JOSEPH ADDISON.

#### LIFE AND WORKS.

Addison may be said to have almost created English prose as an instrument for the expression of social thought. Prose had of course been written in many different manners before his time; and the great writers of the seventeenth century — Bacon, Milton, Jeremy Taylor, Sir Thomas Browne, and their compeers — have left us a prose which is full of dignity and grandeur, but which, constructed on a Latin model, lacks ease, simplicity, and lucidity of expression. Dryden made a great advance, and gave us an English written with sinewy precision. But for the first model of an easy, every-day English prose, — a practical, working prose, — we are indebted above all to Addison.

Joseph Addison was born May 1, 1672, four years before the death of Milton. In that year Dryden was at the height of his fame, and Swift was a boy of fifteen. Pope was not born till sixteen years after. At the time of Addison's birth, his father, Lancelot Addison, was a rector in the Church of England. He was a man of character and accomplishments, and a writer of considerable reputation in his day. It is known that Joseph entertained admiration and respect for his memory.

Young Addison received the best part of his education at the "Charter House," a famous London school. At the age of fifteen he entered Oxford, where he took his master's degree in 1693. While in college his Latin.

poems won him considerable renown, especially that on the inauguration of King William the Third.

His reputation as a scholar and a man of taste soon extended itself to the world of letters in London. In 1693, being then in his twenty-second year, he wrote his Account of the Greatest English Poets; and about the same time he addressed some complimentary verses to Dryden. John Dryden—"glorious John," as Sir Walter Scott named him—was at this time, and for many years had been, the dictator of English letters; and the friendly countenance he showed Addison in reward for the latter's well-turned compliment was of decided service to the young poet.

The smile of royal favor, also, was not wanting; and in 1699 he received from King William a pension of three hundred pounds a year, that he might cultivate his classic tastes by travel on the Continent. So, with a full purse, and the reputation of being the most elegant scholar of his day in England, Addison set out upon the grand tour. The death of William, however, three years afterwards (March, 1702), stopped his pension (it was not continued by Queen Anne), and cut short his traveled ease; so home he came, a poor yet cheerful scholar, to wait quietly for fortune in a shabby lodging up two pair of stairs in the Haymarket, London.

But Addison's star was not to be long in eclipse. In the summer of 1704, Marlborough won (over the army of Louis XIV.) the great victory of Blenheim. The British chief minister, Godolphin, wishing a poem in celebration of the event, sent to invite Addison to write it. The result was the lucky poem known as

The Campaign, which chanted loudly the praises of Marlborough, who is compared, in a passage that took the whole town by storm, to an angel guiding the whirlwind. The Campaign had an immense vogue, and brought the poet a very solid reward. Thackeray calls it "a large prize poem that won an enormous prize." Addison was made under-secretary of state, a post from which he mounted to one position of honor after another, till his retirement from public life in 1718.

Meantime, during these years of official occupation his pen was not idle. We have seen that he made his literary début as a poet; but it was as a writer of sweet and artless prose that he was to achieve his highest fame. In the spring of 1709, Addison's old schoolfellow Steele (Dick Steele he was as a schoolboy, but now exalted to be Sir Richard) started a tri-weekly sheet called The Tatler, which for a penny gave a short article and some scraps of news. Addison, who was then in official employment in Ireland, wrote occasionally for this leaf. But when The Tatler, after living for nearly two years, gave place to the more famous daily sheet called The Spectator, Addison became a constant contributor, and by his prose-papers made the fortune of the periodical. It soon became a necessity in polite society. On the tray beside the delicate porcelain cups from which beauty and beau sipped their fragrant chocolate or tea by the toilettable in the late noonday, lay the welcome little sheet of sparkling wit or elegant criticism, giving a new zest to the morning meal, and suggesting fresh topics for the afternoon chat in the toy-shops or on the Mall.

In 1713 Addison completed his one drama, — a Roman tragedy entitled Cato. It was performed at Drury-lane Theater, London, to a house crammed with applauding friends; and it continued to be played nightly for more than a month. Time has greatly abated the reputation of this tragedy. Like Addison's own nature, it is calm and cold; undeniably excellent as a piece of literary sculpture, full of fine declamation and well-chiseled dialogue, but lacking the essentials of dramatic composition. Addison had not the genius of a dramatist, and the success of Cato was largely due to the political influence of the times.

Addison reached his highest political preferment in 1717, when he was made by Queen Anne one of her Majesty's principal secretaries of state. A year previously he had married a titled widow, the Countess of Warwick. Tradition says that the marriage was not a happy one; but this report seems to have been started by Pope, who in one of his poems congratulates himself on "not marrying discord with a noble wife."

After holding the office of secretary of state for a year, Addison was forced to resign in consequence of a severe asthma. Soon after dropsy set in; and he died on the 17th of June, 1719, at the early age of forty-seven. His body was buried by night in Westminster Abbey. It is related that when on his death-bed he sent for his stepson, the Earl of Warwick, and said to him, "See in what peace a Christian can die." These words explain an allusion in a beautiful elegy on Addison written by his friend the poet Tickell,—

"He taught us how to live, and (oh! too high The price of knowledge) taught us how to die."

Addison's personal appearance has not been very vividly recorded. Thackeray speaks of his "chiseled features, pure and cold." His statue in Westminster Abbey represents him clad in his dressing-gown, and freed from his wig, as though stepping into his Chelsea garden, with the last Sir Roger de Coverley paper just finished for the next day's *Spectator*. His temperament was cold, and his manner diffident. In large companies he was extremely reticent, but with two or three friends he was a charming companion and delightful conversationist.

Of Addison's style something has already been said, but rather by way of indicating the relation which as a prose writer he bore to his predecessors than of fixing his absolute rank. Dr. Johnson, in his autocratic way, laid down the famous dogma: "Whoever wishes to attain an English style, familiar but not coarse, and elegant but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison."

This advice, though quite sound in Johnson's day, is somewhat antiquated. The prose of the nineteenth century—the prose of the best writers of our own day—has attained an excellence unknown in the style of the eighteenth century, whether that style was exemplified in the felicitous expression of Addison, or in the sonorous and balanced periods of Johnson. The prose of this latter half of the nineteenth century is marked by a richness, freedom, and variety unknown in any former period of English literature.

## 1.-SIR ROGER AT COVERLEY HALL.

[In the Introductory Sketch mention has been made of the Spectator, and of the charming series of papers by Addison descriptive of the characters in an imaginary "select club." The leading character is that of Sir Roger de Coverley, the representative of an English country gentleman, "generous, ignorant, loyal, patriotic, and prejudiced." The following sketch was printed in the Spectator, No. 106.]

Having often 1 received an invitation from my friend Sir Roger de Coverley to pass away a month with him in the country, I last week accompanied him thither, and am settled with him for some time at his country-house, where I intend to form several of my ensuing speculations.

Sir Roger, who is very well acquainted with my humor,<sup>4</sup> lets me rise and go to bed when I please; dine at his own table or in my chamber, as I think fit; sit still and say nothing, without bidding me be merry. When the gentlemen of the country come to see him, he only shows me at a distance.<sup>5</sup> As I have been walking in his fields, I have observed them stealing a sight of me over an hedge,<sup>7</sup> and have heard the knight desiring them not to let me see them, for that I hated to be stared at.

I am the more at ease in Sir Roger's family, because

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Having often, etc. Analyze this sentence.

<sup>2</sup> thither. What distinction between "thither" and hither?

<sup>8</sup> ensuing. Give a synonym.

<sup>4</sup> humor. Here equivalent to temper, disposition. See Glossary.

b at a distance. The Spectator, the reporter of the club, is represented as rather a shy person.

<sup>• \*</sup> As I have, etc. What type of sentence grammatically?

<sup>&</sup>quot;an hedge. Should we now use

it consists of sober and staid persons; for, as the knight is the best master in the world, he seldom changes his servants; and as he is beloved by all about him, his servants never care for leaving him. By this means his domestics are all in years, and grown old with their master. You would take his valet de chambre for his brother; his butler is gray-headed; his groom is one of the gravest men that I ever have seen; and his coachman has the looks of a privy-councilor. You see the goodness of the master even in the old housedog, and in a gray pad that is kept in the stable with great care and tenderness out of regard to his past services, though he has been useless for several years.

I could not but observe with a great deal of pleasure the joy that appeared in the countenances of these ancient domestics upon my friend's arrival at his country-seat. Some of them could not refrain from tears at the sight of their old master; every one of them pressed forward to do something for him, and seemed discouraged if they were not employed. At the same time, the good old knight, with a mixture of the father and the master of the family, tempered the inquiries after his own affairs with several kind questions relating to themselves. This humanity and good-nature engages everybody to him, so that when he is pleasant

<sup>1</sup> valet de chambre, a body servant.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> pad. Meaning? See Webster.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>8</sup> arrival. See Glossary.

<sup>4</sup> refrain. For its etymology sec Glossary.

<sup>5</sup> tempered, mingled.

<sup>6</sup> engages. The singular number may be justified by the unity of idea in the subjects "humanity" and "good-nature." What is the distinction between these terms?

upon any of them, all his family are in good-humor, and none so much as the person whom he diverts himself with: on the contrary, if he coughs, or betrays any infirmity of old age, it is easy for a stander-by to observe a secret concern in the looks of all his servants.

My worthy friend has put me under the particular care of his butler, who is a very prudent man, and, as well as the rest of his fellow-servants, wonderfully desirous of pleasing me, because they have often heard their master talk of me as of his particular friend.

My chief companion, when Sir Roger is diverting himself in the woods or the fields, is a very venerable man, who is ever with Sir Roger, and has lived at his house in the nature of a chaplain above thirty years. This gentleman is a person of good sense and some learning, of a very regular life and obliging conversation; he heartily loves Sir Roger, and knows that he is very much in the old knight's esteem, so that he lives in the family rather as a relation than a dependent.

I have observed in several of my papers that my friend Sir Roger, amidst all his good qualities, is something of an humorist; <sup>3</sup> and that his virtues as well as imperfections are, as it were, tinged <sup>4</sup> by a certain extravagance, which makes them particularly his, and distinguishes them from those of other men. This cast <sup>5</sup> of mind, as it is generally very innocent <sup>6</sup> in

<sup>1</sup> stander-by=modern bystander.

<sup>2</sup> chaplain. See Glossary.

<sup>\*</sup> humorist, a person with peculiarities of temper.

<sup>4</sup> tinged. See Glossary.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>6</sup> cast...it. This is an instance of two subjects to the same verb, — a construction not allowed by our strict modern grammar.

<sup>6</sup> innocent. Give a synonym.

itself, so it renders his conversation highly agreeable, and more delightful than the same degree of sense and virtue would appear in their common and ordinary colors.

As I was walking with him last night, he asked me how I liked the good man whom I have just now mentioned; and, without staying for my answer, told me that he was afraid of being insulted with Latin and Greek at his own table, for which reason he desired a particular friend of his at the university to find him out a clergyman rather of plain sense than much learning, of a good aspect, a clear voice, a sociable temper, and, if possible, a man that understood a little of backgammon.

"My friend," says Sir Roger, "found me out this gentleman, who, besides the endowments required of him, is, they tell me, a good scholar, though he does not show it. I have given him the parsonage<sup>2</sup> of the parish; and because I know his value, have settled upon him a good annuity for life. If he outlives me, he shall find that he was higher in my esteem than perhaps he thinks he is. He has now been with me thirty years, and, though he does not know I have taken notice of it, has never in all that time asked any thing of me for himself, though he is every day soliciting me for something in behalf of one or other of my tenants, his parishioners.<sup>3</sup> There has not been a law-suit in the parish since he has lived among

<sup>1</sup> of a good aspect. Explain.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> parsonage, office of parson.

<sup>\*</sup> parishioners. With what noun in apposition?

them. If any dispute arises, they apply themselves to him for the decision; if they do not acquiesce in his judgment, which I think never happened above once or twice at most, they appeal to me. 1 At his first settling<sup>2</sup> with me, I made him a present of all the good sermons which have been printed in English, and only begged of him that every Sunday he would pronounce one of them in the pulpit. Accordingly he has digested 8 them into such a series that they follow one another naturally, and make a continued system of practical divinity."

As Sir Roger was going on with his story, the gentleman we were talking of came up to us, and upon the knight's asking him who preached to-morrow (for it was Saturday night), told us the Bishop of St. Asaph 4 in the morning, and Dr. South 5 in the afternoon. He then showed us his list of preachers for the whole year, where I saw with a great deal of pleasure Archbishop Tillotson, Bishop Saunderson, Dr. Barrow, Dr. Calamy,9 with several living authors who have published discourses of practical divinity. I no sooner saw this

compound sentence?

<sup>2</sup> at his first settling = when he first settled.

<sup>3</sup> digested, arranged.

<sup>4</sup> Bishop of St. Asaph, believed to be Dr. Beveridge, a volume of whose sermons was published in 1708.

<sup>5</sup> Dr. South, an English divine (born 1633), famous for his wit and eloquence.

<sup>1</sup> if any . . . to me. Complex or | tells us that he was forced by his mother to read Tillotson's sermons. but that they did him no good.

<sup>7</sup> Bishop Saunderson; i.e., Dr. Robert Saunderson, who was born 1587, and died 1662.

<sup>8</sup> Dr. Barrow. Dr. Isaac Barrow (1630-1677) was famous for his very long sermons.

<sup>9</sup> Dr. Calamy. Dr. Calamy was a celebrated Presbyterian minister 6 Archbishop Tillotson. Byron under the Commonwealth.

venerable man in the pulpit but I very much approved of my friend's insisting upon the qualifications of a good aspect and a clear voice; for I was so charmed with the gracefulness of his figure and delivery, as well as with the discourses he pronounced, that I think I never passed any time more to my satisfaction. A sermon repeated after this manner is like the composition of a poet in the mouth of a graceful actor.

I could heartily wish that more of our country clergy would follow this example, and, instead of wasting their spirits in laborious compositions of their own, would endeavor after a handsome 1 elecution and all those other talents that are proper to enforce what has been formed by greater masters. This would not only be more easy to themselves, but more edifying 2 to the people.

### 2.- SIR ROGER ON THE BENCH.

My worthy friend Sir Roger is one of those who is 3 not only at peace within himself, but beloved and esteemed by all about him. He receives a suitable tribute for his universal benevolence to mankind, in the returns of affection and good-will which are paid him by every one that lives within his neighborhood.4

<sup>1</sup> handsome. Explain.

<sup>2</sup> editying. See Glossary.

<sup>8</sup> one of those who is. ought to be are on the strict prin-

lar construction was usual in old English, but is now deemed an error.

<sup>4</sup> He receives . . . neighborhood. ciple that the antecedent to "who" | Change this loose sentence into a is "those," not "one." The singu- period. (See Defs. 15, 16.)

I lately met with two or three odd instances of that general respect which is shown to the good old knight. He would needs carry Will Wimble 1 and myself with him to the county assizes.2 As we were upon the road, Will Wimble joined a couple of plain men who rode before us, and conversed with them for some time; during which my friend Sir Roger acquainted me with their characters.

"The first of them," says he, "that has a spaniel by his side, is a veoman of about an hundred pounds a year, an honest man: he is just within the game-act,8 and qualified to kill an hare 4 or a pheasant; he knocks down a dinner with his gun twice or thrice a week: and by that means lives much cheaper than those who have not so good an estate as himself. He would be a good neighbor 5 if he did not destroy so many par-

character, representative of the and to his own use for ever keep, younger sons of country gentlemen.

<sup>2</sup> assizes (literally, sessions), a court of justice in England, held twice a year in every county.

<sup>8</sup> within the game-act. This was a law passed during the reign of James I., which provided that, if any person not having real property producing forty pounds per annum, or two hundred pounds' worth of goods and chattels, presumed to shoot game, "then any person having lands, tenements, or hereditaments of the clear yearly value of one hundred pounds a year may take from the person

<sup>1</sup> Will Wimble, an imaginary or possession of such malefactor, such guns, bows, cross-bows, buckstalls, engine-hays, nets, ferrets, and coney dogs, etc." This amiable enactment, which permitted a one-hundred-pound freeholder to. become in his single person accuser, witness, judge, jury, and executioner, and which made an equally respectable but poorer man who shot a hare a "malefactor," was the law of the land even as late as 1827.

<sup>4</sup> an hare. The use of an before a sounded h, under the accent, occurs everywhere in Addison: as an hen, an hundred, etc.

<sup>5</sup> reighbor. See Glossary.

tridges: in short, he is a very sensible man; shoots flying; 1 and has been several times foreman of the petty jury.

"The other that rides along with him is Tom Touchy, a fellow famous for taking the law of everybody. There is not one in the town where he lives that he has not sued at a quarter-sessions.2 The rogue had once the impudence to go to law with the widow.8 His head is full of costs, damages, and ejectments; 4 he plagued a couple of honest gentlemen so long for a trespass in breaking one of his hedges, till<sup>5</sup> he was forced to sell the ground it inclosed to defray the charges of the prosecution. His father left him fourscore pounds a year; but he has cast and been cast<sup>6</sup> so often, that he is not now worth thirty."

As Sir Roger was giving me this account of Tom Touchy, Will Wimble and his two companions stopped short until we came up to them. After having paid their respects to Sir Roger, Will told him that Mr. Touchy and he must appeal to him upon a dispute that arose between them. Will, it seems, had been giving his fellow-traveler an account of his angling one day in such a 7 hole; when Tom Touchy, instead of hearing out his story, told him, that Mr. such an one, if he

is condensed: give it in full.

<sup>2</sup> quarter-sessions. The same as "assizes."

<sup>8</sup> the widow. "It is said, he mixed construction: change it. [Sir Roger] keeps himself a bachelor, by reason he was crossed in lost his case. love by a perverse beautiful widow | 7 such a = a certain.

<sup>1</sup> shoots flying. The expression | of the next county to him." (Spectator, No. 2.)

<sup>4</sup> ejectments. See Webster. . 5 so long . . . till looks like a

<sup>6</sup> cast, won his case: been cast,

pleased, might take the law of him for fishing in that part of the river.

My friend Sir Roger heard them both upon a round trot; and after having paused some time, told them, with the air of a man who would not give his judgment rashly, that much might be said on both sides. They were neither of them dissatisfied with the knight's determination, because neither of them found himself in the wrong by it; upon which we made the best of our way to the assizes.

The court was set 2 before Sir Roger came; but notwithstanding all the justices had taken their places upon the bench, they made room for the old knight at the head of them; who, for his reputation in the country, took occasion to whisper in the judge's ear, that he was glad his lordship had met with so much good weather in his circuit.3 I was listening to the proceedings of the court with much attention, and infinitely pleased with that great appearance and solemnity which so properly accompanies 4 such a public administration of our laws; when, after about an hour's sitting, 5 I observed to my great surprise, in the midst of a trial, that my friend Sir Roger was getting up to speak. I was in some pain for him till I found he had acquitted himself of two or three sentences with a look of much business and great intrepidity.6

determination, decision.

<sup>2</sup> was set. Explain.

<sup>\*</sup> circuit, the journey of judges from place to place to try causes.

<sup>4</sup> accompanies. Should this verb be plural? What is its subject?

b after about an hour's sitting. A very common phrase-form in Addison, neatly taking the place of a clause, "after the court had sut about an hour."

<sup>6</sup> intrepidity. Give synonym.

Upon his first rising the court was hushed, and a general whisper ran among the country people that Sir Roger was up. The speech he made was so little to the purpose, that I shall not trouble my readers with an account of it; and I believe was not so much designed by the knight himself to inform the court, as to give him a figure in my eye,<sup>2</sup> and to keep up his credit in the country.<sup>8</sup>

I was highly delighted, when the court rose, to see the gentlemen of the country gathering about my old friend, and striving who should compliment him most; at the same time that the ordinary people gazed upon him at a distance, not a little admiring his courage, that was not afraid to speak to the judge.

In our return home we met with a very odd accident; which I can not forbear relating, because it shows how desirous all who know Sir Roger are of giving him marks of their esteem.

When we were arrived 4 upon the verge of his estate, we stopped at a little inn to rest ourselves and our horses. The man of the house had, it seems, been formerly a servant in the knight's family; and to do honor to his old master, had some time since, unknown to Sir Roger, put him up in a sign-post before the door: so that "the Knight's Head" had hung out upon the road about a week before he himself knew any thing of the matter.

As soon as Sir Roger was acquainted with it, finding

was designed. Supply a pronoun subject.

s country = county.

oun subject.

2 a figure in my eye. Explain. ern form.

that his servant's indiscretion proceeded only from affection and good-will, he only told him that he had made him too high a compliment; and when the fellow seemed to think that could hardly be, added with a more decisive look, that it was too great an honor for any man under a duke; but told him at the same time that it might be altered with a very few touches, and that he himself would be at the charge of it. Accordingly they got a painter by the knight's directions to add a pair of whiskers to the face, and by a little aggravation of the features to change it into the "Saracen's Head."

I should not have known this story, had not the inn-keeper upon Sir Roger's alighting told him in my hearing, "That his honor's head was brought back last night with the alterations that he had ordered to be made in it." Upon this my friend with his usual cheerfulness related the particulars above mentioned, and ordered the head to be brought into the room. I could not forbear discovering greater expressions of mirth than ordinary upon the appearance of this monstrous face, under which, notwithstanding it was made to frown and stare in a most extraordinary manner, I could still discover a distant resemblance of my old friend.

Sir Roger, upon seeing me laugh, desired me to tell

<sup>1</sup> at the charge of it. "It" occurs twice, probably with different references. Substitute a noun here,—"at the charge of the alteration."

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> aggravation. Explain.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>8</sup> alterations. Give a synonym.

<sup>4</sup> forbear. Give a synonym.

<sup>5</sup> extraordinary. Meaning of the prefix "extra"?

him truly if I thought it possible for people to know him in that disguise. I at first kept my usual silence; but upon the knight's conjuring 1 me to tell him whether it was not still more like himself than a Saracen, I composed my countenance in the best manner I could, and replied, That much might be said on both sides.2

These several adventures, with the knight's behavior in them, gave me as pleasant a day as ever I met with in any of my travels.

#### 3.-THE VISION OF MIRZA.

[Addison frequently indulged himself in the species of composition known as Allegory; and of all his efforts in this style, "The Vision of Mirza" is the finest. It was contributed to the Spectator, No. 159, with this introduction: "When I was at Grand Cairo [i.e., Cairo in Egypt], I picked up several Oriental manuscripts, which I have still by me. Among others I met with one entitled 'The Visions of Mirza,' which I have read over with great pleasure. I intend to give it to the public when I have no other entertainment for them, and shall begin with the first vision, which I have translated word for word, as follows."]

On the fifth day of the moon, which according to the custom of my forefathers I always kept holy, after having washed myself, and offered up my morning devotions, I ascended the high hills of Bagdad, in order to pass the rest of the day in meditation and prayer.8 As I was here airing myself4 on the tops of

<sup>1</sup> conjuring. See Glossary.

That . . . sides. An echo of | riod, or loose sentence? the sage judgment previously rendered by the knight.

<sup>3</sup> On the fifth . . . prayer. Pe-

<sup>4</sup> airing myself. Substitute a synonymous expression.

the mountains, I fell into a profound contemplation on the vanity of human life; and, passing from one thought to another, "Surely," said I, "man is but a shadow, and life a dream."

Whilst I was thus musing, I cast my eyes towards the summit of a rock that was not far from me, where I discovered one in the habit<sup>2</sup> of a shepherd, with a little musical instrument in his hand. As I looked upon him, he applied it to his lips, and began to play upon it. The sound of it was exceeding<sup>3</sup> sweet, and wrought into a variety of tunes that were inexpressibly melodious, and altogether different from any thing I had ever heard. They put me in mind of those heavenly airs that are played to the departed souls of good men upon their first arrival in Paradise,<sup>4</sup> to wear out the impressions of the last agonies, and qualify them for the pleasures of that happy place. My heart melted away in secret raptures.

I had been often told that the rock before me was the haunt of a Genius,<sup>5</sup> and that several had been entertained with music who had passed by it; but never heard that the musician had before made himself visible. When he had raised my thoughts, by those transporting <sup>6</sup> airs which he played, to taste the pleasures of his conversation, as I looked upon him

<sup>1</sup> a profound contemplation. Substitute a synonymous expression. Should we now use the indefinite article "a" in association with the abstract noun "contemplation"?

<sup>2</sup> habit. dress.

<sup>\*</sup> exceeding. Give the adverbial form.

<sup>4</sup> Paradise. See Glossary.

<sup>5</sup> a Genius, a spirit (good or evil) charged with the care of men; the plural is genii.

<sup>6</sup> transporting. Explain.

like one astonished, he beckoned to me, and by the waving of his hand directed me to approach the place where he sat.<sup>1</sup>

I drew near with that reverence which is due to a superior<sup>2</sup> nature; and, as my heart was entirely subdued by the captivating strains I had heard, I fell down at his feet and wept. The Genius smiled upon me with a look of compassion and affability<sup>8</sup> that familiarized him to my imagination, and at once dispelled all the fears and apprehensions with which I approached him. He lifted me from the ground, and, taking me by the hand, "Mirza," said he, "I have heard thee in thy soliloquies: follow me."

He then led me to the highest pinnacle of the rock, and placing me on the top of it, "Cast thy eyes eastward," said he, "and tell me what thou seest." 4

"I see," said I, "a huge valley, and a prodigious b tide of water rolling through it."

"The valley that thou seest," said he, "is the Vale of Misery, and the tide of water that thou seest is part of the great tide of eternity."

"What is the reason," said I, "that the tide I see rises out of a thick mist at one end, and again loses itself in a thick mist at the other?"

"What thou seest," said he, "is that portion of eternity which is called time, measured out by the sun,

<sup>1</sup> When he had . . . sat. Period, or loose sentence?

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> superior. Give a synonym.

<sup>8</sup> affability. See Webster.

<sup>4</sup> He then . . . seest. Complex or compound sentence?

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> prodigious. From what noun is this adjective formed?

<sup>6</sup> tide, stream, current. In the next paragraph it is equivalent to ocean, sea, which latter word is used a few lines farther on.

and reaching from the beginning of the world to its consummation.<sup>1</sup>

"Examine now," said he, "this sea that is thus bounded with darkness at both ends, and tell me what thou discoverest in it."

"I see a bridge," said I, "standing in the midst of the tide."

"That bridge thou seest," said he, "is human life: consider it attentively."

Upon a more leisurely survey of it, I found that it consisted of threescore and ten entire arches,<sup>2</sup> with several broken arches,<sup>3</sup> which, added to those that were entire, made up the number about an hundred. As I was counting the arches, the Genius told me that this bridge consisted at first of a thousand arches;<sup>4</sup> but that a great flood swept away the rest, and left the bridge in the ruinous condition I now beheld it.

"But tell me further," said he, "what thou discoverest on it."

"I see multitudes of people passing over it," said I, "and a black cloud hanging on each end of it." 5

As I looked more attentively, I saw several of the passengers dropping through the bridge into the great tide that flowed underneath it; and, upon further examination, perceived there were innumerable trap-

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> consummation. Substitute a synonym.

<sup>2</sup> threescore and ten arches, the neriod of human life.

urches. Explain.

1d arches. When was

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> a black cloud, etc. Explain the allusion.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>6</sup> dropping through the bridge; i.e., dying.

<sup>7</sup> innumerable. From the Latin noun numerus, number: analyze this word.

doors 1 that lay concealed in the bridge, which the passengers no sooner trod upon but they fell through them into the tide, and immediately disappeared. These hidden pitfalls were set very thick at the entrance of the bridge, 2 so that throngs of people no sooner broke through the cloud 3 but many of them fell into them. They grew thinner towards the middle, but multiplied and lay closer together towards the end of the arches that were entire.

There were indeed some persons, but their number was very small, that continued a kind of hobbling march on the broken arches, but fell through one after another, being quite tired and spent with so long a walk.

I passed some time in the contemplation of this wonderful structure, and the great variety of objects which it presented. My heart was filled with a deep melancholy to see several dropping unexpectedly in the midst of mirth and jollity, and catching at every thing that stood by them to save themselves. Some were looking up towards the heavens in a thoughtful posture, and, in the midst of a speculation, stumbled and fell out of sight. Multitudes were very busy in the pursuit of bubbles that glittered in their eyes and danced before them; but often, when they thought themselves within the reach of them, their footing failed, and down they sunk.

<sup>1</sup> trap-doors. What are these?
2 at the entrance of the bridge.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> at the entrance of the bridge. Express in plain language.

<sup>\*</sup> broke through the cloud. What stage in life is meant?

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>4</sup> hobbling. The verb to hobble is a diminutive of to hop. Trace the connection of meaning.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> bubbles. What are some of these?

In this confusion of objects, I observed some with cimeters in their hands, and others with pill-boxes, who ran to and fro upon the bridge, thrusting several persons on trap-doors which did not seem to lie in their way, and which they might have escaped, had they not been thus forced upon them.

The Genius, seeing me indulge myself in this melancholy prospect, told me I had dwelt long enough upon it. "Take thine eyes off the bridge," said he, "and tell me if thou yet seest any thing thou dost not comprehend."

Upon looking up, "What mean," said I, "those great flights of birds that are perpetually hovering about the bridge, and settling upon it from time to time? I see vultures, harpies, ravens, cormorants, and among many other feathered creatures several little winged boys that perch in great numbers upon the middle arches."

"These," said the Genius, "are Envy, Avarice, Superstition, Despair, Love, with the like cares and passions that infest human life."

I here fetched a deep sigh.<sup>6</sup> "Alas!" said I, "man was made in vain! How is he given away to misery and mortality, — tortured in life, and swallowed up in death!"

<sup>1</sup> some with cimeters; that is, soldiers.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> others with pill-boxes. Who are these?

<sup>\*</sup> thrusting . . . trap-doors. A sarcastic suggestion that doctors, equally with soldiers, often put a premature end to human life.

<sup>4</sup> melancholy. See Glossary.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> Envy...Love. What is the figure of speech? (See Def. 4.)

<sup>6</sup> fetched . . . sigh. Change the form of expression.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>7</sup> How is he given, etc. What kind of sentence?

<sup>8</sup> mortality. Analyze.

The Genius, being moved with compassion towards me, bid me quit so uncomfortable 1 a prospect. "Look no more," said he, "on man in the first stage of his existence, in his setting-out for eternity; but cast thine eye on that thick mist into which the tide bears the several generations of mortals that fall into it."

I directed my sight as I was ordered; and (whether or no the good Genius strengthened it with a supernatural force, or dissipated part of the mist that was before too thick for the eye to penetrate) I saw the valley opening at the further end, and spreading forth into an immense ocean that had a huge rock of adamant running through the midst of it, and dividing it into two equal parts. The clouds still rested on one half of it, insomuch that I could discover nothing in it; but the other appeared to me a vast ocean planted with innumerable islands that were covered with fruits and flowers and interwoven with a thousand little shining seas that ran among them.

I could see persons dressed in glorious habits,<sup>2</sup> with garlands upon their heads, passing among the trees, lying down by the sides of the fountains, or resting on beds of flowers; and could hear a confused harmony<sup>3</sup> of singing birds, falling waters, human voices, and musical instruments. Gladness grew in me upon the discovery of so delightful a scene. I wished for the wings of an eagle, that I might fly away to those happy seats;<sup>4</sup> but the Genius told me that there was no pas-

<sup>1</sup> uncomfortable. Analyze.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> habits, garments.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>8</sup> confused harmony. Explain.

<sup>4</sup> seats, regions.

sage to them, except through the gates of death that I saw opening every moment upon the bridge.

"The islands," said he, "that lie so fresh and green before thee, and with which the whole face of the ocean appears spotted as far as thou canst see, are more in number than the sands on the seashore. There are myriads of islands behind those which thou here discoverest, reaching further than thine eye or even thine imagination can extend itself. These are the mansions of good men after death, who, according to the degree and kinds of virtue in which they excelled, are distributed among these several islands, which abound with pleasures of different kinds and degrees, suitable to the relishes 1 and perfections of those who are settled in them.<sup>2</sup> Every island is a paradise<sup>3</sup> accommodated to its respective inhabitants. Are not these, O Mirza, habitations worth contending for? Does life appear miserable, that gives the opportunities of earning such a reward?<sup>4</sup> Is death to be feared, that will convey thee to so happy an existence? Think not man was made in vain, who has such an eternity reserved for him 1"5

I gazed with inexpressible pleasure on these happy islands. At length said I, "Show me now, I beseech thee, the secrets that lie hid under those dark clouds which cover the ocean on the other side of the rock

<sup>1</sup> relishes, tastes.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> These . . . them. Analyze this sentence grammatically? sentence. <sup>5</sup> Think not, etc. What is the sentence of the sentence

<sup>\*</sup> paradise. Compare with its use, page 122.

<sup>4</sup> Does life, etc. What kind of

<sup>5</sup> Think not, etc. What kind of sentence?

sentence :

6 inexpressible. Analyze.

of adamant." The Genius making me no answer, I turned about to address him a second time, but I found that he had left me. I then turned again to the vision which I had been so long contemplating; but instead of the rolling tide, the arched bridge, and the happy islands, I saw nothing but the long hollow valley of Bagdad, with oxen, sheep, and camels grazing upon the sides of it.

#### 4.-ON IMMORTALITY.

The immortality of the soul is a subject on which I always meditate with great delight. I was yesterday walking alone in one of my friend's woods, and lost myself in it very agreeably, as I was running over in my mind the several arguments that establish this great point, which is the basis of morality, and the source of all the pleasing hopes and secret joys that can arise in the heart of a reasonable creature. I considered those several proofs, drawn—

First, From the nature of the soul itself, and particularly its immateriality; which, though not absolutely necessary to the eternity of its duration, has, I think, been evinced <sup>5</sup> to almost a demonstration.

Secondly, From its passions and sentiments, as particularly from its love of existence, its horror of anni-

<sup>1</sup> on the other . . . adamant. What is the meaning?

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> immortality=im (for in)+mortal+ity. Give the meaning of root, prefix, and suffix. Would deathlessness express the same idea?

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>8</sup> my triend's: that is, Sir Roger de Coverley's.

<sup>4</sup> pleasing hopes. Point out the same expression in the extract from "Cato" following this.

<sup>5</sup> evinced, proved.

hilation, and its hopes of immortality, with that sweet satisfaction which it finds in the practice of virtue, and that uneasiness which follows in it upon the commission of vice.

Thirdly, From the nature of the Supreme Being, whose justice, goodness, wisdom, and veracity are all concerned in this point.

But among these and other excellent arguments for the immortality of the soul, there is one drawn from the perpetual progress of the soul to its perfection, without a possibility of ever arriving at it; which is a hint that I do not remember to have seen opened and improved 2 by others who have written on this subject, though it seems to me to carry a great weight3 with it.

How can it enter into the thoughts of man, that the soul, which is capable of such immense perfections, and of receiving new improvements to all eternity, shall fall away into nothing almost as soon as it is created? Are such abilities made for no purpose?4 A brute arrives at a point of perfection that he can never pass: in a few years he has all the endowments he is capable of; and were he to live ten thousand more, would be the same thing he is at present. Were a human soul<sup>5</sup> thus at a stand in her accomplishments, were her faculties to be full blown,6 and incapable of

<sup>1</sup> hopes of immortality. How | expressed in the "Cato"?

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> opened and improved. Explain.

a great weight. Should we now use the article? Substitute a that "soul" is personified? synonymous expression.

<sup>4</sup> Are such . . . purpose? Has this interrogation all the force of a negative statement? Change into such.

<sup>5</sup> soul. What pronouns show 6 full blown. Explain.

farther enlargements, I could imagine it might fall away insensibly, and drop at once into a state of annihilation.1

But can we believe a thinking being that is in a perpetual progress of improvements, and traveling on from perfection to perfection, after having just looked abroad into the works of its Creator, and made a few discoveries of his infinite goodness, wisdom, and power, must perish at her first setting out, and in the very beginning of her inquiries?

A man, considered in his present state, does not seem born to enjoy life, but to deliver it down to others. This is not surprising to consider in animals, which are formed for our use, and can finish their business in a short life. The silkworm, after having spun her task, lays her eggs and dies. But a man can never have taken in his full measure of knowledge, has not time to subdue his passions, establish his soul in virtue, and come up to the perfection of his nature, before he is hurried off the stage.2

Would an infinitely wise Being make such glorious creatures for so mean a purpose? Can he delight in the production of such abortive intelligences, such short-lived reasonable beings? Would he give us talents that are not to be exerted, capacities that are never to be gratified? How can we find that wisdom which shines through all his works, in the formation of man, without looking on this world as only a

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> annihilation. See Glossary.

<sup>2</sup> hurried off the stage. Sub- a stage." stitute a plain expression. Com- | \* abortive. See Webster.

pare Shakespeare's "All the world's

nursery 1 for the next, and believing that the several generations of rational creatures, which rise up and disappear in such quick successions, are only to receive their first rudiments of existence here, and afterwards to be transplanted 2 into a more friendly climate, where they may spread and flourish to all eternity?

There is not, in my opinion, a more pleasing and triumphant consideration in religion than this, of the perpetual progress which the soul makes towards the perfection of its nature, without ever arriving at a period 8 in it. To look upon the soul as going on from strength to strength, to consider that she is to shine for ever with new accessions of glory, and brighten to all eternity; that she will be still adding virtue to virtue and knowledge to knowledge, - carries in it something wonderfully agreeable to that ambition which is natural to the mind of man. Nav, it must be a prospect pleasing to God himself, to see his creation ever beautifying in his eyes, and drawing nearer to him by greater degrees of resemblance.

Methinks 5 this single consideration of the progress of a finite spirit to perfection will be sufficient to extinguish all envy in inferior natures, and all contempt in superior.6

<sup>1</sup> a nursery. What is the figure | of speech? (See Def. 3.) In which of its meanings is "nursery" here used?

<sup>2</sup> to be transplanted. This shows the sense in which "nursery" is used. What other words in the nouns and adjectives are contrasted same sentence carry out the figure? in this sentence?

<sup>8</sup> period. Explain.

<sup>4</sup> carries. Does not strict grammar require the verb to be in the plural? Why?

<sup>5</sup> methinks. See Glossary.

<sup>6</sup> all envy . . . superior. Which

That cherubin, which now appears as a god to a human soul, knows very well that the period will come about in eternity, when the human soul shall be as perfect as he himself now is: nav, when she shall look down upon that degree of perfection as much as she now falls short of it. It is true, the higher nature still advances, and by that means preserves his distance and superiority in the scale of being; but he knows that, how high soever the station is 2 of which he stands possessed at present, the inferior nature will at length mount up to it, and shine forth in the same degree of glory.

With what astonishment and veneration may we look into our own souls, where there are such hidden stores of virtue and knowledge, such inexhausted forces of perfection! We know not yet what we shall bo. nor will it ever enter into the heart of man to conceive the glory that will be always in reserve for him. The soul, considered with its Creator, is like one of those mathematical lines 4 that may draw nearer to another without the possibility of touching it: and can there be a thought so transporting, as to consider ourselves in these perpetual approaches to Him who is not only the standard of perfection but of happiness?

<sup>1</sup> cherubin. See Webster. Which | What kind of sentence grammatform does Milton use?

<sup>2</sup> is. Would it improve the arrangement to place the verb before | These lines are considered in treaits subject?

<sup>\*</sup> With what . . . perfection! called asymptotes.

ically?

<sup>4</sup> those mathematical lines. tises on Conic Sections: they are

# 5.-CATO'S SOLILOQUY ON IMMORTALITY.

[This celebrated soliloquy forms the finest passage in Addison's tragedy of *Cato*, respecting which see page 108. It will be interesting to make a close comparison of its reasonings and reflections with those in the preceding essay.]

IT must be so — Plato, thou reasonest well!<sup>1</sup> Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire, This longing after immortality? Or whence this secret dread and inward horror Of falling into naught?2 Why shrinks the soul Back on herself, and startles at destruction?— 'Tis the Divinity 8 that stirs within us; 'Tis Heaven itself, that points out an hereafter, And intimates eternity to man. Eternity! - thou pleasing, dreadful thought! Through what variety of untried being, Through what new scenes and changes, must we pass! The wide, the unbounded prospect lies before me; But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it. Here will I hold. If there's a Power above us. -And that there is, all Nature cries aloud 4 Through all her works,—he must delight in virtue; 5 And that which he delights in must be happy.

<sup>1</sup> Plato, thou reasonest well! In the drama Cato is represented as seated, perusing the volume of Plato (a famous Greek philosopher about B.C. 429-348) on the Immortality of the Soul.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> falling into naught. Substitute a synonymous expression.

<sup>8</sup> the Divinity. Explain.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>4</sup> Nature cries. What is the figure of speech? (See Def. 4.)
<sup>5</sup> virtue. See Glossary.

But when? or where? This world was made for Cæsar.2

I'm weary of conjectures — this must end them. (Laying his hand on his sword.)

Thus I am doubly armed. My death and life, My bane and antidote, are both before me. This in a moment brings me to an end; But this informs me I shall never die! The soul, secured in her existence, smiles At the drawn dagger, and defies its point. The stars shall fade away, the sun himself Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years; But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth, Unhurt amidst the war of elements. The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds!

1 when? where? Supply the termined to die rather than surrender; and, after spending the night in reading Plato's Phædo, committed suicide by stabbing himself in the breast.

8 bane and antidote. Explain



ellipses.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> was made for Cosar. Cato (named Cato the Younger, and born 95 B.C.) sided with Pompey against Cæsar: but after the latter's decisive victory at Thapsus (46 B.C.), these antithetical words. See Glos-Cato (then at Utica in Africa) de- sary for derivation.

# IV. - ALEXANDER POPE.

#### LIFE AND WORKS.

THE year in which the English law gave final judgment against the divine right of kings (1688), witnessed also the birth of Alexander Pope. He was his mother's only child, though he had a half-sister on his father's side. His father, from whom he inherited his crooked figure, was a London linendraper and a devout Roman Catholic.

Alexander was excluded by his religion from the ordinary schools, and at the age of twelve became his own teacher at home. He naturally chose the flower-gardens rather than the plowed fields of literature, and tells us that before seventeen he had gone through the French, English, and Latin poets of name, Homer and the greater Greek poets in the original, and Tasso and Ariosto in translations. Of his own efforts at writing, he informs us in the familiar couplet,—

"As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,
I lisped in numbers, for the numbers came."

The history of Pope the author is the history of Pope the man. It divides itself into three periods, the middle one of which (1715–1725) was occupied by his translation of Homer.

His chief works, before he devoted himself to his translation, are the *Essay on Criticism*, *Windsor Castle*, and the elaborate and polished trifle which celebrates Lord Petre's stealing a lock of Miss Fermor's hair.

The plane of thought of these poems is commonplace enough, but the epigrams of even the Essay on Criticism are household words. The Elegy to the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady, and the Eloisa to Abelard (1717), are Pope's chief sentimental performances.

Pope's publication of his first and second *Iliad* (1715) led to a quarrel with Addison. Tickell, one of Addison's "little senate," put forth at the same time a translation of the first Iliad, which our poet worked himself into the belief had been written by Addison. In revenge for this fancied effort to forestall him, Pope drew with inimitable satire his character of Atticus (Addison), which there is good reason to believe its victim never saw.

The translation of the epics of the Father of Poetry, who begged his bread through the cities of Greece, brought Pope in a profit of nearly nine thousand pounds. As to its literary value, the opinion of scholars has always been the same as that then expressed by Bentley: "A pretty poem, Mr. Pope, but you must not call it Homer." Its merits are Pope's, not Homer's; but they are by no means trifling. Transform the Greek warriors into English statesmen, and the oratory in which The Iliad abounds is admirable. The Odyssey, of which half was written by assistants, is throughout inferior to The Iliad.

With his profits, Pope on the death of his father (1718) bought a villa at Twickenham, which has ever since been one of the chimney-corners of literature. Pope passed the last twenty-five years of his life (1719–1744) at this villa. Here, after *The Odyssey*, he de-

clared a war of extermination against dunces by the publication of *The Dunciad*, a poem in the spirit of Dean Swift. Poor writers have no better tempers than good ones; and the abuse which Pope hurled upon the paupers and idiots of Grub Street was re-directed against his own physical and moral defects.

Pope's best works, the *Epistles* and *Satires*, were his last. Between these and *The Dunciad*, appeared the *Essay on Man*, which sought to

"Vindicate the ways of God to man."

Unfortunately the brilliant quotable lines with which this essay sparkles are held together rather by rhetorical art than by any natural cohesion. Against his *Epistles* and *Satires*, however, it is hard to say a word. These forms of composition require little unity of argument, and were well fitted for the display of the electric flashes of Pope's genius and of his keen knowledge of human nature. In the *Epistle to Arbuthnot* and the *Epilogue to the Satires*, we see metrical satire at its best, polished epigrammatic prose, sometimes rising into genuine poetry.

During the last six years of his life (1738–1744), Pope, though his intellect was still vigorous, produced nothing but the fourth *Dunciad*. His health now began to fail. In the spring of 1744 he was visibly breaking up from the effects of a dropsical asthma complicated by a quack. "Here I am, dying of a hundred good symptoms," he said to his friends who had gathered about him. He died May 30, 1744, and was buried in a vault in Twickenham church.

No figure in literature, not even Dr. Johnson, is better known to us than the one-sided spider-armed dwarf, who for nearly a century ruled over the Anglo-Saxon mind. He was so weak as to be unable to dress himself without help, and he could scarcely stand upright till he was laced into an armor made of stiff can-His features were an expression of habitual pain brightened up by a penetrating eye. His personal habits had the eccentricities of poet and invalid. His servant was called up four times in one winter night to supply him with paper, lest he should lose an idea. He took great pride in his famous grotto at Twickenham, a tunnel turned into an art-temple by the aid of a few shells. Here he loved to receive his friends Swift, Bolingbroke, Gay, and the other wits of the time. He has secured the good-will of Americans by having gone to sleep at his own table, when the Prince of Wales was talking poetry to him.

Pope's character excites a singular mixture of feelings, and is as full of contrasts as his satires. An invalid, but the most laborious of men. Always the subject of some stronger nature, Addison, Swift, Bolingbroke, even Warburton, but a subject far more powerful than his king. "A portentous cub," as Bentley calls him, at whose school the cleverest men for a century came to receive a final polish. A tender heart, whose chief delight was in the torture of his fellows. A feeble dwarf, fighting against a world in arms. A dependent feminine nature, whose enmity was more feared than the thunderbolts of Jove!

The key to these contradictions is not far to seek, -

a genius fretted nearly to madness by its prison-hous of pain and deformity. Pope's life was one long effort to make "defect perfection" by the magic of genius.

In one relation of life his conduct was thoroughly lovable,—he was the best of sons. His mother lived under his watchful care until eleven years before his death, and all his many allusions to his parents breathe the strength and simplicity of true poetry.

Pope's reputation has withstood many attacks since Cowper said that he

"Made poetry a mere mechanic art,
And every warbler had his tune by heart."

Judged by a crucial test,—the amount of verbal legal tender stamped with his name,—Pope as a writer ranks second only to Shakespeare. No author is more often unconsciously quoted. Yet few of his admirers now claim for him a place among the higher order of singers.

Pope is, however, easily the chief of wits, in the wide sense of the word in his day. Wit, of which the wit was the personification, implied correctness, brilliancy, taste, skill, climax, all the charms of writing, except the "grace beyond the reach of art," which it would doubtless have included if it could. The product of what we call polite society, the wit, as an ideal, has always had an ardent following in France, as it also had in England during the century after Milton, when England was under the influence of French taste.

As wit, satirist, and artist in words, Pope stands first, without second, among all writers.

### 1.-POPE'S APOLOGY FOR HIMSELF.

[The purpose of this "Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot" is thus stated by the poet himself: "It is a sort of bill of complaint, begun many years since, and drawn up by snatches, as the several occasions offered. I had no thoughts of publishing it, till it pleased some persons to attack, in a very extraordinary manner, not only my writings (of which, being public, the public is judge), but my person, morals, and family, whereof, to those who know me not, a truer information may be requisite. If the epistle have any thing pleasing, it will be that by which I am most desirous to please, the truth and the sentiment; and if any thing offensive, it will be only to those I am least sorry to offend, the vicious or the ungenerous."]

Shut, shut the door, good John! fatigued I said; Tie up the knocker, say I'm sick, I'm dead. The dog-star rages! nay, 'tis past a doubt, All Bedlam, or Parnassus, is let out: Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand, They rave, recite, and madden round the land.

What walls can guard me, or what shades can hide? They pierce my thickets, through my grot they glide;<sup>4</sup>

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> good John. John Searle, for many years the faithful servant of Pope.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> The dog-star rages. The poet figures the influence of the dog-star (Sirius) as inflaming the brains of the writers whom he is about to satirize.

<sup>\*</sup> All Bedlam, or Parnassus. "Bedlam," a madhouse; "Parnassus," a mountain in Greece sacred to Apolle and the Muses, but here meaning the whole crew of poetasters.

<sup>4</sup> They pierce... they glide. The grounds of Pope's villa at Twickenham, altogether about five acres, were cut in two by the turnpike road leading from London to Hampton Court. To obviate the awkwardness of crossing this road, he had an underground passage constructed at an expense of £1,000. It terminated in a kind of open temple, "wholly composed of shells in the rustic manner." This was my grot. My thicket is a shrubbery called "The Grove."

By land, by water, they renew the charge, They stop the chariot, and they board the barge. No place is sacred, not the church is free; Even Sunday shines no Sabbath-day to me: Then from the Mint 1 walks forth the man of rhyme, Happy to catch me just at dinner-time.

Friend to my life!2 (which did not you prolong, The world had wanted many an idle song,) What drop or nostrum 8 can this plague 4 remove? Or which must end me, a fool's wrath or love? A dire dilemma! either way I'm sped; If foes, they write, if friends, they read me dead. Seized and tied down to judge,5 how wretched I! Who can't be silent, and who will not lie. To laugh were want of goodness and of grace, And to be grave exceeds all power of face. I sit with sad civility, I read With honest anguish, and an aching head; And drop at last, but in unwilling ears, This saving counsel: "Keep your piece nine years." 6

Nine years! cries he, who high in Drury-lane,7 Lulled by soft zephyrs through the broken pane, Rhymes 8 ere he wakes, and prints before term ends,9 Obliged by hunger, and request of friends:

<sup>1</sup> Mint, a district in London which was a refuge for debtors.

<sup>2</sup> Friend to my life. Dr. Arbuth-

not. (See Introduction.) \* nostrum. See Glossary.

<sup>4</sup> this plague. Explain.

<sup>5</sup> to judge, to give opinion on the manuscripts of the poetasters. | end of the London season.

<sup>6</sup> Keep . . . nine years. This saving counsel is given by Horace in his Ars Poetica.

<sup>7</sup> Drury-lane. A London haunt of poor authors.

<sup>8</sup> rhymes, makes verses.

<sup>9</sup> before term ends, before the

"The piece, you think, is incorrect? why, take it; I'm all submission: what you'd have it, make it."

Three things another's modest wishes bound,—

My friendship, and a prologue, and ten pound.

Pitholeon 1 sends to me: "You know his Grace "I want a patron: ask him for a place."
Pitholeon libeled me; "but here's a letter
Informs you, sir, 'twas when he knew no better.
Dare you refuse him? Curll 2 invites to dine,
He'll write a journal, or he'll turn divine."

Bless me! a packet. "'Tis a stranger sues,
A virgin tragedy, an orphan muse."

If I dislike it, "Furies, death, and rage!"

If I approve, "Commend it to the stage."

There, thank my stars, my whole commission ende:
The players and I, are, luckily, no friends.

Fired that the house reject him, "'Sdeath I'll print it,
And shame the fools—your interest, sir, with Lintot."3

Lintot, dull rogue! will think your price too much:
"Not, sir, if you revise it, and retouch."

All my demurs but double his attacks;
At last he whispers, "Do; and we go snacks."

Glad of a quarrel, strait I shut the door:
Sir, let me see your works and you no more.

One dedicates in high heroic prose, And ridicules beyond a hundred foes.<sup>6</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Pitholeon, the name of one of Horace's imaginary literary bores.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Curil, a London bookseller.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>8</sup> Lintot. Bernard Lintot, Pope's own publisher.

<sup>4</sup> demurs. See Webster.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> go snacks. Explain.

<sup>6</sup> ridicules . . . foes: that is, makes Pope more ridiculous than a hundred enemies could do.

One from all Grub-street <sup>1</sup> will my fame defend, And, more abusive, calls himself my friend. This prints my letters,<sup>2</sup> that expects a bribe, And others roar aloud, "Subscribe, subscribe!"

There are, who to my person pay their court: I cough like Horace,<sup>3</sup> and, though lean, am short; Ammon's great son <sup>4</sup> one shoulder had too high, Such Ovid's nose, and, "Sir! you have an eye"—Go on, obliging creatures, make me see All that disgraced my betters, met in me; Say for my comfort, languishing in bed, "Just so immortal Maro <sup>5</sup> held his head;" And when I die, be sure you let me know Great Homer died three thousand years ago.

Why did I write? What sin to me unknown Dipt me in ink,—my parents',6 or my own? As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame, I lisped in numbers,7 for the numbers came. I left no calling for this idle trade, No duty broke, no father disobeyed. The muse but served to ease some friend, not wife, To help me through this long disease, my life,

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Grub-street. "A street in London much inhabited by writers of small histories, dictionaries, and temporary poems; whence any mean production is called Grub-street."—Johnson.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> this prints my letters. A collection of Pope's letters had been surreptitiously printed in 1726.

<sup>\*</sup> I cough like Horace. Horace, the Latin poet, was short and fat.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>4</sup> Ammon's great son. Alexander the Great.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> Maro, the Latin poet Virgil.

<sup>6</sup> parents'. What noun is understood after this possessive?

<sup>7</sup> I lisped in numbers. Pope began writing verse ("numbers") when only eleven years old. Givean instance of the use by Longfellow, of the word "numbers" as an equivalent of poetry.

To second, Arbuthnot! thy art and care, And teach, the being you preserved, to bear.

But why, then, publish? Granville the polite,¹
And knowing Walsh,² would tell me I could write;
Well-natured Garth ³ inflamed with early praise;
•And Congreve⁴ loved and Swift endured my lays;
The courtly Talbot,⁵ Somers,⁶ Sheffield,⁷ read;
Even mitered Rochester ³ would nod the head,
And St. John's ³ self (great Dryden's friends before)
With open arms received one poet more.
Happy my studies, when by these approved!
Happier their author, when by these beloved!
From these the world will judge of men and books,
Not from the Burnets,ⁿ Oldmixons, and Cookes.

Did some more sober critic come abroad, If wrong, I smiled; if right, I kissed the rod.<sup>11</sup> Pains, reading, study, are their just pretense, And all they want is spirit, taste, and sense; Commas and points they set exactly right, And 'twere a sin to rob them of their mite.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Granville the polite, i.e., George Granville, afterwards Lord Lansdowne, a wit and poet of the time of Queen Anne.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Walsh, who was the first to recognize in Pope the dawnings of genius.

<sup>\*</sup> Garth. Dr. Samuel Garth; an author, and an early friend of Pope.

<sup>4</sup> Congreve. William Congreve (died 1729), one of the wittiest comedians in the language.

<sup>5</sup> Talbot. Duke of Shrewsbury, died 1718.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>6</sup> Somers. Lord Keeper under William III.

<sup>7</sup> Sheffield. Duke of Bucking-ham, the friend and patron of Dryden, and also Pope's first patron.
8 Mitered Rochester. Francis

Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester.

<sup>9</sup> St. John. Lord Bolingbroke, Pope's warmest friend and patron.

Whig historian, is here maliciously joined with authors of no importance whatever.

<sup>11</sup> kissed the rod. Explain.

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1 .---

One from all Grub-street 1 will. And, more abusive, calls him-This prints my letters,2 that c And others roar aloud, "Sub-

There are, who to my person I cough like Horace, and, the Ammon's great son one shows Such Ovid's nose, and, "Sir! Go on, obliging creatures, making that disgraced my better Say for my comfort, languist so immortal Maro hand when I die, be sure your Great Homer died three the

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m Tate, a la E classics.

were he. The ty-two lines are the haft directed against v Pope after their esnt. See page 137; and for on the satire, see Macauav on Addison.

rule=of ruling.

ar . . . throne. This exon has been traced to Lord Tho, speaking of Aristotle.

in there - that a ser - the authority da not et al. services.

b him. W.

Damin, the testion in early -whom when an author - cont, or disapprones of a clay-

assent with civil leer. Marinlay says. "Addison had one babit which both Swift and Stella atplauded, and which we fundly know how to blance. If his first attempts to set a presumous dinne right were ill-received, he changed "like the Ottomans he his tone, 'assented with civil leer' e could not reign in and lured the flattered coxcomb s he massacred all his deeper and deeper into absurdity."

Each wight, who reads not, and but scans and spells, Each word-catcher, that lives on syllables, Even such small critics some regard may claim, Preserved in Milton's or in Shakespeare's name. Pretty! in amber to observe the forms Of hairs, or straws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms! The things, we know, are neither rich nor rare, But wonder how the devil they got there.

Were others angry, I excused them too: Well might they rage, I gave them but their due. A man's true merit 'tis not hard to find: But each man's secret standard in his mind. That casting-weight pride adds to emptiness, This, who can gratify? for who can guess? The bard whom pilfered Pastorals renown, Who turns a Persian tale for half a crown, Just writes 4 to make his barrenness appear, And strains, from hard-bound brains, eight lines a year. He who still wanting, though he lives on theft, Steals much, spends little, yet has nothing left; And he who now to sense, now nonsense leaning, Means not, but blunders round about a meaning; And he whose fustian's 5 so sublimely bad,6 It is not poetry, but prose run mad,7-All these my modest Satire bade translate.

<sup>1</sup> wight. See Glossary.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Preserved . . . name. The reference is to the commentators on Shakespeare and Milton.

<sup>\*</sup> pilfered Pastorals. The allusion is to the poet Ambrose Philips, whom Pope accused of plagiarism.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>4</sup> Just writes, etc. Select epigramatic and antithetic expressions in the next dozen lines.

<sup>5</sup> fustian. See Glossary.

<sup>6</sup> sublimely bad. Explain.

<sup>7</sup> prose run mad. Note this vivid hrase.

And owned that nine such poets made a Tate.1 How did they fume, and stamp, and roar, and chafe! And swear, not Addison himself was safe.

Peace 2 to all such! but were there one whose fires True genius kindles, and fair fame inspires; Blest with each talent and each art to please, And born to write, converse, and live with ease; Should such a man, too fond to rule<sup>3</sup> alone, Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne,4 View him 5 with scornful yet with jealous eyes, And hate for arts that caused himself to rise: Damn<sup>6</sup> with faint praise, assent with civil leer,<sup>7</sup> And, without sneering, teach the rest to sneer; Willing to wound, and vet afraid to strike, Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike; Alike reserved to blame or to commend, A timorous foe, and a suspicious friend; Dreading even fools, by flatterers besieged,

Nahum Tate, a hack | brothers," -that is, destroyed the 1 Tate. translator of the classics.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Peace . . . were he. famous twenty-two lines are the poisoned shaft directed against Addison by Pope after their estrangement. See page 137; and for a criticism on the satire, see Macaulav's Essay on Addison.

<sup>\*</sup> to rule=of ruling.

<sup>4</sup> Bear . . . throne. This expression has been traced to Lord Bacon, who, speaking of Aristotle, says that "like the Ottomans he thought he could not reign in

authority of all other philosophers.

<sup>5</sup> him. Whom?

<sup>6</sup> Damn, the technical expression when an audience condemns, or disapproves of, a play.

<sup>7</sup> assent with civil leer. Macaulay says, "Addison had one habit which both Swift and Stella applauded, and which we hardly know how to blame. If his first attempts to set a presuming dunce right were ill-received, he changed his tone, 'assented with civil leer' and lured the flattered coxcomb safety unless he massacred all his deeper and deeper into absurdity."

And so obliging that he ne'er obliged; 1 Like Cato,2 give his little senate laws, And sit attentive to his own applause; While wits and Templars 3 every sentence raise,4 And wonder with a foolish face of praise, -Who but must laugh, if such a man there be? Who would not weep, if Atticus were he?

Proud as Apollo on his forkéd hill,6 Sat full-blown Bufo, puffed by every quill; Fed with soft Dedication's all day long, Horace and he went hand in hand in song. His library (where busts of poets dead And a true Pindar stood without a head?) Received of wits an undistinguished race,

obliged, pronounced in Pope's | Pope had come to some realization day obleeged.

<sup>2</sup> Like Cato . . . laws. An allusion to Addison's tragedy of Cato. That there was some foundation for the charge that Addison was too fond of presiding over a circle of humble friends, see the paper on Addison in Macaulay's Essays.

8 wits and Templars. It is related, that, when Addison's Cato was first performed, Steele brought into the theater a band of "wits" from Will's Coffee-house, and another appreciative and applauding band from the Inns of Court ("Templars").

4 raise, applaud.

<sup>5</sup> Atticus. In the original form of these verses, the name was given - Addison. The later substitution of Atticus is thought to show that satirist Juvenal.

of the outrage he was committing.

6 forked hill. That is, Parnassus. (See page 141.) From its two summits, Parnassus is frequently described by the poets as doubleheaded: hence the significance of "forked."

<sup>7</sup> Bufo, Charles Montague, Earl of Halifax, a great patron of letters in Pope's time.

8 Fed with soft Dedication. It was the fashion in Pope's time, for authors to dedicate their works to some powerful personage from whom they hoped for reward. Addison made a dedication to Montague; so also Steele, and many others.

9 a true Pindar . . . head. allusion to a passage in the Latin Who first his judgment asked, and then a place: 1 Much they extolled his pictures, much his seat, And flattered every day, and some days eat; Till, grown more frugal in his riper days, He paid some bards with port, and some with praise, To some a dry rehearsal was assigned, And others (harder still) he paid in kind. 2 Dryden alone (what wonder!) came not nigh, Dryden alone escaped this judging eye; But still the great have kindness in reserve—He helped to bury 3 whom he helped to starve. 4

May some choice patron bless each gray goose quill! May every Bavius bave his Bufo still! So, when a statesman wants a day's defense, Or envy holds a whole week's war with sense, Or simple pride for flattery makes demands, May dunce by dunce be whistled off my hands! Blest be the great! for those they take away, And those they left me; for they left me Gay,7—Left me to see neglected genius bloom, Neglected die, and tell it on his tomb:8

<sup>1</sup> a place, an office.

<sup>2</sup> in kind: that is, Montague read some of his own productions to the aspiring bard.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>8</sup> He helped to bury. Montague offered to pay the expenses of Dryden's funeral.

<sup>4</sup> helped to starve. Inasmuch as he had not relieved his wants.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> Bavius, any wretched poet looking for patronage.

<sup>6</sup> dunce. For its etymology see Webster.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>7</sup> Gay. John Gay (1688-1732), a distinguished poet, and one of Pope's dearest friends. His straits were owing more to carelessness than want of money.

<sup>\*</sup> tell . . . tomb. "Tell" depends on "left," and the explanation is that Pope wrote Gay's epitaph.

Of all thy blameless life the sole return My verse, and Queensbury weeping o'er thy urn!

O, let me live my own,<sup>2</sup> and die so too! (To live and die is all I have to do:) Maintain a poet's dignity and ease, And see what friends, and read what books, I please; Above a patron, though I condescend Sometimes to call a minister<sup>8</sup> my friend. I was not born for courts or great affairs: I pay my debts, believe, and say my prayers; Can sleep without a poem in my head, Nor know if Dennis be alive or dead.

Why am I asked what next shall see the light?<sup>5</sup> Heavens! was I born for nothing but to write? Has life no joys for me? or (to be grave) Have I no friend to serve, no soul to save? I found him close with Swift: "Indeed? no doubt" (Cries prating Balbus<sup>6</sup>), "something will come out." 'Tis all in vain, deny it as I will: "No, such a genius never can lie still;" And then for mine obligingly mistakes The first lampoon 7 Sir Will 8 or Bubo 9 makes.

<sup>1</sup> Queensbury. The Duke of Queensbury, in whose house Gay lived during his latter days, and where he died.

<sup>2</sup> live my own. Explain.

<sup>8</sup> a minister: that is, a minister of state.

<sup>4</sup> Dennis. John Dennis (1657whom Pope was at eternal warfare. | man of fashion.

<sup>5</sup> shall see the light, shall be published.

<sup>6</sup> Balbus, a name for any gossiping Paul Pry.

<sup>7</sup> lampoon. See Webster.

<sup>8</sup> Sir Will. Sir William Yonge, who set up for a satirist.

<sup>9</sup> Bubo. George Bubb Doding-1734), a critic of the time, with ton, a light-hearted, unscrupulous

Poor guiltless I! and can I choose but smile, When every coxcomb knows me by my style? Curst be the verse, how well soe'er it flow, That tends to make one worthy man my foe, Give virtue scandal, innocence a fear, Or from the soft-eyed virgin steal a tear! But he who hurts a harmless neighbor's peace, Insults fallen worth, or beauty in distress, Who loves a lie, lame slander helps about, Who writes a libel, or who copies out;1 That fop, whose pride affects a patron's name, Yet absent, wounds an author's honest fame: Who can your merit selfishly approve, And show the sense of it without the love; Who has the vanity to call you friend, Yet wants the honor, injured,2 to defend; Who tells whate'er you think, whate'er you say, And, if he lie not, must at least betray: Who reads, but with a lust to misapply. Make satire a lampoon, and fiction lie. A lash like mine no honest man shall dread, But all such babbling blockheads in his stead.

Not fortune's worshiper,<sup>5</sup> nor fashion's fool, Not lucre's 6 madman, nor ambition's tool.

<sup>1</sup> copies out, imitates.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> injured. Grammatical relation | honest man. of this word?

<sup>\*</sup> satire. See Webster.

such babbling blockheads shall 6 lucre. Explain.

dread my satire (lash), but not the

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> Not fortune's worshiper, etc. The description throughout of 4 But . . . stead: that is, all course applies to Pope himself.

Not proud, nor servile; be one poet's praise, That, if he pleased, he pleased by manly ways; That flattery, even to kings, he held a shame, And thought a lie in verse or prose the same; That not in fancy's maze he wander'd long, But stooped to truth, and moralized his song:1 That not for fame, but virtue's better end. He stood the furious foe, the timid friend, The damning critic, half approving wit, The coxcomb hit, or fearing to be hit; Laughed at the loss of friends he never had, The dull, the proud, the wicked, and the mad; The distant threats of vengeance on his head, The blow unfelt,2 the tear he never shed; The tale revived, the lie so oft o'erthrown, The imputed trash<sup>8</sup> and dullness not his own; The morals blackened when the writings 'scape, 4 The libeled person,<sup>5</sup> and the pictured shape;<sup>6</sup> Abuse on all he loved, or loved him, spread,— A friend in exile, or a father dead;7

ong. That is, though he at first wrote light pieces of fancy, he afterwards treated graver themes ("moralized his song"), as in the Essay on Man.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> The blow unfelt. The allusion is to a lampoon professing to give an account of a whipping inflicted on Pope in 1728.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>8</sup> imputed trash. Trash printed in Pope's name.

<sup>4 &#</sup>x27;scape = escape.

<sup>5</sup> person, physical form.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>6</sup> pictured shape, caricatures of Pope, who was terribly hurt by some of these.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>7</sup> Abuse . . . dead. Curll the bookseller published every scrap which he could rake out of the sinks of literature against Pope and his friends. By "a friend in exile" is meant Bolingbroke, who was much esteemed by Pope. By "a father dead" is meant Pope's own father.

The whisper, that to greatness still too near, Perhaps yet vibrates on his Sovereign's ear— Welcome for thee, fair virtue! all the past; For thee, fair virtue! welcome even the last!

Of gentle blood, part shed in honor's cause,<sup>1</sup>
While yet in Britain honor had applause,
Each parent<sup>2</sup> sprung.—A.<sup>3</sup> What fortune, pray?—
P. Their own,

And better got than Bestia's from the throne. Born to no pride, inheriting no strife,
Nor marrying discord in a noble wife, Stranger to civil and religious rage,
The good man walked innoxious through his age.
No courts he saw, no suits would ever try,
Nor dared an oath, nor hazarded a lie.
Unlearned, he knew no schoolman's subtile art,
No language but the language of the heart.
By nature honest, by experience wise,
Healthy by temperance and by exercise;
His life, though long, to sickness passed unknown,
His death was instant, and without a groan.

<sup>1</sup> part ... cause. One of his mother's kindred was killed, and another died, in the service of Charles I.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> each parent; that is, each of Pope's parents.

<sup>8</sup> A.; that is, Arbuthnot, as P. is of course Pope.

<sup>4</sup> Bestia, some unknown royal favorite.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> Nor... wife. Supposed to be a reference to Addison.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>6</sup> The good man; that is, Pope's father.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>7</sup> Nor dared an oath. As a Roman Catholic, Pope's father declined to take various oaths which were at that time necessary qualifications for civil offices under the British government.

O grant me thus to live, and thus to die! Who sprung from kings shall know less joy than I.

O friend! may each domestic bliss be thine! Be no unpleasing melancholy mine: Me let the tender office long engage, To rock the cradle of reposing age, With lenient arts extend a mother's breath. Make languor smile, and smooth the bed of death, Explore the thought, explain the asking eye, And keep a while one parent from the sky!1 On cares like these if length of days attend, May Heaven, to bless those days, preserve my friend, Preserve him social, cheerful, and serene, And just as rich as when he served a queen.2

A. Whether that blessing be denied or given, Thus far was right, the rest belongs to Heaven.

# 2.-A BELLE AT THE TOILET.

AND now, unveiled, the toilet stands displayed, Each silver vase in mystic order 4 laid.

therefore, here expressing a sentiment genuine and deep.

<sup>2</sup> served a queen. Arbuthnot had been physician to Queen Anne. \* toilet. "Toilet" is strictly the

cloth covering the dressing-table. 4 mystic order. These words carry out the mock-heroic style of the poem, and describe the toilet articles as arranged in a mystical

<sup>1</sup> O friend! . . . sky. The pathetic sweetness of these lines is not surpassed by any thing else which Pope has written. effect is founded on the truth they express. Pope's filial piety is well attested, and the affectionate solicitude with which he surrounded the declining years of his aged mother held the leading place in his duties and occupations. He is, order, having some deep meaning.

First, robed in white, the nymph intent adores, With head uncovered, the cosmetic<sup>2</sup> powers. A heavenly image in the glass appears; To that she bends, to that her eyes she rears. The inferior priestess,3 at her altar's side, Trembling, begins the sacred rites of pride. Unnumbered treasures ope 4 at once, and here The various offerings of the world 5 appear. From each she nicely 6 culls with curious toil, And decks the goddess with the glittering spoil. This casket India's glowing gems 7, unlocks, And all Arabia breathes from vonder box. The tortoise here and elephant unite, Transformed to combs, the speckled and the white. Here files of pins extend their shining rows, Puffs, powders, patches, Bibles, billets-doux.9 Now awful beauty puts on all its arms; The fair each moment rises in her charms, Repairs her smiles, awakens every grace, And calls forth all the wonders of her face;

<sup>1</sup> nymph: that is, Miss Fermor, who, under the name of "Belinda," is the heroine of the poem.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> cosmetic. See Glossary.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>8</sup> inferior priestess. Who is meant? (See the last line of this extract.)

<sup>4</sup> ope. Give the modern form.

<sup>6</sup> various offerings, etc., the numerous articles forming the dress and adornment of a "lady of quality" in Pope's time.

<sup>6</sup> nicely. Meaning here?

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>7</sup> India's gems, an allusion to the diamonds of Golconda, in India.

<sup>8</sup> all Arabia. A figurative expression for the perfumes, etc., brought from Arabia. Compare Shakespeare (Macbeth): "All the perfumes of Arabia shall not sweeten this little hand."

<sup>\*</sup>putts...billets-doux. Note the examples of alliteration. Explain "patches." Billets-doux (French), literally sweet notes,—short love-letters.

Sees by degrees a purer blush arise, And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes. The busy sylphs 1 surround their darling care; These set<sup>2</sup> the head, and those divide the hair, Some fold the sleeve, while others plait the gown, And Betty's a praised for labors not her own.

### 3.-BRILLIANTS FROM POPE.

Honor and shame from no condition rise: Act well your part, there all the honor lies. Fortune in men has some small difference made, -One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade; The cobbler aproned, and the parson gowned, The friar hooded, and the monarch crowned. "What differ more," you cry, "than crown and cowl!" I'll tell you, friend, - a wise man and a fool.

Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow: The rest is all but leather or prunella. But by your father's worth if yours you rate, Count me those only who were good and great. Go! if your ancient but ignoble blood Has crept through scoundrels ever since the flood, Go! and pretend your family is young; Nor own your fathers have been fools so long.

<sup>1</sup> sylphs, sprites of the Rosicrucian philosophy, whom the poet imagines as presiding over the "inferior priestess" already re-"mystic rites" of the toilet.

<sup>2</sup> set, adjust, arrange.

<sup>\*</sup> Betty, the waiting-maid, or ferred to.

What can ennoble sots, or slaves, or cowards? Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards.

Who builds a church to God, and not to fame, Will never mark the marble with his name.

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body nature is, and God the soul;
That, changed through all, and yet in all the same,
Great in the earth, as in the ethereal frame,
Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees,
Lives through all life, extends through all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unspent;
Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,
As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart;
As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns
As the rapt seraph that adores and burns:
To him no high, no low, no great, no small;
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.

Know, then, this truth,—enough for man to know.—"Virtue alone is happiness below."

All nature is but art, unknown to thee;
All chance, direction which thou canst not see;
All discord, harmony not understood;
All partial evil, universal good.
And, spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,
One truth is clear,—Whatever is, is right.

Tis with our judgments as our watches: none Go just alike, yet each believes his own.

A little learning is a dangerous thing! Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring.

True wit is nature to advantage dressed, What oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed.

Heaven from all creatures hides the book of fate, All but the page prescribed, their present state; From brutes what men, from men what spirits, know: Or who could suffer being here below? The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day, Had he thy reason, would he skip and play? Pleased to the last, he crops the flowery food, And licks the hand just raised to shed his blood. Oh, blindness to the future! kindly given, That each may fill the circle marked by Heaven: Who sees with equal eye, as God of all, A hero perish, or a sparrow fall, Atoms or systems into ruin hurled, And now a bubble burst, and now a world.

Good nature and good sense must ever join; To err is human, to forgive, divine.

Order is heaven's first law.

'Tis education forms the common mind, And as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined. Who shall decide when doctors disagree, And soundest casuists doubt like you and me?

'Tis not enough no harshness gives offense,
The sound must seem an echo to the sense:
Soft is the strain when Zephyr gently blows,
And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows;
But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
The hoarse, rough verse should like the torrent roar.
When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
The line too labors, and the words move slow:
Not so when swift Camilla scours the plain,
Flies o'er the unbending corn, and skims along the
main.

Know, then, thyself—presume not God to scan: The proper study of mankind is man.

Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel?

By foreign hands thy dying eyes were closed,
By foreign hands thy decent limbs composed,
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorned,
By strangers honored, and by strangers mourned!
Yet shall thy grave with rising flowers be dressed,
And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast:
There shall the morn her earliest tears bestow;
There the first roses of the year shall blow;
While angels with their silver wings o'ershade
The ground now sacred by thy relics made.

For forms of government let fools contest; Whate'er is best administered is best: For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight; His can't be wrong whose life is in the right: In faith and hope the world will disagree, But all mankind's concern is charity: All must be false that thwart this one great end; And all of God that bless mankind or mend.

Hope springs eternal in the human breast: Man never is, but always to be blest. The soul, uneasy and confined, from home, Rests and expatiates in a life to come. Lo! the poor Indian, whose untutored mind Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind; His soul proud science never taught to stray Far as the solar walk or milky-way: Yet simple nature to his hope has given Behind the cloud-topped hill a humbler heaven; Some safer world in depth of woods embraced, Some happier island in the watery waste, Where slaves once more their native land behold, No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold. To be, contents his natural desire: He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire; But thinks, admitted to that equal sky, His faithful dog shall bear him company.

> That mercy I to others show, That mercy show to me.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1 &</sup>quot;I have often wondered," says wrote The Dunciad should have Cowper, "that the same poet who written these lines."

## V.-BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

### LIFE AND WORKS.

It is no wonder that the colonial period of our country's history was one of comparative literary barrenness. Our forefathers were too busily engaged in subduing the wilderness, and in laying the foundations of states, to occupy themselves much with writing books.

Accordingly it was to the mother-country that they looked for intellectual food; and as regards learning, culture, art, and literature, the six generations of colonists were in a state of almost absolute dependence on England. The books and pamphlets of a political nature that came from the press were elicited by local causes, and possessed but transient interest; while the few sallies in "belles-lettres" were feeble imitations of the English poets and essayists of the eighteenth century.

In the midst of this provincial dependence and intellectual sterility stands out in sharp relief the luminous figure of Franklin,—the first truly great original literary man of America, the first American in whom the inarticulate genius of our country found prophetic voice.

The father of this illustrious man, about the year 1685, emigrated from Old England to New England, and established himself in Boston as a tallow-chandler and soap-boiler. He lived in a little house in Milk Street, opposite the Old South Church; and here was

born to him his fifteenth child and youngest son. Taking the new-born in his arms, Josiah Franklin carried him to the church across the street, and had him baptized Benjamin. The day of his birth and baptism was January 17, 1706. At this time Queer Anne sat on the throne of England, Pope was a sickly dwarf of nineteen, Addison had not yet written his Spectator, and the father of George Washington was a Virginia lad of ten.

In his delightful Autobiography, Franklin has told us in the most charming manner the story of his youthful life. When eight years old he was sent to the grammar school, but straitened circumstances compelled his early withdrawal; and at the age of ten he was employed in "cutting wicks for the candles, filling the dipping-mold," etc. This was so distasteful to Benjamin, that he began to talk of going to sea. To prevent this, his father bound the lad apprentice to his elder brother James, a printer. During the five years of his apprenticeship with his brother, young Franklin was a diligent reader of all the books he could lay his hands on. His method of study, and to what advantage he turned his reading, will be seen in the extract from the Autobiography.

Franklin's brother was a man of sharp temper, and he frequently beat and otherwise harshly treated Benjamin. The result was that after five years his apprenticeship became unendurable, and he determined to run away and seek his fortune. First he went to New York; but, disappointed in getting work there, he continued his travels, afoot and by sloop, to Philadelphia,

where he arrived at nine o'clock on a Sunday morning, a friendless lad, his "whole stock of cash," as he tells us, "consisting of a Dutch dollar and about a shilling in copper." Buying three penny rolls, he ate one as he walked up the street, with the others under his arms, and his pockets stuffed with stockings and shirts. "Thus," says Franklin, "I went up Market Street, passing by the door of Mr. Read, my future wife's father; when she, standing at the door, saw me, and thought I made, as I certainly did, a most awkward, ridiculous appearance."

In Philadelphia, Franklin obtained employment as journeyman in one of the only two printing-offices then in that town. It was not long, however, before he was able to start an office of his own; and he soon enlarged his business by publishing in 1736 a bi-weekly paper, "The Philadelphia Gazette," which young Franklin edited with great ability, and which, as he tells us, "soon proved extremely profitable." In this same year he took to wife his youthful sweetheart Miss Read. She proved to be a sensible woman and a devoted wife, truly a helpmeet to him. Franklin's numerous letters to her during the many years he passed in England showed that his affection ripened with his years.

Franklin soon became a man of mark. His great intelligence and industry, his ingenuity in devising better systems of economy, education, and improvement,—now establishing a circulating library, now publishing a popular pamphlet, and presently also his valuable municipal services,—rapidly won for him

admiration and respect. First he was elected clerk of the Assembly; soon afterward he was appointed postmaster; and as his years increased, so his public occupations grew.

Having by the time he was forty years of age acquired a moderate fortune, Franklin disengaged himself from private business, intending to devote himself to philosophic, scientific, and literary studies and amusements. He became the founder of the University of Pennsylvania, and of the American Philosophical Society; invented the economical stove which bears his name; and—still more important—began that series of experiments that resulted in establishing the sameness of lightning and electricity, and in the invention of the lightning-rod. The accounts of his electrical researches, which were read before the Royal Society of London, procured for him the honor of membership, and won him a European reputation as a scientist.

But Franklin was not long allowed to proceed with his scientific pursuits: the public laid hold of this sage and judicious counselor, and forced him into every kind of public employment, while his own disposition engaged him in all public-spirited projects. With the year 1757 begins Franklin's long residence in Europe. The occasion of his first going to England was his appointment by the people of Pennsylvania as commissioner, to petition the home government for the redress of certain grievances. Meanwhile he had obtained so much reputation that the colonies of Massachusetts, Maryland, and Georgia also made him their agent.

During the five years of his first stay in England, he succeeded in the principal objects of his mission; while at the same time he made acquaintance with the most distinguished men of the time, and received the highest academical degrees that the universities could bestow.

In 1762 Franklin returned to Philadelphia, and received the official thanks of the Assembly. New difficulties, however, arose; and he was again persuaded to represent his fellow-citizens before the British authorities. Accordingly he once more visited London in 1764. The Revolution was then imminent, for soon after his arrival the British Parliament committed the folly of passing the Stamp Act. Franklin was indefatigable in his exertions to prove the unconstitutionality and impolicy of this measure, and it was mainly due to his prompt expositions that the Stamp Act was repealed.

At the time when the difficulties between Great Britain and her colonies became aggravated to a state of open hostility, Franklin was elected a member of the American Congress. After signing the Declaration of Independence, he was appointed minister plenipotentiary to France, where he arrived in December, 1776. His success in enlisting the sympathies and substantial assistance of the French government in behalf of the colonies is well known. Franklin returned to Philadelphia in September, 1785,—at which period he had attained the advanced age of eighty years,—and was received with the enthusiastic acclamations of a grateful nation. Washington wrote him in the warmest terms of congratulation.

Franklin filled the dignified office of President of Pennsylvania from 1785 to 1788, and in 1787 sat with Washington and Hamilton in the Convention which framed the Constitution of the United States. He died of a disease of the lungs, after a short illness, on the 17th of April, 1790, in the eighty-fifth year of his long and honored life. His death was sincerely mourned both in Europe and America; and in the French Assembly the illustrious orator Mirabeau announced that "the genius which had freed America, and poured a flood of light over Europe, had returned to the bosom of the Divinity."

In person Franklin was strong and well-formed, five feet ten inches high, and of a noble presence. Even in his old age we see in his portraits the image of a venerable, benignant soul, with wisdom irradiating from the luminous gray eye, and with shrewdness, drollery, and humor lurking in the lines of the tell-tale mouth. His manners were extremely winning and affable: yet such was his dignity, that he met great statesmen and great sovereigns on equal terms.

Intellectually, Franklin was a many-sided man. It may almost be said of him, that he was "not one, but all mankind's epitome." Had he not been a great scientist, he would have stood in the first rank as a moral philosopher; his eminence as a statesman would have distinguished him, had he not been a practical inventor; and his wit would have sufficed to give him renown, even had his diplomacy failed to elicit the envy and applause of courts.

Franklin's ethical doctrines, though perhaps not soar-

ing to ideal standards, are broad, human, and practical. "I have always," wrote he, late in life, "set a greater value on the character of a doer of good, than any other kind of reputation." And again, at the most critical epoch of his life, when beset with menace, jeal-ousy, and injustice, he said, "My rule is to go straight forward in doing what appears to me to be right, leaving the consequences to Providence."

It has been well observed of Franklin, that "he never spoke a word too soon, nor a word too late, nor a word too much, nor failed to speak the right word at the right season." He was the incarnation of simple common-sense:—

"Rich in saving common-sense, And, as the greatest only are, In his simplicity sublime."

Franklin's literary works are voluminous; yet few men who have written so much have written so little that may not profitably be read. The ten volumes collected by Dr. Sparks comprise, in addition to the Autobiography, (1) Essays on Religious and Moral Subjects, (2) Essays on General Politics and Political Economy, (3) Historical and Political Essays, Tracts, and Papers, (4) Letters and Papers on Electricity, (5) Letters and Papers on Philosophical Subjects, and (6) Correspondence.

Franklin was master of a style suited to every need,—to the lucid exposition of deep subjects, to the homely utterances of "Poor Richard," to the polished fence of diplomacy, to the caustic exhibition of folly, and to the sparkling and graceful interchange of thought in the form of epistolary correspondence.

#### 1.-MY EARLY LITERARY STUDIES.

The following is an extract from the Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin. This memoir was written by Franklin partly in England in 1771, and partly in Paris in 1785, and brings the story of his life down to 1757, the year in which he first went to England as agent for the Colony of Pennsylvania. The Autobiography ranks as one of the most delightful and instructive revelations of an individual life ever written, and should be read by all the youth of America. Though Franklin's mode of writing does not always come up to the standard of our rigid modern rules, his style is always clear, sparkling, and limpid.]

From a child I was fond of reading, and all the little money that came into my hands was ever laid out in books. Pleased with the Pilgrim's Progress. my first collection 1 was of John Bunyan's works, in separate little volumes. I afterwards sold them to enable me to buy R. Burton's Historical Collections:2 they were small chapmen's 3 books, and cheap, forty or fifty in all. My father's little library consisted chiefly of books in polemic divinity,4 most of which I read, and have since often regretted, that, at a time when I had such a thirst 5 for knowledge, more proper books

<sup>1</sup> collection. See Glossary.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Burton's, etc. The Historical Collections bearing the name of R. Burton were compiled in the latter part of the seventeenth and early part of the eighteenth centuries by an Englishman named Nathaniel Crouch.

<sup>8</sup> chapman: originally a merchant; later a peddler. The word is related to cheap, the literal mean- stitute a plain term.

ing of which is price, barter, - the modern meaning being at a low price. Our word "chap," meaning a fellow, is an abbreviation of "chapman."

<sup>4</sup> polemic divinity, theological controversies: a kind of reading much relished by our hard-headed ancestors in the eighteenth century.

<sup>5</sup> thirst. Used figuratively: sub-

had not fallen in my way, since it was now resolved <sup>1</sup> I should not be a clergyman.<sup>2</sup> Plutarch's Lives <sup>3</sup> there was in which I read abundantly, <sup>4</sup> and I still think that time spent to great advantage. There was also a book of De Foe's, <sup>5</sup> called an Essay on Projects, and another of Dr. Mather's, <sup>6</sup> called Essays to Do Good, which perhaps gave me a turn of thinking that had an influence on some of the principal future events of my life.

This bookish inclination at length determined my father to make me a printer, though he had already one son (James) of that profession. In 1717 my brother James returned from England with a press and letters, to set up his business in Boston. I liked it much better than that of my father, but still had a hankering for the sea. To prevent the apprehended effect of such an inclination, my father was impatient to have

<sup>1</sup> resolved. Give a synonym.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> clergyman. Franklin in his Autobiography says, "I was put to the grammar school at eight years of age; my father intending to devote me, as the tithe of his sons, to the service of the Church."

<sup>\*</sup> Plutarch: a Greek who flourished in the latter half of the first century, A.D., renowned as the author of the "parallel lives" of forty-six Greeks and Romans.

<sup>4</sup> abundantly. See Webster.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> De Foe: author of Robinson Crusoe.

<sup>6</sup> Dr. Mather: i.e., Rev. Cotton Mather (born in Boston 1665, died

<sup>1728),</sup> a famous theological writer. In a letter written by Franklin from Paris in 1784 to Samuel Mather, son of Cotton Mather, Franklin says, "The Essays to Do Good gave me such a turn of thinking as to have an influence on my conduct through life; and if I have been, as you seem to think, a useful citizen, the public owes the advantage of it to that book."

<sup>7</sup> letters: i.e., type.

<sup>8</sup> that of my father. Franklin's father was a tallow-chandler and soap-boiler; i.e., he made candles and soap.

<sup>9</sup> prevent. See Glossary.

me bound to my brother. Is tood out some time, but at last was persuaded, and signed the indentures when I was yet but twelve years old. I was to serve as an apprentice till I was twenty-one years of age, only I was to be allowed journeyman's wages during the last year. In a little time I made great proficiency in the business, and became a useful hand to my brother. I now had access to better books. An acquaintance with the apprentices of booksellers enabled me sometimes to borrow a small one, which I was careful to return soon and clean. Often I sat up in my room reading the greatest part of the night, when the book was borrowed in the evening and to be returned early in the morning, lest it should be missed or wanted.

And after some time an ingenious 2 tradesman, Mr. Matthew Adams, who had a pretty 3 collection of books, and who frequented our printing-house, took notice of me, invited me to his library, and very kindly lent me such books as I chose to read. I now took a fancy to poetry, and made some little pieces. My brother, thinking it might turn to account, encouraged me, and put me on 4 composing 5 occasional ballads. One was called "The Light-house Tragedy," and contained an account of the drowning of Captain Worthilake, with his two daughters; the other was a sailor's song, on the taking of "Teach" (or Blackbeard), the pirate.

<sup>1</sup> bound to my brother: i.e., apprenticed; the contract by which a lad thus apprenticed himself for a term of years was called his indentures.

2 it ture.

3 p

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> ingenious, having some cul-

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>8</sup> pretty, considerable.

<sup>4</sup> put me on, set me to.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> composing. See Webster.

They were wretched stuff, in the Grub-street ballad style; and when they were printed he sent me about the town to sell them. The first sold wonderfully, the event,2 being recent, having made a great noise. This flattered my vanity; but my father discouraged me by ridiculing my performances, and telling me versemakers were generally beggars. So I escaped being a poet, most probably a very bad one; but as prose-writing has been of great use to me in the course of my life, and was a principal means of my advancement, I shall tell you how, in such a situation, I acquired what little ability I have in that way. . . .

About this time I met with an odd volume of the Spectator.3 It was the third. I had never before seen any of them. I bought it, read it over and over, and was much delighted with it. I thought the writing excellent, and wished, if possible, to imitate it.

With this view I took some of the papers, and, making short hints of the sentiment 4 in each sentence, laid them by a few days; and then, without looking at the book, tried to complete the papers again by expressing each hinted sentiment at length, and as fully as it had been expressed before, in any suitable words

Street in London was in the eighteenth century much inhabited by hack writers. "Whence," says Dr. Johnson, "any mean production is called Grub-street" style.

<sup>2</sup> event. See Glossary.

<sup>8</sup> Spectator. The Spectator was a small daily periodical started early 4 sentiment. Give a synonym.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Grub-street . . . style. Grub | in the eighteenth century (1711), and containing literary criticism, sketches of character, and light social chit-chat. It was in this paper that Addison, the principal contributor, first displayed the charms of his graceful humor and agreeable style.

that should come to hand.1 Then I compared my Spectator with the original, discovered some of my faults, and corrected them.

But I found I wanted<sup>2</sup> a stock of words, or a readiness in recollecting and using them, which I thought I should have acquired before that time if I had gone on making verses; 4 since the continual occasion for words of the same import,5 but of different length, to suit the measure, or of different sound for the rhyme, would have laid me under a constant necessity of searching for variety, and also have tended to fix that variety in my mind, and make me master of it. Therefore I took some of the tales and turned them into verse, and after a time, when I had pretty well forgotten the prose, turned them back again. I also sometimes jumbled my collections of hints into confusion, and after some weeks endeavored to reduce 6 them into the best order, before I began to form the full sentences and complete the paper. This was to teach me method in the arrangement of thoughts. By comparing my work afterwards with the original, I discovered many faults, and amended them; but I sometimes had the pleasure of fancying that, in certain particulars of small import,7 I had been lucky enough to improve the method or the

What type of sentence grammatically? Period or loose sentence?

<sup>2</sup> wanted, lacked.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> recollecting. See Glossary.

sum, to turn, because at its close the Glossary.

<sup>1</sup> with this view . . . to hand. | the poem turns from one point to another.

<sup>5</sup> import, meaning.

<sup>6</sup> reduce. See Glossary. Give a synonym.

<sup>7</sup> import, importance. Compare 4 verse, a line: from vertere, ver- with Note 5; and see meaning in

language; and this encouraged 1 me to think I might possibly in time come to be a tolerable English writer, of which I was extremely ambitious.

My time for these exercises and for reading was at night, after work, or before it began in the morning; or on Sundays, when I contrived to be in the printinghouse alone, evading as much as I could the common attendance on public worship which my father used to exact<sup>2</sup> of me when I was under his care, and which, indeed, I still thought a duty, though I could not, as it seemed to me, afford time to practice it.

While I was intent on improving my language, I met with an English grammar (I think it was Greenwood's), at the end of which there were two little sketches of the arts of rhetoric and logic, the latter finishing with a specimen of a dispute in the Socratic<sup>8</sup> method; and, soon after, I procured Xenophon's<sup>4</sup> "Memorable Things of Socrates," wherein there are many instances of the same method. I was charmed with it, adopted it, dropped my abrupt 5 contradiction and positive argumentation, and put on 6 the humble inquirer and doubter. I found this method safest for myself, and very embarrassing to those against whom I used it: therefore I took a delight in it, practiced it

<sup>1</sup> encourage: from French cœur, heart; Latin cor, cordis; and hence, literally, to put in heart, to hearten; opposite of dishearten.

<sup>2</sup> exact. See Glossary.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Socratic: "pertaining to Soc- born about 444 B.C. rates, the Grecian sage, or to his manner of teaching and philoso-

phizing. The Socratic method of reasoning and instruction was by a series of questions leading to the desired result." - WEBSTER.

<sup>4</sup> Xenophon: a pupil of Socrates.

<sup>5</sup> abrupt. See Glossary.

<sup>6</sup> put on, assumed (the air of).

continually, and grew very artful and expert in drawing people, even of superior knowledge, into concessions, the consequences of which they did not foresee, entangled them in difficulties out of which they could not extricate themselves, and so obtaining victories that neither myself nor my cause always deserved.

I continued this method some few years, but gradually left it, retaining only the habit of expressing myself in terms of modest diffidence; never using, when I advanced 2 any thing that may possibly be disputed,3 the words certainly, undoubtedly, or any others that give the air of positiveness to an opinion; but rather say, "I conceive or apprehend a thing to be so and so;" "it appears to me," or, "I should think it so or so, for such and such reasons;" or, "I imagine it to be so;" or, "it is so, if I am not mistaken." This habit, I believe, has been of great advantage to me when I have had occasion to inculcate 4 my opinions, and persuade men into measures 5 that I have been from time to time engaged in promoting; 6 and, as the chief ends of conversation are to inform or to be informed, to please, or to persuade, I wish well-meaning, sensible men would not lessen their power of doing good by a positive,7 assuming manner, that seldom fails to disgust, tends to create opposition, and to defeat every one of those purposes for which speech was given to us, - to wit, giving or

<sup>1</sup> concessions, admissions.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> advanced, put forward, stated.

<sup>8</sup> disputed. Define.

inculcate: from Latin calx, the inculcare, to tread on; and

hence, to impress on the mind by frequent admonitions.

<sup>5</sup> measure, course of action.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>6</sup> promoting, forwarding.

<sup>7</sup> positive. Define.

receiving information or pleasure. For, if you would inform, a positive and dogmatical manner in advancing your sentiments may provoke contradiction 1 and prevent a candid attention. If you wish information and improvement from the knowledge of others, and yet at the same time express yourself as firmly fixed in your present opinions, modest, sensible men, who do not love disputation, will probably leave you undisturbed in possession of your error.2 And by such a manner you can seldom hope to recommend yourself in pleasing your hearers, or to persuade those whose concurrence you desire. Pope 8 says judiciously,—

> "Men should be taught as if you taught them not, And things unknown proposed as things forgot;"

further recommending to us

"To speak, though sure, with seeming diffidence."

And he might have coupled with this line that which he has coupled with another, I think less properly,—

"For want of modesty is want of sense."

If you ask, Why less properly? I must repeat the lines: —

> "Immodest words admit of no defense, For want of modesty is want of sense."

Now, is not "want of sense" (where a man is so unfortunate as to want it) some apology for his "want of

<sup>1</sup> contradiction. See Glossary.

<sup>2</sup> if you wish ... error. Period The lines quoted are from the or loose sentence?

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>8</sup> Pope. See biographical sketch.

<sup>&</sup>quot;Essay on Criticism."

modesty"? And would not the lines stand more justly thus?

> "Immodest words admit but this defense, That want of modesty is want of sense."

This, however, I submit to better judgments.

My brother had, in 1720 or 1721, begun to print a newspaper. It was the second that appeared in America, and was called the New England Courant.1 The only one before it was the Boston News-Letter. I remember his being dissuaded by some of his friends from the undertaking, as not likely to succeed; one newspaper being, in their judgment, enough for America. At this time2 there are not less than five-andtwenty. He went on, however, with the undertaking; and after having worked in composing the types 8 and printing off the sheets, I was employed to carry the papers through the streets to the customers.

He had some ingenious men among his friends, who amused themselves by writing little pieces for this paper, which gained it credit 4 and made it more in demand; and these gentlemen often visited us. Hearing their conversations, and their accounts of the approbation their papers were received with, I was excited to try my hand among them; but being still a boy, and suspecting that my brother would object to printing any thing of mine in his paper if he knew it to be mine,

<sup>4</sup> New England Courant. This | was really the fourth newspaper ting up the type in form suitable The that appeared in America. first, "The Boston News-Letter," was begun in 1704.

<sup>2</sup> this time: the year 1771.

<sup>8</sup> composing the types: i.e., setfor printing. One who sets type is now called a compositor.

<sup>4</sup> credit, reputation, notice. See Glossary.

I contrived to disguise my hand, and, writing an anonymous<sup>2</sup> paper, I put it in at night under the door of the printing-house. It was found in the morning, and communicated to his writing friends when they called in as usual. They read it, commented on it in my hearing, and I had the exquisite pleasure of finding it met with their approbation, and that, in their different<sup>8</sup> guesses at the author, none were named but men of some character4 among us for learning and ingenuity. I suppose now that I was rather lucky in my judges, and that perhaps they were not really so very good ones as I then esteemed them.

## 2.-THE CHAPTER OF ABRAHAM AND THE STRANGER.

[This beautifully impressive lesson in favor of toleration was composed by Franklin, on the model of a similar narrative by the English divine Jeremy Taylor, who states that he drew it from the "Jew's Books" (the Talmud). It is, however, of Persian origin. It will be noted that the style and phraseology are scriptural; and Franklin used often to amuse himself by asking people in which part of the Bible it was found. Franklin says, "I used to take a good deal of amusement in reading it by heart out of my Bible, and obtaining the remarks of the Scripturians upon it, which were sometimes very diverting."]

1. And it came to pass after these things, that Abraham sat in the door of his tent about the going down of the sun.

of speech? (See Def. 8.)

<sup>2</sup> anonymous: from Greek an, without, and onuma, a name; hence,

<sup>1</sup> my hand. What is the figure | without the real name of the author.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>8</sup> different. See Glossary.

<sup>4</sup> character, reputation.

- 2. And behold, a man, bowed with age, came from the way of the wilderness, leaning on a staff.
- 3. And Abraham arose and met him, and said unto him, "Turn in, I pray thee, and wash thy feet, and tarry all night, and thou shalt arise early on the morrow, and go on thy way."
- 4. But the man said, "Nay, for I will abide under this tree."
- 5. And Abraham pressed him greatly; so he turned, and they went into the tent, and Abraham baked unleavened 1 bread, and they did eat.
- 6. And when Abraham saw that the man blessed not God, he said unto him, "Wherefore dost thou not worship the most high God, Creator of heaven and earth?"
- 7. And the man answered and said, "I do not worship the God thou speakest of, neither do I call upon his name; for I have made to myself a god, which abideth alway in mine house, and provideth me with all things."
- 8. And Abraham's zeal<sup>3</sup> was kindled against the man, and he arose and fell upon him, and drove him forth with blows into the wilderness.
- 9. And at midnight God called unto Abraham, saying, "Abraham, where is the stranger?"
- 10. And Abraham answered and said, "Lord, he would not worship thee, neither would he call upon thy name; therefore have I driven him out from before my face, into the wilderness."
  - 11. And God said, "Have I borne with him these

<sup>1</sup> unleavened, not fermented, 2 alw made without yeast. 2 zeal

<sup>2</sup> alway, old form of always.
8 zeal, religious ardor.

hundred ninety and eight years, and nourished him, and clothed him, notwithstanding his rebellion against me; and couldst not thou, that art thyself a sinner, bear with him one night?"

- 12. And Abraham said, "Let not the anger of the Lord wax 1 hot against his servant; lo, I have sinned; lo, I have sinned; forgive me, I pray thee."
- 13. And Abraham arose, and went forth into the wilderness, and sought diligently for the man, and found him, and returned with him to the tent; and when he had entreated 2 him kindly he sent him away on the morrow with gifts.

# 3.-AN AMUSING BURLESQUE.

[The following clever jeu d'esprit is from a communication by Franklin to a London newspaper in 1765. It was designed to cast ridicule on the absurd stories, then current in the British press, as to the danger to English industry arising from the feeble attempts at manufacturing then made by the American colonists. No one knew better than Franklin how to handle the powerful weapon of irony.]

SIR, I beg leave to say that all the articles of news that seem improbable are not mere inventions.<sup>3</sup> Some of them, I can assure you on the faith of a traveler, are serious truths. Give me leave to instance the various accounts the news-writers have given us, with so much honest zeal for the welfare of *Poor Old England*,

<sup>1</sup> wax, grow.

<sup>8</sup> inventions, fabrications; false

<sup>2</sup> entreated, treated, dealt with. things invented.

of the establishing 1 manufactures in the colonies to the prejudice 2 of those of the kingdom. It is objected by superficial readers, who yet pretend to some knowledge of those countries,3 that such establishments are not only improbable, but impossible, for that their sheep have but little wool, not in the whole sufficient for a pair of stockings a year to each inhabitant; that, from the universal dearness of labor among them, the working of iron and other materials, except in a few coarse instances, is impracticable to any advantage.

Dear sir, do not let us suffer 4 ourselves to be amused with such groundless objections. The very tails of the American sheep are so laden with wool, that each has a little car or wagon on four little wheels, to support and keep it from trailing on the ground. Would they calk 5 their ships, would they even litter 6 their horses, with wool, if it were not both plenty and cheap? And what signifies the dearness of labor, when an English shilling passes for five and twenty? Their engaging three hundred silk throwsters here in one week for New York was treated as a fable, because, forsooth, they have "no silk to throw."

<sup>1</sup> establishing, etc.: an example | shows the word to be derived from of the infinitive in -ing governing a noun in the objective case.

<sup>2</sup> prejudice, damage.

<sup>\*</sup> those countries: that is, the colonies.

<sup>4</sup> suffer, permit.

<sup>5</sup> calk, to stop up the seams of a ship. The etymology of this word in Webster is erroneous; as Skeat (Etymological Dictionary) winds silk.

Latin calcare, to tread, to press close. The primary notion in "calk" is that of forcing in by great pressure.

<sup>6</sup> litter (connected with French lit, Latin lectus, a bed), to bed; to furnish with a coarse bed of straw, etc.

<sup>7</sup> throwster (throw + ster, one who), one who throws, twists, or

Those who make this objection perhaps do not know that at the same time the agents 1 from the King of Spain were at Quebec to contract 2 for one thousand pieces of cannon 3 to be made there for the fortification of Mexico, and at New York engaging the usual 4 supply of woolen floor-carpets for their West-India houses; other agents from the Emperor of China were at Boston treating about an exchange of raw silk for wool, to be carried in Chinese junks 5 through the Straits of Magellan.

And yet all this is as certainly true, as the account said to be from Quebec, in all the papers of last week, that the inhabitants of Canada are making preparations for a cod and whale fishery this "summer in the upper lakes." Ignorant people may object, that the upper lakes are fresh, and that cod and whales are saltwater fish; but let them know, sir, that cod, like other fish when attacked by their enemies, fly into any water where they can be safest; that whales, when they have a mind to eat cod, pursue them wherever they fly; and that the grand leap of the whale in the chase up the Falls of Niagara is esteemed, by all who have seen it, as one of the finest spectacles in nature.

Really, sir, the world is grown too incredulous.9 Is

<sup>1</sup> agent. See Glossary.

<sup>2</sup> contract: from con and trahere, to draw together, as a writing.

7 the grand leap, etc. The

<sup>\*</sup> pieces of cannon-cannon. The idiom is French.

<sup>4</sup> usual. Notice the irony in the use of this word.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> junk, a Chinese vessel.

<sup>6</sup> ignorant. Show the appositeness of the word as here used.

<sup>7</sup> the grand leap, etc. The delicious absurdity of this passage will be taken in by every pupil.

<sup>8</sup> spectacles: from specere, to see; hence, literally, sights.

<sup>9</sup> incredulous: See Glossary.

is like the pendulum ever swinging from one extreme to the other. Formerly every thing printed was believed, because it was in print: now things seem to be disbelieved for just the very same reason.

### 4.-THE EPHEMERA.

### AN EMBLEM OF HUMAN LIFE.

[In inclosing to a friend a copy of the following charming little allegorical sketch, Franklin wrote: "To understand it rightly you should be acquainted with some few circumstances. The person to whom it was addressed is Madame Brillon, a lady of most respectable character and pleasing conversation; mistress of an aniable family in his neighborhood [Passy, now a part of Paris], with which I spend an evening twice in every week. She has, among other elegant accomplishments, that of an excellent musician. The Moulin Joly is a little island in the Seine, about two leagues hence, part of the country-seat of another friend, where we visit every summer. At the time when the letter was written, all conversations at Paris were filled with disputes about the music of Gluck and Picini, a German and Italian musician, who divided the town into violent parties."]

You may remember, my dear friend, that when we lately spent that happy day in the delightful garden and sweet society of the Moulin Joly, I stopped a little in one of our walks, and stayed some time behind the company. We had been shown numberless skeletons of a kind of little fly, called an ephemera, whose successive generations, we were told, were bred and expired within the day. I happened to see a living

<sup>1</sup> You may remember...behind the company. Period or loose sentence? 2 sphemera: from Greek epi, for, and hemera, a day; hence, literally, a fly that lives for a day only.

company of them on a leaf, who appeared to be engaged in conversation.

You know I understand all the inferior animal tongues.¹ My too great application to the study of them is the best excuse I can give for the little progress I have made in your charming language.² I listened, through curiosity, to the discourse of these little creatures; but as they, in their natural vivacity, spoke three or four together, I could make but little of their conversation. I found, however, by some broken expressions that I heard now and then, they were disputing warmly on the merit of two foreign musicians, one a piping gnat, the other a mosquito, in which dispute they spent their time, seemingly as regardless of the shortness of life as if they had been sure of living a month.

"Happy people!" thought I; "you are certainly under a wise, just, and mild government, since you have no public grievances to complain of, nor any subject of contention but the perfections and imperfections of foreign music." I turned my head from them to an old gray-headed one, who was alone on another leaf, and talking to himself. Being amused with his soliloquy, I put it down in writing, in hopes it will likewise

<sup>1</sup> the inferior animal tongues. Change to a neater form of expression.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> your charming language: that is, French, the language of the lady he was addressing, and in which this letter was originally written.

<sup>8</sup> dispute. See Glossary.

<sup>4</sup> subject of contention. It must be understood that all this has oblique reference to the condition of the French people at this time.

<sup>5</sup> soliloquy: from Latin solus, alone, and loqui, to speak; a talking to one's self.

amuse her to whom 1 I am so much indebted for the most pleasing of all amusements, her delicious company and heavenly harmony.

"It was," said he, "the opinion of learned philosophers of our race, who lived and flourished long before my time, that this vast world, the Moulin Joly, could not itself subsist<sup>2</sup> more than eighteen hours; and I think there was some foundation for that opinion, since, by the apparent motion of the great luminary that gives life to all nature, and which in my time has evidently declined considerably towards the ocean at the end of our earth, it must then finish its course, be extinguished in the waters that surround us, and leave the world in cold and darkness, necessarily producing universal death and destruction.

"I have lived seven of those hours,—a great age, being no less than four hundred and twenty minutes of time. How very few of us continue so long! I have seen generations born, flourish, and expire. My present friends are the children and grandchildren of the friends of my youth, who are now, alas! no more. And I must soon follow them; for by the course of nature, though still in health, I can not expect to live above seven or eight minutes longer. What now avails all my toil and labor, in amassing honey-dew8 on this leaf, which I can not live to enjoy? What the

<sup>1</sup> her to whom, etc. No one ever | ous scientific and political prepossessed in a higher degree than occupations. Franklin the fine art of turning a graceful compliment to a lady; and this he was always ready to do, ing (as applied to man) of this alleeven in the midst of his most seri- gorically used word.

<sup>2</sup> subsist = exist.

<sup>8</sup> honey-dew. Give the mean-

political struggles I have been engaged in, for the good of my compatriot inhabitants of this bush, or my philosophical studies for the benefit of our race in general? For, in politics, what can laws do without morals? Our present race of ephemeræ will in a course of minutes become corrupt, like those of other and older bushes, and consequently as wretched. And in philosophy how small our progress! Alas! art is long, and life is short.

"My friends would comfort me with the idea of a name they say I shall leave behind me; and they tell me I have lived long enough to nature and to glory. But what will fame be to an ephemera who no longer exists? and what will become of all history in the eighteenth hour, when the world itself, even the whole Moulin Joly, shall come to its end, and be buried in universal ruin?"

To me, after all my eager pursuits, no solid pleasures now remain, but the reflection of a long life spent in meaning well, the sensible conversation of a few good lady ephemeræ, and now and then a kind smile and a tune from the ever-amiable Brillante.<sup>3</sup>

# 5 .- SOWING THE WIND.

[This noteworthy prophecy is recorded in a letter of Franklin (May 15, 1771), to the Massachusetts "Committee of Correspondence," consisting of Thomas Cushing, James Otis, and Samuel Adams. Ori-

<sup>1</sup> ephemeræ: a plural of ephemera, devised by Franklin.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> corrupt. See Glossary.

<sup>\*</sup> Brillante: a play on the name of the lady (Brillon) to whom the letter was written.

ginally sent to London to represent the interests of the Pennsylvania colonists, Franklin was subsequently invested with the agency for several other American colonies, Massachusetts among the number; and this letter to his home-friends is only one of the many evidences of his extraordinary vigilance and foresight. Each successive step of this prophecy was verified by the event.]

I THINK one may clearly see, in the system of customs to be exacted in America by Act of Parliament,<sup>1</sup> the seeds sown<sup>2</sup> of a total disunion of the two countries, though as yet that event may be at a considerable distance.<sup>3</sup> The course and natural progress seems to be: first, the appointment of needy men as officers, for others do not care to leave England; then their necessities make them rapacious, their office makes them proud and insolent, their insolence and rapacity make them odious, and, being conscious that they are hated, they become malicious; their malice urges them to a continual abuse of the inhabitants in their letters to administration,<sup>4</sup> representing them as disaffected <sup>5</sup> and rebellious, and (to encourage the use of severity) as weak, divided, timid, and cowardly.

Government believes all; thinks it necessary to support and countenance its officers: their quarreling with the people is deemed a mark and consequence of their fidelity; they are therefore more highly rewarded, and

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Parliament. In 1767 the British Parliament passed an act putting a duty on various specified articles imported into the colonies, and appointed commissioners of customs to see that these duties were levied and collected.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> seeds sown. What is the figure of speech?

<sup>8</sup> distance: i.e., in time.

<sup>4</sup> to administration: that is, to the British government.

<sup>5</sup> disaffected, alienated and disloyal.

this makes their conduct still more insolent and provoking.

The resentment of the people will, at times and on particular incidents, burst into outrages and violence upon such officers; and this naturally draws down severity and acts of further oppression from hence.1 The more the people are dissatisfied, the more rigor will be thought necessary; severe punishments will be inflicted to terrify; rights and privileges will be abolished; greater force will then be required to secure execution<sup>2</sup> and submission; the expense will become enormous: it will then be thought proper, by fresh exactions, to make the people defray it; thence the British nation and government will become odious;8 the subjection to it will be deemed no longer tolerable; war ensues, and the bloody struggle will end in absolute slavery to America, or ruin to Britain by the loss of her colonies, - the latter most probable, from America's growing strength and magnitude.

I do not pretend to the gift of prophecy. History shows, that, by these steps, great empires have crumbled heretofore; and the late transactions 4 we have so much cause to complain of show that we are in the same train,5 and that, without a greater share of prudence and wisdom than we have seen both sides to be possessed of, we shall probably come to the same conclusion

<sup>1</sup> from hence: i.e., from London, | where this letter was written.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> execution: i.e., execution of Acts of Parliament.

<sup>3</sup> odious: from Latin odi, to hate, to detest.

transactions, public acts.
 train, sequence of events.

## 6.-LETTER TO GEORGE WASHINGTON.

### MARCH 5, 1780.

[The following interesting letter was drawn out, as its opening sentence says, by Franklin's receipt of a letter from General Washington introducing Lafayette. This young French officer early and ardently espoused the cause of American independence, and had in several campaigns been attached to Washington's military household.]

I HAVE received but lately the letter your Excellency did me the honor of writing to me in recommendation of the Marquis de Lafayette. His modesty detained it long in his own hands. We became acquainted, however, from the time of his arrival at Paris; and his zeal for the honor of our country, his activity in our affairs here, and his firm attachment to our cause and to you, impressed me with the same regard and esteem for him that your Excellency's letter would have done, had it been immediately delivered to me.

Should peace arrive after another campaign or two, and afford us a little leisure, I should be happy to see your Excellency in Europe, and to accompany you, if my age and strength would permit, in visiting some of its ancient and most famous kingdoms. You would, on this side of the sea, enjoy the great reputation you have acquired, pure and free from those little shades that the jealousy and envy of a man's countrymen and contemporaries are ever endeavoring to cast over living merit.

Here you would know, and enjoy, what posterity will say of Washington. For a thousand leagues have nearly the same effect with a thousand years. The feeble voice of those groveling passions can not extend so far either in time or distance. At present I enjoy that pleasure for you; as I frequently hear the old generals of this martial country, who study the maps of America, and mark upon them all your operations, speak with sincere approbation and great applause of your conduct, and join in giving you the character of one of the greatest captains of the age.

I must soon quit this scene, but you may live to see our country flourish, as it will amazingly and rapidly after the war is over; like a field of young Indian corn, which long fair weather and sunshine had enfeebled and discolored, and which in that weak state, by a thunder-gust of violent wind, hail, and rain, seemed to be threatened with absolute destruction; yet, the storm being past, it recovers fresh verdure, shoots up with double vigor, and delights the eye, not of its owner only, but of every observing traveler.

The best wishes that can be formed for your health, honor, and happiness, ever attend you!

[The following eloquent and merited tribute was addressed by Washington to Franklin in the last year of the Doctor's long and useful life. It gladdens the heart to know how close were the relations of esteem and affection subsisting between these two illustrious men.]

DEAR SIR:

New York, 23 September, 1789.

The affectionate congratulations on the recovery of my health, and the warm expressions of personal friendship, which were contained in your letter of the 16th instant, claim my gratitude. And the consideration, that it was written when you were afflicted with a painful malady, greatly increases my obligation for it.

Would to God, my dear sir, that I could congratulate you upon the removal of that excruciating pain under which you labor, and that your existence might close with as much ease to yourself, as its continuance has been beneficial to our country and useful to mankind; or, if the united wishes of a free people, joined with the earnest prayers of every friend to science and humanity, could relieve the body from pains or infirmities, that you could claim an exemption on this score. But this can not be; and you have within yourself the only resource to which we can confidently apply for relief,—a philosophic mind.

If to be venerated for benevolence, if to be admired for talents, if to be esteemed for patriotism, if to be beloved for philanthropy, can gratify the human mind, you must have the pleasing consolation to know that you have not lived in vain. And I flatter myself that it will not be ranked among the least grateful occurrences of your life to be assured, that, so long as I retain my memory, you will be recollected with respect, veneration, and affection by your sincere friend,

GEORGE WASHINGTON.



## VI. — EDMUND BURKE.

### LIFE AND WORKS.

The influence of party prejudice has led to great divergence of opinion among English writers as to the place of Burke as a political philosopher; but there can be no doubt that his is one of the abiding names, and that he has enriched the discussion of history and the affairs of state with a magnificence and elevation of expression that place him among the highest masters of English literature. The student of Burke will not dissent when Mackintosh speaks of Shakespeare and Burke in the same breath as men far above mere talent, and will sympathize with Macaulay when, after reading Burke's works over again, he exclaims, "How admirable! The greatest man since Milton!"

Edmund Burke was born in Dublin, Jan. 12, 1729. His father, Richard Burke, was a solicitor in good practice, and was of course a Protestant,—else he could not have been a member of the Dublin bar in those days. The mother was of a Catholic family, and adhered to the church of her ancestors. The only daughter was educated in the same faith, but Edmund and his brothers were brought up in the religion of their father. Burke, however, never lost a large and generous way of thinking about the ancient creed of his mother.

After two years of preparation under an intelligent, upright Quaker teacher, named Abraham Shackleford, —for whom Burke ever after entertained a most tender

reverence and affection,—he became (1743) a student of Trinity College, Dublin. Here he remained till 1748, when he took his bachelor's degree. Though well grounded in the classics, especially in Latin, he did not particularly distinguish himself in the prescribed studies, his passion for general reading being so strong as to divert him overmuch from them. Oliver Goldsmith was a student at Trinity College with Burke, but these two great men do not seem to have been acquainted with each other at this time.

Having been destined for the bar, Burke at the age of twenty-one went to London, and began his law studies in the Middle Temple. He had a profound respect for the law, which he speaks of as "a science that does more to quicken and invigorate the understanding than all the other kinds of learning put together." But Burke was never called to the bar; and the circumstance that, about the time when he ought to have been looking for his first retainer, he published two books which had as little as possible to do with either law or equity, is a tolerably sure sign that he had followed the same desultory course at the Temple as he had followed at Trinity College.

The first of these works, The Vindication of Natural Society, was a satire on the philosophy of Lord Bolingbroke, whose style it so admirably imitated that the production was at once ascribed to his lordship's pen. The next was a treatise On the Sublime and Beautiful. Both these works appeared in 1756. They are meritorious productions, expressing the ideas of the period in the style of the period; but probably neither would

have survived to our own day unless it had been associated with a name of power.

In 1757 Burke was married to Miss Mary Jane Nugent, daughter of a physician residing in Bath, England. The marriage proved eminently happy in every respect. Nothing, indeed, can well be conceived more noble and beautiful than the great statesman's wedded life; for in his home Burke was one of the loveliest of men, whilst his wife also was one of the loveliest of women,—not, we are told, what is called a beauty, but ever sweet and gentle in her disposition, and inexpressibly winning in her manners.

With this new responsibility on his hands, Burke had to keep his pen busy. His next literary work was a sketch of the European Settlements in America (1757), which was soon followed by an Abridgment of English History, and this in 1759 by the first volume of the Annual Register, which was very successful, and which he kept up for many years. So, struggling manfully with many difficulties, cheered by the love of his wife and his little son Richard, Burke toiled onward and upward, never letting go the hope of fame.

And fame, too, came soon after he entered political life. Burke's public career may be said to have begun in 1765, when he was appointed private secretary to the Marquis of Rockingham, and himself entered Parliament. At the age of thirty-six he stood for the first time on the floor of the House of Commons, whose walls were to ring so often during the next eight-and-twenty years with the rolling periods of his majestic eloquence, and the peals of acclamation bursting alike

from friend and foe. Among the great men who then sat upon the benches of the ancient hall, Burke at once took a foremost place. The triumphs of his eloquent tongue we can not follow here, for it is ours only to mark the achievements of his brilliant pen. In the stirring years of the American War, during which he was the most ardent friend of the Colonies, he poured out the opulence of a richly stored mind in many noble orations; but the crown of his glory as an orator was won in the Hall of Westminster, when he uttered the thunders of his eloquence in the impeachment of Warren Hastings, Governor-General of India.

Another great subject filled his thoughts during his last years. He foresaw the hurricane that was blackening over France; and, when it broke in fury, he wrote his greatest work, entitled Reflections on the Revolution in France, published in 1790. This marvelous production carried all before it, and the name of Edmund Burke became greater and more powerful than it had ever been. It was the theme of every tongue; "all Europe rang from side to side" with the fame of it.

As far back as 1768, Burke had purchased an extensive and beautiful estate near Beaconsfield, and thither he was wont from time to time to steal away from the ceaseless toil of a statesman, to the shades of his rural home. It was proposed to make Burke a peer under the style of Lord Beaconsfield,—a title in our own times borrowed for himself by Disraeli. But the bolt of destiny was at this instant launched. Richard Burke, the adored center of all his father's hopes and affections, was seized with illness, and died (August,

1794). We can not look without tragic emotion on the pathos of the scene, which left the remnant of the old man's days desolate and void. Burke's grief found expression than which was never nobler. "The storm has gone over me, and I lie like one of those old oaks which the late hurricane has scattered about me. I am stripped of all my honors; I am torn up by the roots, and lie prostrate on the earth. I am alone. I have none to meet my enemies in the gate. I live in an inverted order. They who ought to have succeeded me have gone before me. They who should have been to me as posterity, are in the place of ancestors."

Burke lived only three years after this desolating blow. It was on the 9th of July, 1797, that in the sixty-eighth year of his age, preserving his faculties to the last moment, he expired. It was proposed that he should be buried in Westminster Abbey; but Burke had left strict injunctions that his funeral should be private, and he was laid in the little church at Beaconsfield, beside the dust of his beloved Richard.

Burke was tall and of a noble presence. His brow was massive, and in his whole deportment there was a sense of personal dignity. In later years, the first peculiarity which caught the eye as Burke walked forward, as his custom was, to speak in the middle of the House of Commons, were his spectacles, which, from shortness of sight, seemed never absent from his face. It is said that his countenance did not reveal those amiable, sympathetic qualities that distinguished him. It was not usual at any time to see his face mantling

with smiles; he decidedly looked like a great man, but not like a meek or gentle one.

Though in entering public life Burke abandoned the career of letters, he never withdrew from close intimacy with the group of famous literary men and artists who were his contemporaries, and who live for us in the pages of Boswell's Johnson. Dr. Johnson himself was the chief of a literary club that numbered the gentlesouled Goldsmith, Garrick, greatest of actors, the famous painter Sir Joshua Reynolds, the historian Gibbon, and others of less fame. The friendship of Johnson and Burke lasted as long as they lived; and though very widely contrasted in genius, they had the most genuine love for each other. "Burke," said Johnson, "is such a man that if you met him for the first time in the street, where you were stopped by a drove of oxen, and you and he stepped aside to take shelter but for five minutes, he'd talk to you in such a manner that when you parted you would say, This is an extraordinary man."

De Quincey justly describes Burke as "the supreme writer of his century." No writer of that century is to be compared with him as regards command of English expression. In all its varieties, his style is noble, earnest, deep-flowing, because his sentiment was lofty and fervid. "Burke," says Hazlitt, "has been compared to Cicero—for what reason is not clear. Their excellences are as different, and indeed as opposite, as they can well be. Burke had not the polished elegance, the glossy neatness, the exquisite modulation, of Cicero: he had a thousand times more richness and originality of mind, more strength and pomp of diction."

#### 1.-ON CONCILIATION WITH AMERICA.

[The following three extracts are from Burke's speech on "Conciliation with America," delivered in the House of Commons March 22, 1775. The pupil should recall the exact situation of things in the Colonies at that time. This speech, besides being one of the most finished of Burke's orations, has for us special interest from its subject. The lengthy exordium, or introduction, is taken up by an exhibition of the gravity of the situation between the Colonies and the Mother Country, the stupidity of the policy hitherto adopted, and the absolute necessity of pursuing a conciliatory course, such as would "restore the former unsuspecting confidence of the American Colonies in the Mother Country." He then makes an admirable presentation of the condition of the Colonies as to (1) their population, (2) their trade, and (3) their productive resources, especially as regards agriculture and the fisheries. The following relates to the last topic.]

#### 1. - AMERICAN ACRICULTURE AND FISHERIES.

I PASS to the Colonies in another point of view, their agriculture. This they have prosecuted with such a spirit, that, besides feeding plentifully their own growing multitude, their annual export of grain, comprehending rice,1 has some years ago exceeded a million in value.2 Of their last harvest, I am persuaded they will export much more. At the beginning of the century, some of these Colonies imported corn 8 from the mother country. For some time past the Old World has been fed from the New. The scarcity which you have felt would have been a desolating

<sup>1</sup> comprehending rice = includ- | Charleston, S.C., which was planting rice. The cultivation of rice is referred to the latter part of the seventeenth century, when a vessel from Madagascar is said to have brought a sack of the grain to 8 corn, wheat.

ed, and yielded largely.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> a million in value=£1,000,000, which now seems to us a day of very small things.

famine, if this child of your old age, with a true filial piety, with a Roman charity, had not put the full breast of its youthful exuberance to the mouth of its exhausted parent.

As to the wealth which the Colonies have drawn from the sea by their fisheries you had all that matter fully opened to you. You surely thought those acquisitions of value, for they seemed even to excite your envy; and yet the spirit by which that enterprising employment has been exercised ought rather, in my opinion, to have raised your esteem and admiration.

And pray, sir, what in the world is equal to it?1 Pass by the other parts, and look at the manner in which the people of New England have of late carried on the whale-fishery. Whilst we2 follow them among the tumbling mountains of ice, and behold them penetrating into the deepest frozen recesses of Hudson Bay and Davis Straits, whilst we are looking for them beneath the arctic circle, we hear that they have pierced into the opposite region of polar cold, that they are at the antipodes, and engaged under the frozen serpent of the South.8 Falkland Island,4

<sup>1</sup> what in the world is equal to | business is now nearly extinct. At this time Massachusetts alone employed nearly two hundred vessels in the North Atlantic descriptive phrases. whale-fishery, and one hundred and twenty in the South Atlantic. The fishery was at first pursued from the shores; and then, as whales became scarce, they were pursued to their haunts. The group.

Why?

<sup>2</sup> Whilst we, etc. Select vivid

<sup>8</sup> frozen serpent of the South, the Hydrus, or Water-serpent, a small constellation far to the south. within the antarctic circle.

<sup>4</sup> Fulkland Island. Locate the

which seemed too remote and romantic an object for the grasp of national ambition, is but a stage and resting-place in the progress of their victorious industry.

Nor is the equinoctial heat more discouraging to them than the accumulated winter of both the poles. We know that, whilst some of them draw the line and strike the harpoon on the coast of Africa, others run the longitude, and pursue their gigantic game along the coast of Brazil. No sea but what is vexed by their fisheries. No climate that is not witness to their toils. Neither the perseverance of Holland, nor the activity of France, nor the dexterous and firm sagacity of English enterprise, ever carried this most perilous mode of hardy industry to the extent to which it has been pushed by this recent people,—a people who are still, as it were, but in the gristle, and not yet hardened into the bone of manhood.

When I contemplate these things; when I know that the Colonies in general owe little or nothing to any care of ours, and that they are not squeezed into this happy form by the constraints of watchful and suspicious government, but that, through a wise and salutary neglect, a generous nature has been suffered

<sup>1</sup> draw the line and strike the harpoon. Note how much more vivid a specific, concrete statement than an abstract form as, "pursued their business."

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> run the longitude: i.e., pursue a course to the South American coast.

<sup>\*</sup> vexed, agitated. See a similar use of the word by Milton in Paradise Lost (p. 100).

<sup>4</sup> hardy, bold, adventurous.

<sup>5</sup> in the gristle, etc. What is the figure of speech?

<sup>6</sup> When I contemplate, etc.
What kind of sentence?

to take her own way to perfection,—when I reflect upon these effects, when I see how profitable they have been to us, I feel all the pride of power sink, and all presumption in the wisdom of human contrivance, melt and die away within me. My rigor relents. I pardon something to the spirit of liberty.

### 2 .- SPIRIT OF LIBERTY IN THE COLONIES.

[Burke then proceeds to urge that force should not be used to coerce the Colonies, and for these four reasons: (1) that its use is but temporary; (2) its uncertainty; (3) that it may impair the object sought; (4) that experience is against it.]

These, sir, are my reasons for not entertaining that high opinion of untried force by which many gentlemen, for whose sentiments in other particulars I have great respect, seem to be so greatly captivated. But there is still behind a third consideration concerning this object, which serves to determine my opinion on the sort of policy which ought to be pursued in the management of America, even more than its population and its commerce, — I mean its temper<sup>2</sup> and character.

In this character of the Americans, a love of freedom is the predominating feature which marks and distinguishes the whole; and, as an ardent is always a jealous affection, your Colonies become suspicious, restive,<sup>3</sup> and untractable <sup>4</sup> whenever they see the least

<sup>1</sup> captivated. Sive a synonym.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> temper, frame of mind.

<sup>\*</sup> restive. Explain.

<sup>4</sup> untractable. Give the modern form. Which form do you prefer? See Glossary.

attempt to wrest from them by force, or shuffle from them by chicane, what they think the only advantage worth living for. This fierce spirit of liberty is stronger in the English colonies, probably, than in any other people of the earth; and this from a great variety of powerful causes, which, to understand the true temper of their minds, and the direction which this spirit takes, it will not be amiss to lay open somewhat more largely.

First, the people of the Colonies are descendants of Englishmen. England, sir, is a nation which still, I hope, respects, and formerly adored, her freedom. Colonists emigrated from you when this part of your character was most predominant; 2 and they took this bias and direction the moment they parted from your hands. They are, therefore, not only devoted to liberty, but to liberty according to English ideas and on English principles. Abstract liberty, like other mere abstractions, is not to be found. Liberty inheres in some sensible object; and every nation has formed to itself some favorite point which, by way of eminence, becomes the criterion 4 of their happiness.

It happened, you know, sir, that the great contests

<sup>1</sup> chicane. See Webster.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> The colonists emigrated . . . predominant. What was the feeling as to liberty when the New England colonists emigrated? Burke himself wrote in 1775: "The American freeholders at present are nearly. in point of condition, what the ject, is found only in concrete English yeomen were of old, when form. they rendered us formidable to all

Europe, and our name celebrated throughout the world. The former, from many obvious circumstances, are more enthusiastical lovers of liberty than even our yeomen were."

s inheres in some sensible ob-

<sup>4</sup> criterion, test, standard.

for freedom in this country were from the earliest times chiefly upon the question of taxing. Most of the contests in the ancient commonwealths 1 turned primarily on the right of election of magistrates, or on the balance among the several orders of the state. The question of money was not with them so immediate. But in England it was otherwise. On this point of taxes, the ablest pens and most eloquent tongues have been exercised; the greatest spirits have acted and suffered.

In order to give the fullest satisfaction concerning the importance of this point, it was not only necessary for those who in argument defended the excellence of the English Constitution to insist on this privilege of granting money as a dry point of fact, and to prove that the right has been acknowledged, in ancient parchments<sup>2</sup> and blind usages, to reside in a certain body called a House of Commons. They went much farther: they attempted to prove, and they succeeded, that in theory it ought to be so, from the particular nature of a House of Commons, as an immediate representative of the people; whether the old records had delivered this oracle,8 or not. They took infinite pains to inculcate,4 as a fundamental principle, that in all monarchies the people must in effect themselves, mediately or immediately, possess the power of grant-

<sup>1</sup> the ancient commonwealths: which specially?

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> ancient parchments, as Magna Charta, or the Great Charter obtained from King John in 1215.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>8</sup> delivered this oracle. Explain.

<sup>4</sup> inculcate. See Webster.

<sup>5</sup> mediately or immediately.

Discriminate in meaning.

ing their own money, or no shadow of liberty could subsist.

The Colonies draw from you, as with their life-blood, these ideas and principles. Their love of liberty, as with you, fixed and attached on this specific point of Liberty might be safe, or might be endangered, in twenty other particulars, without their being much pleased or alarmed. Here they felt its pulse; and, as they found that beat, they thought themselves sick or sound.

I do not say whether they were right or wrong in applying your general arguments to their own case. It is not easy, indeed, to make a monopoly of theorems and corollaries.1 The fact is that they did thus apply those general arguments; and your mode of governing them, whether through lenity or indolence, through wisdom or mistake, confirmed them in the imagination that they, as well as you, had an interest in these common principles.

They were further confirmed in this pleasing error<sup>2</sup> by the form of their provincial legislative assemblies. Their governments are popular<sup>8</sup> in a high degree; some are merely popular; in all, the popular representative is the most weighty; and this share of the people in their ordinary government never fails to inspire them with lofty sentiments, and with a strong

i.e., a monopoly of general prin-

sly nature of this phrase.

<sup>8</sup> Their governments are popu- provinces.

<sup>1</sup> a monopoly . . . corollaries: | lar. Explain "popular government." Name some of the colonies that were "merely [i.e., entirely] 2 pleasing error. Point out the popular;" others that were under proprietors: others that were royal

aversion from 1 whatever tends to deprive them of their chief importance.

Permit me, sir, to add another circumstance in our Colonies which contributes no mean part 2 towards the growth and effect of this untractable spirit. I mean their education. In no country, perhaps, in the world, is the law so general a study.3 The profession itself is numerous and powerful, and in most provinces it takes the lead. The greater number of the deputies sent to the Congress 4 were lawyers. But all who read (and most do read) endeavor to obtain some smattering in that science. This study renders men acute, inquisitive, dexterous,5 prompt in attack, ready in defense, full of resources. In other countries, the people, more simple, and of a less mercurial 6 cast, judge of an ill principle in government only by an actual grievance: here they anticipate the evil, and judge of the pressure of the grievance by the badness of the principle. They augur misgovernment at a distance, and snuff the approach of tyranny in every tainted breeze.7

The last cause of this disobedient spirit in the Colonies is hardly less powerful than the rest, as it is not

<sup>1</sup> aversion from. We now use ! " to."

<sup>2</sup> no mean part. Change from the negative to the positive form of expression.

<sup>8</sup> In no country . . . law so general a study. The history of the Revolution is full of proof of this, "The lawyers of this place," wrote the loyal lieutenant-governor of New York in 1765, "are the figure of speech?

authors and conductors of the present sedition."

<sup>4</sup> the Congress: that is, the First Colonial Congress, which met in New York City, Oct. 7, 1765.

<sup>5</sup> acute. inquisitive. dexterous. Define and discriminate these terms.

<sup>6</sup> mercurial. See Glossary.

<sup>7</sup> snuff . . . breeze. What is the

merely moral, but laid deep in the natural constitution of things. Three thousand miles of ocean lie between you and them. No contrivance can prevent the effect of this distance in weakening government. Seas roll, and months pass,1 between the order and the execution; and the want of a speedy explanation of a single point is enough to defeat a whole system.

You have, indeed, winged ministers<sup>2</sup> of vengeance, who carry your bolts in their pounces 8 to the remotest verge of the sea. But there a power steps in, that limits the arrogance of raging passions and furious elements, and says, "So far shalt thou go, and no farther."4 Who are you, that you should fret and rage, and bite the chains of Nature? Nothing worse happens to you than does to all nations who have extensive empire; and it happens in all the forms into which empire can be thrown.

In large bodies, the circulation of power must be less vigorous at the extremities. Nature has said it. The Turk can not govern Egypt, and Arabia, and Curdistan as he governs Thrace; nor has he the same dominion in Crimea and Algiers which he has at Brusa and Smyrna. Despotism itself is obliged to truck and huckster.<sup>5</sup> The sultan gets such obedience as he can. He governs with a loose rein, that he may govern at all; and the

Note the vividness of the expression.

ships of England.

<sup>8</sup> bolts in their pounces. In allusion to the thunderbolts figured | plain.

<sup>1</sup> Seas roll, and months pass. | in the talons ("pounces") of the eagle, the bird of Jove.

<sup>4</sup> So far, etc. Whence is the winged ministers. The war- quotation drawn? Is it entirely correct in form?

<sup>5</sup> truck and huckster.

whole of the force and vigor of his authority in his center is derived from a prudent relaxation in all his borders. Spain in her provinces is, perhaps, not so well obeyed as you are in yours. She complies too; she submits; she watches times. This is the immutable condition, the eternal law, of extensive and detached empire.

Then, sir, from these six capital sources—of descent; of form of government; of religion in the northern provinces; of manners in the southern; of education; of the remoteness of situation from the first mover of government,—from all these causes, a fierce spirit of liberty has grown up. It has grown with the growth of the people in your Colonies, and increased with the increase of their wealth,—a spirit that, unhappily meeting with an exercise of power in England which, however lawful, is not reconcilable to any ideas of liberty, much less with theirs, has kindled this flame that is ready to consume us.<sup>2</sup>

#### 3. - HOW TO RETAIN THE COLONIES.

[The following forms the peroration of the Speech on Conciliation.]

My hold of the Colonies is in the close affection which grows from common names, from kindred blood, from similar privileges, and equal protection.<sup>3</sup> These

<sup>1</sup> of religion...southern. The passages covering these topics have been omitted in these extracts.

Change this rhetorical expression into plain terms.

common names...protection.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> kindled . . . consume us. Note the climax.

are ties which, though light as air, are as strong as links of iron. Let the Colonies always keep the idea of their civil rights associated with your government,—they will cling and grapple to you, and no force under heaven will be of power to tear them from their allegiance. But let it be once understood that your government may be one thing and their privileges another, that these two things may exist without any mutual relation,—the cement is gone, the cohesion is loosened, and every thing hastens to decay and dissolution.

As long as you have the wisdom to keep the sovereign authority of this country as the sanctuary of liberty, the sacred temple consecrated to our common faith, wherever the chosen race and sons of England worship freedom, they will turn their faces towards you.<sup>3</sup> The more they multiply, the more friends you will have; the more ardently they love liberty, the more perfect will be their obedience.<sup>4</sup>

Slavery they can have anywhere. It is a weed <sup>5</sup> that grows in every soil. They may have it from Spain; they may have it from Prussia. But, until you become lost to all feeling of your true interest and your natural dignity, freedom they can have from none but you. This is the commodity of price, of which you have

<sup>1</sup> light as air . . . as links of iron. What is the figure of speech? "Light as air" is a phrase from Othello.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> cling and grapple to you. "grapple to you" is a phrase from Hamlet.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>8</sup> As long . . . towards you. What kind of sentence, rhetorically?

<sup>4</sup> The more . . . obedience. A fine instance of a balanced sentence.
5 a weed. What is the figure of speech?

the monopoly. This is the true Act of Navigation,1 which binds to you the commerce of the colonies, and through them secures to you the wealth of the world.

Deny them this participation of freedom, and you break that sole bond which originally made, and must still preserve, the unity of the empire. Do not entertain so weak an imagination as that your registers and your bonds, your affidavits and your sufferances,2 your cockets<sup>2</sup> and your clearances,<sup>4</sup> are what form the great securities of your commerce. Do not dream that your letters of office, and your instructions, and your suspending clauses, are the things that hold together the great contexture of this mysterious whole. things do not make your government. Dead instruments, passive tools as they are, it is the spirit of the English communion that gives all their life and efficacy to them. It is the spirit of the English Constitution, which, infused through the mighty mass, pervades, feeds, unites, invigorates, vivifies,5 every part of the empire, even down to the minutest member.

Is it not the same virtue which does every thing for us here in England? Do you imagine, then, that it is

you have learnt of this law, in your study of United States history.

<sup>2</sup> registers . . . sufferances. Alluding to the official routine of the custom-house.

<sup>8</sup> A cocket is a custom-house thorized to sail. certificate, granted to merchants, showing that goods have been of speech?

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Act of Navigation. Recall what | duly entered, and that the duties on them have been paid.

<sup>4</sup> A clearance is an official paper certifying that a ship has cleared at the custom-house, that is, done all that is required of it, and so is au-

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> pervades... vivifies. Figure

the Land-tax Act 1 which raises your revenue? that it is the annual vote in the Committee of Supply which gives you your army? or that it is the Mutiny Bill which inspires it with bravery and discipline? No! surely, no! It is the love of the people; it is their attachment to their government, from the sense of the deep stake they have in such a glorious institution, which gives you your army and your navy, and infuses into both that liberal obedience without which your army would be a base rabble and your navy nothing but rotten timber.

All this, I know well enough, will sound wild and chimerical<sup>2</sup> to the profane herd of those vulgar and mechanical politicians who have no place among us; a sort of people who think that nothing exists but what is gross and material; and who, therefore, far from being qualified to be directors of the great movement of empire, are not fit to turn a wheel in the machine. But to men truly initiated and rightly taught, these ruling and master principles, which, in the opinion of such men as I have mentioned, have no substantial existence, are in truth every thing, and all in all. Magnanimity in politics is not seldom the truest wisdom; and a great empire and little minds<sup>3</sup> go ill together.

If we are 4 conscious of our situation, and glow with

<sup>1</sup> Land-tax. This tax was formerly a much more important item in the British revenue than now: it used to contribute more than a third of the whole, now only about one sixty-fourth.

2 chin
8 a g
minds.
speech?
4 If w

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> chimerical. See Webster.

<sup>8</sup> a great empire and little

minds. What is the figure of speech?

<sup>4</sup> If we are, etc. What kind of sentence?

zeal to fill our place as becomes our station and ourselves, we ought to auspicate 1 all our public proceedings on America with the old warning of the Church,
Sursum corda! 2 We ought to elevate our minds to
the greatness of that trust to which the order of Providence has called us. By adverting to the dignity of
this high calling, our ancestors have turned a savage
wilderness into a glorious empire, and have made the
most extensive and the only honorable conquests, not
by destroying, but by promoting the wealth, the number, the happiness of the human race. Let us get an
American revenue as we have got an American empire.
English privileges have made it all that it is: English
privileges alone will make it all it can be.

# 2.-TREATMENT OF THE KING AND QUEEN OF FRANCE.

[The following is an extract from Burke's Reflections on the Revolution in France (published in 1790), to which reference has been made in the Introduction. Its purpose is to contrast the license of the revolutionary spirit, as shown in the treatment of the king and royal family of France, with the spirit of old European manners and opinions.]

HISTORY will record<sup>3</sup> that, on the morning of the 6th of October, 1789, the king and queen of France,

ian mob to Versailles, and the compulsory "Joyous Entry" of the king and royal family, see Swinton's Outlines of History, pp. 409-418. Carlyle's marvelous account of the journey from Versailles to Paris. See the History of the French Revolution, Book VII., Chap. XI.

<sup>1</sup> auspicate. See Webster.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Sursum corda! These words are from the old Latin Communion-Office of the Church. The English of them is, "Lift up your hearts."

<sup>\*</sup> History will record, etc. For some preceding the march of the Paris-tion, Book VII., Chap. XI.

after a day of confusion, alarm, dismay, and slaughter, lay down, under the pledged security of public faith, to indulge nature in a few hours of respite, and troubled, melancholy repose. From this sleep the queen was first startled by the voice of the sentinel at her door,1 who cried out to her to save herself by flight; that this was the last proof of fidelity he could give; that they were upon him, and he was dead. Instantly he was cut down. A band of cruel ruffians and assassins, reeking with his blood, rushed into the chamber of the queen, and pierced with a hundred strokes of bayonets and poniards the bed,2 from whence this persecuted woman had but just time to fly almost naked, and, through ways unknown to the murderers, had escaped to seek refuge at the feet of a king and husband not secure of his own life for a moment.

This king, to say no more of him, and this queen, and their infant children (who once would have been the pride and hope of a great and generous people), were then forced to abandon the sanctuary3 of the most

<sup>1</sup> sentinel at her door, etc. M. has nevertheless crawled hither: de Miomandre. "Lo, another voice shouts far through the outermost | France." - CARLYLE. door, 'Save the queen!' and the door is shut. It is brave Miomandre's voice that shouts this second warning. He has stormed across imminent death to do it: fronts imminent death, having qualifications. He was too near done it. . . . But did brave Miomandre perish then, at the queen's months of their occurrence) to outer door? No, he was fractured, know the exact truth. slashed, lacerated, left for dead: he

and shall live, honored of loyal

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> pierced . . . the bed. This has been denied; it is impossible to say whether it is true. Once for all it should be observed, that Burke's narrative must be taken with many the events (he wrote within a few

<sup>8</sup> sanctuary. See Glossary.

splendid palace in the world, which they left swimming in blood, polluted by massacre, and strewed with scattered limbs and mutilated carcasses. Thence they were conducted into the capital of their kingdom.<sup>1</sup>

Two had been selected 2 from the unprovoked, unresisted, promiscuous slaughter which was made of the gentlemen of birth and family who composed the king's body-guard. These two gentlemen, with all the parade of an execution of justice, were cruelly and publicly dragged to the block, and beheaded in the great court of the palace. Their heads were stuck upon spears, and led the procession; whilst the royal captives who followed in the train were slowly moved along, amidst the horrid yells, and shrilling 3 screams, and frantic dances, and infamous contumelies, and all the unutterable abominations of the furies of hell, in the abused shape of the vilest of women. After they had been made to taste, drop by drop, more than the bitterness of death, in the slow torture of a journey of twelve miles protracted to six hours, they were, under a guard composed of those very soldiers who had thus conducted them through this famous triumph, lodged in one of the old palaces 4 of Paris, now converted into a Bastile for kings.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> capital of their kingdom. Remember that the royal residence was at Versailles, twelve miles from Tuiler

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Two had been selected. M. de Huttes and M. Varicourt, two of the guards.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>8</sup> shrilling. Give the modern form.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>4</sup> one of the old palaces. The Tuileries, where Louis XVI. was whilst Burke was writing,—for the king had not then been executed.

<sup>5</sup> Bastile for kings. Explain.

Although this work of our new light and knowledge<sup>1</sup> did not go to the length that in all probability it was intended to be carried, yet I must think that such treatment of any human creatures must be shocking to any but those who are made for accomplishing revo-But I can not stop here. Influenced by the inborn feelings of my nature, and not being illuminated by a single ray of this new-sprung modern light, I confess to you, sir, that the exalted rank of the persons suffering, and particularly the sex, the beauty, and the amiable qualities of the descendant2 of so many kings and emperors, with the tender age of royal infants, insensible only through infancy and innocence of the cruel outrages to which their parents were exposed, instead of being a subject of exultation, adds not a little to my sensibility on that most melancholy occasion.

I hear that the august person, who was the principal object of our preacher's triumph,<sup>3</sup> though he supported himself, felt much on that shameful occasion. As a man, it became him to feel for his wife and his children, and the faithful guards of his person that were massacred in cold blood about him: as a prince, it became him to feel for the strange and frightful transformation of his civilized subjects, and to be more grieved for them than solicitous for himself. It dero-

<sup>1</sup> new light and knowledge. Ironical. Point out another use of irony in this paragraph.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> the descendant, etc. The queen, Marie Antoinette.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>8</sup> of our preacher's triumph. The reference is to Dr. Price, who had lately published a sermon glorifying the doings of the French revolutionists.

gates 1 little from his fortitude, while it adds infinitely to the honor of his humanity. I am very sorry to say it, very sorry indeed, that such personages are in a situation in which it is not unbecoming in us to praise the virtues of the great.

I hear,<sup>2</sup> and I rejoice to hear, that the great lady, the other object of the triumph, has borne that day (one is interested that beings made for suffering should suffer well), and that she bears all the succeeding days, that she bears the imprisonment of her husband, and her own captivity, and the exile of her friends, and the insulting adulation of addresses, and the whole weight of her accumulated wrongs, with a serene patience, in a manner suited to her rank and race, and becoming the offspring of a sovereign <sup>3</sup> distinguished for her piety and her courage; that like her she has lofty sentiments; that she feels with the dignity of a Roman matron; that in the last extremity <sup>4</sup> she will save herself from the last disgrace, and that, if she must fall, she will fall by no ignoble <sup>5</sup> hand. — It is now <sup>6</sup> sixteen or

<sup>1</sup> derogates. Give a synonym.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> I hear, etc. What kind of sentence (grammatically) is this paragraph? Is it a period or a loose sentence?

<sup>8</sup> offspring of a sovereign, etc. Marie Antoinette was the daughter of Maria Theresa, the heroic Empress of Austria.

<sup>4</sup> in the last extremity, etc. Alluding to the queen's carrying poison about with her.

<sup>5</sup> ignoble. What is the prefix?

of Marie Antoinette is one of the most gorgeous pages in English literature. Robert Hall, the distinguished Baptist minister, a man of great eloquence and power, but utterly opposed to Burke's opinions, gave it as his judgment, that "those who could read without rapture what Burke had written of the unhappy queen of France, might have merits as reasoners, but ought at once to resign all pre-

seventeen years since I saw the queen of France, then the dauphiness,1 at Versailles; and surely never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision. I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she just began to move in, - glittering like the morning star full of life and splender and joy.

Oh! what a revolution! and what a heart must I have to contemplate without emotion that elevation and that fall! Little did I dream, when she added titles of veneration to that enthusiastic, distant, respectful love, that she should ever be obliged to carry the sharp antidote 2 against disgrace concealed in that bosom; little did I dream that I should have lived to see such disasters fallen upon her in a nation of gallant men, in a nation of men of honor and of cavaliers.8 I thought ten thousand swords must have leaped from their scabbards to avenge even a look that threatened her with insult. But the age of chivalry is gone. That of sophisters,4 economists, and calculators has succeeded; and the glory of Europe is extinguished for ever.

Never, never more shall we behold that generous

tensions to be considered men of | my paper. These tears came again taste." Burke himself wrote of it to a friend: "The recollection of | the manner in which I saw the queen of France in the year 1774, and the contrast between that brilliancy, splendor, and beauty, with the prostrate homage of a nation to her, and the abominable scene of 1789, which I was describing, drew tears from me, and wetted

into my eyes, almost as often as I looked at the description; they may again."

- 1 dauphiness, wife of the dauphin, the title of the heir apparent of France under the old monarchy.
- 2 sharp antidote. See note on page 214.
- 8 cavaliers. See Glossary.
- 4 sophisters = sophists.

loyalty to rank and sex, that proud submission, that dignified obedience, that subordination of the heart, which kept alive, even in servitude itself, the spirit of an exalted freedom. The unbought grace of life, the cheap defense of nations, the nurse of manly sentiment and heroic enterprise, is gone! It is gone, that sensibility of principle, that chastity of honor, which felt a stain like a wound, which inspired courage whilst it mitigated ferocity, which ennobled whatever it touched, and under which vice itself lost half its evil by losing all its grossness.

This mixed system 1 of opinion and sentiment had its origin in the ancient chivalry; and the principle, though varied in its appearance by the varying state of human affairs, subsisted and influenced through a long succession of generations, even to the time we live in. If it should ever be totally extinguished, the loss, I fear, will be great.<sup>2</sup> It is this which has given its character to modern Europe.8 It is this which has distinguished it under all its forms of government, and distinguished it to its advantage, from the states of Asia, and possibly from those states which flourished in the most brilliant periods of the antique world. was this which, without confounding ranks, had produced a noble equality, and handed it down through all the gradations of social life. It was this opinion

kind of sentence, grammatically?

kind of sentence rhetorically?

chivalry. "Chivalry, uniting with | History Civil Society.

<sup>1</sup> This mixed system. What | the genius of our policy, has probably suggested those peculiarities 2 If it should . . . great. What in the law of nations by which modern states are distinguished \* It is this . . . Europe: that is, from the ancient." - FERGUSSON:

which mitigated kings into companions, and raised private men to be fellows 1 with kings. Without force or opposition, it subdued the fierceness of pride and power; it obliged sovereigns to submit to the soft collar 2 of social esteem, compelled stern authority to submit to elegance, and gave a dominating vanquisher of laws to be subdued by manners.

But now all is to be changed. All the pleasing illusions which made power gentle and obedience liberal, which harmonized the different shades of life, and which, by a bland assimilation, incorporated into politics the sentiments which beautify and soften private society, are to be dissolved by this new conquering empire of light and reason. All the decent drapery <sup>8</sup> of life is to be rudely torn off. All the superadded ideas, furnished from the wardrobe of a moral imagination, which the heart owns and the understanding ratifies, as necessary to cover the defects of our naked, shivering nature, and to raise it to dignity in our own estimation, <sup>4</sup> are to be exploded as a ridiculous, absurd, and antiquated <sup>5</sup> fashion.



<sup>1</sup> fellows, equals, associates, companions.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> submit . . . collar. Explain mous term. this metaphor. <sup>5</sup> antique

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>8</sup> drapery. See Webster.

<sup>4</sup> estimation. Give a synonymous term.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> antiquated. Explain.

## VII. - SIR WALTER SCOTT.

#### LIFE AND WORKS.

Though Scotland is famed for many good and sufficient reasons, that which more than any other single fact has given the little country its renown is that it is Scott's-land,—the native land of that "Wizard of the North," whose magic pen has made Caledonia's land-scape, history, and types of character known the world over.

Walter Scott was the first literary man of a great riding, sporting, and fighting clan. He was the descendant - six generations removed - of a certain Walter Scott famed in Border legend as auld Wat (old Walter) of Harden. Auld Wat's son William, who was a noted freebooter, was on one occasion captured while on a raid, and was given the choice between being hanged on the private gallows of his captor, Sir Gideon Murray, and marrying the ugliest of Sir Gideon's three ugly daughters, Meikle-mouthed Meg. After three days' deliberation the handsome but prudent William chose life with the large-mouthed lady, who, according to tradition, proved an excellent wife. She transmitted a distinct trace of her characteristic feature to that illustrious descendant who was to use his "meikle" mouth to such good advantage as the spokesman of his race.

Scott's father was an Edinburgh solicitor, a strict Presbyterian, and a dignified and conscientious, though, as appears, a somewhat formal, strait-laced character. The mother was a woman of tender heart, superior intelligence, and remarkably vivid memory. Scott, writing of her after her death, says: "She had a mind peculiarly well stored with much acquired information and natural talent, and as she had an excellent memory, she could draw, without the least exaggeration or affectation, the most striking pictures of the past age. If I have been able to do any thing in the way of painting the past times, it is very much from the studies with which she presented me."

The future poet and novelist was born in Edinburgh, August 15, 1771, the ninth of twelve children.

Walter is described as a "sweet-tempered bairn," with light chestnut hair, and laughing but determined eyes. A childish fever left him lame for life; still he was very agile, and had a firm seat on his pony even in galloping over very rough ground. A friend of the family, Mrs. Cockburn, described him as being, at six years of age, the most astonishing genius of a boy she ever saw. "He was reading a poem to his mother when I went in. I made him read on. It was the description of a shipwreck. His passion rose with the 'There's the mast gone!' says he; 'crash it goes! they will all perish.' After his agitation he turns to me, 'That is too melancholy,' says he; 'I had better read you something more amusing." And after the call, he told his aunt he liked Mrs. Cockburn, for "she was a virtuoso like himself."-"Dear Walter," said his aunt, "what is a virtuoso?" -- "Don't ye know? Why, it's one who wishes and will know every thing."

At school Scott's reputation was that of marked but rather irregular ability. Out of school his fame stood higher. He made up innumerable stories to which his schoolfellows delighted to listen; and, in spite of his lameness, he was always in the thick of the "bickers" or street skirmishes with the boys of the town. As he grew up he entered the classes of the college, and began his legal studies, first as apprentice to his father, and then in the law classes of the university. At this time he was noticeable to all his friends for his gigantic memory, and for the rich stores of romantic material with which it was loaded. His reading was almost all in the direction of military exploit, or romance and medieval legend, and the later Border songs of his own country. He learned Italian, and read Ariosto. Later he learned Spanish, and devoured Cervantes.

It might be supposed that with these romantic tastes, Scott could scarcely have made much of a lawyer; and his father reproached him with being better fitted for a peddler than a lawyer,—so persistently did he trudge over all the neighboring counties in search of the beauties of nature and the historic associations of battle, siege, or legend. But in spite of this adverse paternal view Scott completed his legal studies, and when twenty-one (1792) donned the wig and gown of a Scottish advocate. He was a good lawyer, and it is believed he might have become a great one, had not his destined work lain elsewhere. As it was, he continued his connection with the bar for fourteen years, till 1806. He then was made a "clerk of session,"—a permanent officer of the court at Edinburgh.

At the age of twenty-six (1797) Scott had married a young French lady, Margaret Carpenter, or Charpentier,

the daughter of a French royalist. She is described as a lively beauty, of no great depth of character. "It was," says Scott's biographer, "like a bird-of-paradise mating with an eagle. Yet the result was happy on the whole, for she had a thoroughly kindly nature and a true heart."

Ever since his earliest college days, Scott had been collecting, in his frequent excursions into the southern part of Scotland, materials for a book on *The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*. The publication of this work (1802–1803) was his first great literary success. The skill and care which he had devoted to the historical illustration of the ballads, and the force and spirit of his own new ballads written in imitation of the old, gained him at once a very high literary name.

What may be called Scott's poetical period, beginning with 1802, lasted during the twelve years between that date and the year 1814. His first great original poem was The Lay of the Last Minstrel (1805), a noble picture of wild Scottish Border life, which at once gave its author high rank as a poet. This tale was but the first of a series of picturesque romances, couched in rapid, stirring verse of eight syllables, and colored with the brightest hues of Highland and knightly life, that proceeded during the next ten years from Scott's magic pen. Of these enchanting poems we shall here name only Marmion and The Lady of the Lake.

It is generally agreed among literary critics, that *Marmion* is Scott's finest poem. It was composed in great part in the saddle, and the stir of a charge of cavalry seems to be at the very core of it. The descrip-

tion of Flodden Field contains the most vivid battlepainting in our language.

The Lady of the Lake (1810), though not reaching the poetic height of Marmion, is perhaps a more popular poem. Its scene is laid in the romantic Highlands,— Loch Katrine being the Lake. "This poem," wrote Scott, "the action of which lay among scenes so beautiful, and so deeply imprinted on my recollection, was a labor of love; and it was no less so to recall the manners and incidents introduced. The frequent custom of James IV., and particularly of James V., to walk through their kingdom in disguise, afforded me the hint of an incident which never fails to be interesting if managed with the slightest dexterity."

On his marriage Scott had sought a country home in the cottage of Lasswade, near Edinburgh. Here he lived six years, and then moved to Ashestiel on the Tweed, where he passed eight years, till 1812. His life at Ashestiel may serve as a specimen of his routine to the last, when he was in the country. Rising at five, he lit his own fire (if it was cold weather), dressed with care, and went out to see his favorite horse. At six he was seated at his desk in his shooting-jacket, or other out-of-doors garb, with a dog or two couched at his feet. There he wrote till breakfast-time, at nine or ten; and by that hour he had, in his own words, "broken the neck of the day's work." A couple of hours after breakfast were also given to the pen, and at twelve he was "his own man," - free for the day. By one he was on horseback, with his greyhounds led by his side, ready for some hours' coursing; or he was gliding in a boat over some deep pool in the Tweed, salmon-spear in hand, watching in the sunlight for a silver-scaled twenty-pounder. His literary work at Ashestiel was enormous.

Finding his fortune considerably improved by his large salary as "clerk of session," Scott in 1812 indulged himself in realizing his favorite dream of buying a "mountain farm," five miles lower down the Tweed than his cottage at Ashestiel. He began with a tract of a hundred acres: this formed the nucleus of the domain he named Abbotsford, from the fact that the land had formerly all belonged to the abbots of Melrose, - the ruins of whose beautiful abbey were visible from the property. One piece of neighboring land after another was added; a mansion was built, which has been called "a Gothic romance embodied in stone and mortar;" the bare banks of Tweed were clothed with plantations of young wood, and the fair dream of the poet's life was fast shaping itself into a grand and apparently solid reality. But this is all in anticipation of our story.

Up to the year 1814—the year before Waterloo—Scott, then forty-three years of age, was known only as a poet. And in that year he was known as a poet whose fame was somewhat on the decline. Byron had appeared, and the world turned to greet the newly risen sun. But the "Wizard of the North" had not tried his master-spell.

As early as 1805, Scott had begun a prose historical tale of Scottish life and manners; but he had given up the work, and consigned the fragments to a cabinet.

Eight years afterwards, while one day searching for some fishing-tackle, he came upon the almost-forgotten sheets. He took up the story, completed it,—almost at a single heat,—and published it anonymously in the autumn of 1814. This story was Waverley, the first of that wonderful series of prose romances known as the "Waverley Novels," and which marked an era in the history of fiction.

Waverley had at once an astonishing success, though published without the author's name. Scott continued to bring out his subsequent novels anonymously. It pleased and amused him to masquerade in the guise of the "Great Unknown." Till near the close of his career he never avowed his responsibility for any of the series, and took considerable pains to mystify the public as to their authorship.

The Waverley Novels—written between 1814 and his death in 1832—are twenty-nine in number. They are all more or less what are called *historical* novels,—a class of fiction of which Scott was the creator. Of the twenty-nine, twelve belong to the eighteenth century; six 2 to the seventeenth; three 3 to the sixteenth; three 4 to the fifteenth; one 5 to the fourteenth; and the

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Waverley, Guy Mannering, The Antiquary, Rob Roy, The Black Dwarf, The Heart of Midlothian, The Bride of Lammermoor, St. Ronan's Well, Redgauntlet, The Highland Widow, The Two Drovers, and The Surgeon's Daughter.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Old Mortality, The Legend of Montrose, The Pirate, Woodstock, The Fortunes of Nigel, and Peveril of the Peak.

<sup>8</sup> The Monastery, The Abbot, and Kenilworth.

<sup>4</sup> Quentin Durward, The Fair Maid of Perth, and Anne of Geierstein.

<sup>5</sup> Castle Dangerous.

remaining four 1 to other centuries as far back as the end of the eleventh.

Of the merits of the long series of Waverley Novels there is no room here to speak; but in a general way we may surely say that they are the most absorbing in interest, the most dramatic in characterization, the most flowing in style, the most healthful in tone, the most correct in historical coloring, of any romances that the world has ever seen.

Scott was eminently a painter in words. The picturesque was his forte. Witness the magnificent descriptions of natural scenery, - sunsets, stormy sea, deep woodland glades, - with which many of his chapters open. But his portraitures surpass his landscapes. For variety and true painting of character he was un-\_ doubtedly the Shakespeare of our English prose. What a crowd of names, "familiar as household words," come rushing on the mind, as we think of the gallery of portraits his magical pencil has left for our endless delight and study! There is scarcely a class of old Scottish life without its type in this collection. Dominie Sampson, Nicol Jarvie, Jeanie Deans, Edie Ochiltree, Jonathan Oldbuck, Meg Dods, Dandie Dinmont, Dugald Dalgetty, - their descendants (typical, of course) may still be found by the banks of Clyde and Tweed.

The eighteen years of Scott's life between Waverley (1814) and his death (1832) divides itself into two periods. During the first he was joyfully pouring out the treasures of his imagination to a public that held out

<sup>1</sup> Ivanhoe, The Betrothed, The Tulisman, and Count Robert of Paris.

both hands to receive them, and gave him in return wealth such as no author had ever dreamed of possessing. He was beloved; he was happy; and, lord of the enchanted castle of Abbotsford, he did the honors for all Scotland. In 1820 he touched what he deemed his highest point of honor,—he was made a baronet by King George IV., and plain Mr. Scott became Sir Walter.

But even then the clouds were gathering. several years Scott had been secretly a partner in an Edinburgh printing and publishing house. As his brain seemed to be an exhaustless gold-mine, he launched (especially after the date of his baronetcy) into lavish expenditures on Abbotsford, and for other purposes. Unhappily, much of this money was spent before it was earned; and the ruinous system of receiving notes from his publishers as payment for undone work, when once entered upon, grew into a wild and destructive habit. Author and publishers, alike intoxicated by success, became too giddy to look far into the future. At last, in 1825, came a panic that carried down his publisher, and also the Ballantyne printing firm in which he was partner. Scott's splendid fortune, all built of paper now utterly worthless, crumpled up like a torn balloon; and the author of the Waverley Novels stood, at fifty-five years of age, not penniless alone, but burdened, as a partner in the Ballantyne concern, with the enormous debt of over three-quarters of a million of dollars!

Nobly refusing to permit the creditors of the firm to which he belonged to suffer any loss that he could help, he devoted his life and his pen to the herculean task of removing this mountain of debt. Thus opens the last, the shortest, and the saddest of the periods into which we have marked out this great life.

Already his bodily health had been heavily shaken by severe illness. The first symptoms of apoplexy had appeared in 1823, but the valiant soul was never shaken by the failing of the once sturdy frame. Amid the gloom of his financial distress, under the deeper sorrow of his wife's death,—which befell him in the same year,—the "old struggler," as he called himself, toiled bravely on. He wrote more novels; he wrote his elaborate Life of Napoleon (seven volumes); he wrote various series of Tales of a Grandfather. These were all exceedingly profitable. In five years he had cleared off more than half the indebtedness. He would soon have redeemed all the obligations of Ballantyne & Co., had his health lasted. As it was, all the obligations were redeemed after his death by his copyrights.

But the end was nigh. There came a day — Feb. 15, 1830 — when he fell speechless in his drawing-room under a stroke of paralysis. From that time he never was the same man, and "a cloudiness" in his words and arrangement shows that the shock had told upon the mind. Fits of apoplexy and paralysis occurred at intervals during that and the following year; and, as a last hope, the worn-out workman sailed in the autumn of 1831 for Malta and Italy. He lived at Naples and at Rome for about six months; but on his way home down the Rhine the relentless malady struck him a mortal blow. His earnest wish was to die at Abbots-

ford, the loved place that had cost him so dear; and there he soon found himself, with his grandchildren and his dogs playing round the chair he could not leave.

Perhaps the saddest scene of all this sad time was the last effort of the veteran to return to his old occupation. On the 17th of July, awaking from sleep, he desired his writing-materials to be prepared. When the chair, in which he lay propped up with pillows, was moved into his study and placed before the desk, his daughter put a pen into his hand; but, alas! there was no power in the fingers to close on the familiar thing. It dropped upon the paper, and the helpless old man sank back to weep in silence.

Little more than two months later (Sept. 21, 1832), this great man died, as he had wished to die, at Abbotsford, with all his children round his bed; and, on the fifth day after, his body was laid beside the dust of his wife in Dryburgh Abbey.

Numerous published likenesses have made Sir Walter's countenance familiar. The long upper lip and large mouth he derived from his ancestress Meg Murray. His forehead was high and almost conical, his complexion was fair, and his hair, which was light chestnut in youth, whitened after his troubles. His eyes were always light blue, and were surmounted by bushy, "pent-house" eyebrows. The expression of his countenance was somewhat heavy, but in conversation it lightened up with great animation. In person he was tall and vigorous.

A true lover of nature, he told our Washington

Irving that he should die if he did not see the heather once a year. He loved outdoor life, and was a famous sportsman and rider. His affection for dogs and horses, indeed, for all dumb animals, was exceedingly strong; and he had a peculiar tenderness for sheep, arising, he thought, from his having often been laid beside them when a child, by a shepherd who had him in charge.

He had strong political prejudices, having been an inveterate Tory and Conservative all his life. Yet he had a kindly leaning to smugglers and poachers and "ne'er-do-weels" generally. He had a large-hearted and open-handed charity, and was never happier than when helping others. If the spiritual side of his nature was not greatly developed, it may have been because those experiences that try the soul did not come till late in life. Of the purely natural man, he was as noble an example as the world has seen.

The tree of romance that Scott planted has borne wondrous and varied fruitage. The two generations that have gone by since he died have seen the novel take on many forms. Bulwer, Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot,—these are names not only of individuals, but of schools. In our own day, taste runs strongly to the fiction of analysis,—to the vivisection of character, rather than the portrayal of incident. It is thought elever to write a novel with no story at all. This is probably a temporary fashion. Romantic art is eternal, because it appeals to an indestructible natural appetite. And Walter Scott is, and will remain, king of the romantics.

## 1.- A PICTURE OF ANGLO-NORMAN DAYS.

[The following admirable piece of historico-descriptive writing forms the opening chapter of Scott's romance of Ivanhoe.]

### FIRST READING.

In that pleasant 1 district of merry England which is watered by the river Don, there extended in ancient times a large forest, covering the greater part of the beautiful hills and valleys which lie between Sheffield and the pleasant<sup>2</sup> town of Doncaster.<sup>8</sup> The remains of this extensive wood are still to be seen at the noble seats of Wentworth, of Wharncliffe Park, and around Rotherham. Here haunted of yore the fabulous Dragon of Wantley; 4 here were fought many of the most desperate battles during the Civil War of the Roses; 5 and here also flourished in ancient times those bands of gallant outlaws, whose deeds have been rendered so popular in English song.6

Such being our chief scene, the date of our story refers to a period towards the end of the reign of Rich-

<sup>1</sup> In that pleasant, etc. What | kind of sentence, rhetorically?

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> pleasant. Improve the sentence by substituting a synonym.

<sup>8</sup> Doncaster. Locate this town.

<sup>4</sup> Dragon of Wantley, a monster that figures in English folk-lore.

War of the Roses. A disastrous civil contest which desolated England during the thirty years from 1455 to 1485: so called because the lad of Robin Hood.

two factions into which the country was divided upheld the two several claims to the throne put forth by the house (family) of York and the house of Lancaster, whose badges were the white and the red rose respectively. The accession of Henry VII. (1456-1509) may be said to have terminated this civil war.

<sup>6</sup> outlaws . . . song. As the bal-

ard the First,<sup>1</sup> when his return from his long captivity had become an event rather wished than hoped for by his despairing subjects, who were in the mean time subjected to every species of subordinate oppression.

The nobles, whose power had become exorbitant<sup>2</sup> during the reign of Stephen, and whom the prudence of Henry the Second<sup>3</sup> had scarcely reduced into some degree of subjection to the Crown, had now resumed their ancient license in its utmost extent; despising the feeble interference of the English Council of State, fortifying their castles, increasing the number of their dependents, reducing all around them to a state of vassalage,<sup>4</sup> and striving by every means in their power to place themselves each at the head of such forces as might enable him to make a figure<sup>5</sup> in the national convulsions which appeared to be impending.

The situation of the inferior gentry, or franklins<sup>6</sup> as they were called, who, by the law and spirit of the English constitution, were entitled to hold themselves independent of feudal<sup>7</sup> tyranny, became now unusually precarious. If, as was most generally the case, they placed themselves under the protection of any of the petty kings in their vicinity, accepted of feudal offices in his household, or bound themselves, by mutual trea-

<sup>1</sup> Richard the First, king of England during the latter part of the twelfth century. He took part in the third Crusade, on his return from which he was held prisoner by the Archduke of Austria for about two years.

<sup>2</sup> exorbitant, excessive.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>8</sup> Henry the Second, king of England from 1154 to 1189.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>4</sup> vassalage. See Webster.
<sup>5</sup> make a figure. Explain.

<sup>6</sup> franklin (connected with frank = free), a small landholder in old English times.

<sup>7</sup> feudal. See Webster.

ties of alliance and protection, to support him in his enterprises, they might, indeed, purchase temporary repose; 1 but it must be with the sacrifice of that independence which was so dear to every English bosom, and at the certain hazard 2 of being involved as a party in whatever rash expedition the ambition of their protector might lead him to undertake.

On the other hand, such and so multiplied were the means of vexation and oppression possessed by the great barons,<sup>3</sup> that they never wanted the pretext,<sup>4</sup> and seldom the will, to harass and pursue, even to the very edge of destruction, any of their less powerful neighbors, who attempted to separate themselves from their authority, and to trust for their protection, during the dangers of the times, to their own inoffensive <sup>5</sup> conduct, and to the laws of the land.

A circumstance which greatly tended to enhance the tyranny of the nobility, and the sufferings of the inferior classes, arose from the consequences of the Norman conquest by Duke William of Normandy.<sup>6</sup> Four generations had not sufficed to blend the hostile blood of the Normans and Anglo-Saxons, or to unite, by common language and mutual interests, two hostile races, one of which still felt the elation <sup>7</sup> of triumph,

<sup>1</sup> temporary repose. Explain.

<sup>2</sup> hazard. Give a synonym.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>8</sup> barons. Equivalent to nobles, used in a previous paragraph.

<sup>4</sup> pretext. See Glossary.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> inoffensive. What is the force of the prefix in? Give other examples of in in composition.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>6</sup> Duke William of Normandy. This prince invaded and conquered England in 1066, and made the Anglo-Saxon inhabitants subject to the Normans, whom he brought over in large numbers.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>7</sup> elation (literally uplifting), pride.

while the other groaned under all the consequences of defeat. The power had been completely placed in the hands of the Norman nobility, by the event of the battle of Hastings; and it had been used, as our histories assure us, with no moderate hand.

The whole race of Saxon princes and nobles had been extirpated 2 or disinherited, with few or no exceptions; nor were the numbers great who possessed land in the country of their fathers, even as proprietors of the second or of yet inferior classes. The royal policy had long been to weaken, by every means, legal or illegal,8 the strength of a part of the population which was justly considered as nourishing the most inveterate antipathy 4 to their victor. All the monarchs of the Norman race had shown the most marked predilection<sup>5</sup> for their Norman subjects; the laws of the chase,6 and many others equally unknown to the milder and more free spirit of the Saxon constitution, had been fixed upon the necks 7 of the subjugated 8 inhabitants, to add weight as it were, to the feudal chains with which they were loaded.

At court, and in the castles of the great nobles, where the pomp and state of a court was emulated,9 Norman-

<sup>1</sup> event. result.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> extirpated. Explain.

<sup>8</sup> illegal = not legal. The prefix | Conquest.

il is a form of in, meaning not.

<sup>4</sup> antipathy. Give a synonym. 5 predilection, regard, favorit-

<sup>6</sup> laws of the chase. An ad- jective continues the figure. mirable account of these laws, and pemulated, rivaled, imitated.

of this whole period, will be found in Freeman's History of the Norman

<sup>7</sup> dixed upon the necks. Substitute a literal for this figurative expression.

<sup>8</sup> subjugated. Note how the ad-

French<sup>1</sup> was the only language employed. In courts of law, the pleadings and judgments were delivered in the same tongue. In short, French was the language of honor, of chivalry, and even of justice, while the far more manly and expressive Anglo-Saxon was abandoned to the use of rustics and hinds, who knew no other.

Still, however, the necessary intercourse between the lords of the soil 2 and those oppressed inferior beings 3 by whom that soil was cultivated, occasioned the gradual formation of a dialect, compounded betwixt the French and the Anglo-Saxon, in which they could render themselves mutually intelligible to each other; 4 and from this necessity arose by degrees the structure of our present English language, in which the speech of the victors and the vanquished have been so happily blended together, and which has since been so richly improved by importations from the classical languages, and from those spoken by the southern nations of Europe.

This state of things I have thought it necessary to premise<sup>5</sup> for the information of the general reader, who might be apt<sup>6</sup> to forget, that, although no great historical events, such as war or insurrection, mark the

<sup>1</sup> Norman-French: the language brought into England by the followers of William the Conqueror. It was called Norman-French because a tribe of the Scandinavian—called the Norman (or Northman)—race conquered and settled in Normandy.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> lords of the soil. The Norman

<sup>8</sup> inferior beings. The conquered Anglo-Saxons.

<sup>4</sup> mutually . . . other. Point out a redundant expression.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> premise. See Glossary.

<sup>6</sup> apt. Better liable.

existence of the Anglo-Saxons as a separate people subsequent to the reign of William the Second; yet the great national distinctions betwixt them and their conquerors, the recollection of what they had formerly been, and to what they were now reduced, continued down to the reign of Edward the Third, to keep open the wounds which the Conquest had inflicted, and to maintain a line of separation betwixt the descendants of the victor 1 Normans and the vanquished 2 Saxons.

#### SECOND READING.

THE sun was setting upon one of the rich glassy glades <sup>3</sup> of that forest which we have mentioned in the beginning of the chapter. Hundreds of broad-headed, short-stemmed, wide-branched oaks, which had witnessed perhaps the stately march of the Roman soldiery, <sup>4</sup> flung their gnarled arms over a thick carpet of the most delicious greensward; in some places they were intermingled with beeches, hollies, and copsewood of various descriptions, so closely as totally to intercept the level beams of the sinking sun; in others, they receded from each other, forming those long sweeping vistas, <sup>5</sup> in the intricacy of which the eye delights to lose itself, while imagination considers them as the paths to yet wilder scenes of sylvan solitude. <sup>6</sup>

<sup>1</sup> victor. See Glossary.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> vanquished: from the same root as victor.

<sup>8</sup> glassy glades. Note the alliteration; define "glades."

<sup>4</sup> march of . . . soldiery. When eas this?

<sup>5</sup> vista. See Glossary.

<sup>6</sup> imagination...solitude. Observe the personification.

Here the red rays of the sun shot a broken and discolored light, that partially hung upon the shattered boughs and mossy trunks of the trees, and there they illuminated in brilliant patches the portions of turf to which they made their way. A considerable open space, in the midst of this glade, seemed formerly to have been dedicated to the rites of Druidical superstition; 1 for on the summit of a hillock, so regular as to seem artificial, there still remained part of a circle of rough unhewn<sup>2</sup> stones, of large dimensions. Seven stood upright; the rest had been dislodged from their places, probably by the zeal of some convert to Christianity, and lay, some prostrate near their former site, and others on the side of the hill. One large stone only had found its way to the bottom, and in stopping the course of a small brook, which glided smoothly round the foot of the eminence, gave, by its opposition, a feeble voice of murmur to the placid and elsewhere silent streamlet.

The human figures which completed this landscape were in number two, partaking, in their dress and appearance, of that wild and rustic character which belonged to the woodlands of the West-Riding of Yorkshire at the early period. The eldest of these men had a stern, savage, and wild aspect. His garment was of the simplest form imaginable, being a close jacket with

<sup>1</sup> Druidical superstition: that is, the superstition of the Druids, respecting which the pupil will find many interesting details in Thorpe's History of the Anglo-Saxons.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> unhewn. What is the force of the prefix?

<sup>8</sup> completed, filled out the picture.

<sup>\*</sup> stern... wild. Is there any redundancy here?

sleeves, composed of the tanned skin of some animal, on which the hair had been originally left, but which had been worn off in so many places that it would have been difficult to distinguish, from the patches that remained, to what creature the fur had belonged.

This primeval 1 vestment reached from the throat to the knees, and served at once all the usual purposes of body-clothing; there was no wider opening at the collar than was necessary to admit the passage of the head, from which it may be inferred that it was put on by slipping it over the head and shoulders, in the manner of a modern shirt, or ancient hauberk.2 Sandals, bound with thongs made of boar's hide, protected the feet; and a roll of thin leather was twined artificially around the legs, and, ascending above the calf, left the knees bare like those of a Scottish Highlander. make the jacket sit yet more close to the body, it was gathered at the middle by a broad leathern belt, secured by a brass buckle; to one side of which was attached a sort of scrip,3 and to the other a ram's horn, accoutered4 with a mouthpiece, for the purpose of blowing.

In the same belt was stuck one of those long, broad, sharp-pointed, and two-edged knives, with a buck's-horn handle, which were fabricated in the neighborhood, and bore, even at this early period, the name of a Sheffield whittle.<sup>9</sup> The man had no covering <sup>6</sup> upon

<sup>1</sup> primeval, primitive, rude.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> hauherk, a shirt of mail formed of small steel rings interwoven.

<sup>8</sup> scrip, a small bag or wallet.

<sup>4</sup> accoutered. Is this a common meaning of the term?

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> E Sheffield whittle. For what branch of manufacture is Sheffield, England, noted? For etymology of "whittle," see Webster.

<sup>6</sup> covering. Give the principal parts of this yerb.

his head, which was only defended by his own thick hair, matted and twisted together, and scorched by the influence of the sun into a rusty dark-red color, forming a contrast with the overgrown beard upon his cheeks, which was rather of a yellow or amber hue.

One part of his dress only remains, but it is too remarkable to be suppressed. It was a brass ring, resembling a dog's collar, but without any opening, and soldered fast round his neck, so loose as to form no impediment to his breathing, yet so tight as to be incapable of being removed excepting by the use of the file. On this singular gorget \*was engraved, in Saxon characters, an inscription of the following purport: "Gurth, the son of Beowulph, is the born thrall of Cedric of Rotherwood."

Beside the swineherd, for such was Gurth's occupation, was seated, upon one of the fallen Druidical monuments,<sup>4</sup> a person about ten years younger in appearance, and whose dress, though resembling his companion's in form, was of better materials, and of a more fantastic appearance. His jacket had been stained of a bright purple hue, upon which there had been some attempt to paint grotesque<sup>5</sup> ornaments in different colors. To the jacket he added a short cloak, which scarcely reached half-way down his thigh; it was of crimson <sup>6</sup> cloth, though a good deal soiled, lined

<sup>1</sup> suppressed. Give a synonym.

<sup>2</sup> gorget (from French gorge, the throat), a piece of armor for defending the throat or neck.

<sup>\*</sup> thrall, a slave, a bondman.

<sup>4</sup> Druidical monuments, stone pillars set up by the Druids, the priests of the ancient Britons.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> grotesque. See Glossary.

<sup>6</sup> crimson. See Glossary.

with bright yellow; and as he could transfer it from one shoulder to the other, or at his pleasure draw it all around him, its width, contrasted with its want of longitude, formed a fantastic piece of drapery. had thin silver bracelets upon his arms, and on his neck a collar of the same metal, bearing the inscription: "Wamba, the son of Witless, is the thrall of Cedric of Rotherwood."

This personage had the same sort of sandals with<sup>2</sup> his companion; but instead of the roll of leather thong, his legs were cased in a sort of gaiters, of which one was red and the other yellow. He was provided also with a cap, having around it more than one bell, about the size of those attached to hawks, which jingled as he turned his head to one side or other; and as he seldom remained a minute in the same posture, the sound might be considered as incessant. Around the edge of this cap was a stiff bandeau 8 of leather, cut at the top into open-work, resembling a coronet,4 while a prolonged bag arose from within it, and fell down on one shoulder like on old-fashioned night-cap, or a jelly-bag, or the head-gear of a modern hussar.

It was to this part of the cap that the bells were attached; which circumstance, as well as the shape of his head-dress, and his own half-crazed, half-cunning expression of countenance, sufficiently pointed him out as belonging to the race of domestic clowns or jesters,

pler synonym.

<sup>2</sup> same . . . with. Better, same

<sup>1</sup> longitude. Substitute a sim-| 8 bandear, a narrow band or fillet.

<sup>1</sup> coronet. See Webster.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> clowns. See Glossary.

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tion, was sear monuments,4 appearance, a companion's a more famistained of a been some different columnich scar was of cri

nniversally spoken by the inferior classes, the Norman soldiers, and the immediate pendants of the great feudal nobles. But ir conversation in the original would convey information to the modern reader, for whose beg to offer the following translation.

## THIRD READING.

curse of St. Withold upon these infernal "said the swineherd, after blowing his horn perously, to collect together the scattered herd the, which, answering his call with notes equally dious, made, however, no haste to remove themfrom the luxurious banquet of beech-mast and us on which they had fattened, or to forsake the slip banks of the rivulet, where several of them, if plunged in mud, lay stretched at their ease, altother regardless of the voice of their keeper.

"The curse of St. Withold upon them and upon e!" said Gurth. "If the two-legged wolf snap not up some of them ere nightfall, I am no true man.—Here, Fangs! Fangs!" he ejaculated at the top of his voice to a ragged, wolfish-looking dog, a sort of lurcher, half mastiff, half greyhound, which ran limping about

<sup>1</sup> St. Withold, an Anglo-Saxon

<sup>\*</sup>perously. Note the apof the adverb.

r melodious. Note the

<sup>4</sup> beech-mast, the fruit, or nuts, of the beech.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> lurcher, a dog that lies in wait for game.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>6</sup> mastiff. See Webster for the etymology of this word.

as if with the purpose of seconding his master in collecting the refractory grunters; but which, in fact, from misapprehension of the swineherd's signals, ignorance of his own duty, or malice prepense, only drove them hither and thither, and increased the evil which he seemed to design to remedy.

"A devil draw the teeth of him!" said Gurth, "and the mother of mischief confound the Ranger of the forest, that cuts the foreclaws off our dogs, and makes them unfit for their trade! Wamba, up and help me, an thou beest a man. Take a turn round the back o' the hill, to gain the wind on them; and when thou'st got the weather-gage, thou mayst drive them before thee as gently as so many innocent lambs."

"Truly," said Wamba, without stirring from the spot, "I have consulted my legs upon this matter, and they are altogether of opinion that to carry my gay garments through these sloughs would be an act of unfriendship to my sovereign person and royal wardrobe; wherefore, Gurth, I advise thee to call off Fangs, and leave the herd to their destiny; which, whether they meet with bands of traveling soldiers, or of outlaws, or of wandering pilgrims, can be little else than to be converted into Normans before morning, to thy no small ease and comfort."

"The swine turned Normans to my comfort!" quoth 6

<sup>1</sup> malice prepense, a legal phrase = malice aforethought.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Ranger of the forest, under Norman rule, an officer who had charge of all matters connected with the forest.

<sup>8</sup> an. if.

<sup>4</sup> weather-gage, strictly speaking, the position of a ship to the windward of another.

<sup>6</sup> destiny. Give a synonym.

<sup>6</sup> quoth. See Glossary.

Gurth: "expound that to me, Wamba; for my brain is too dull, and my mind too vexed, to read riddles."

"Why, how call you those grunting brutes running about on their four legs?" demanded Wamba.

"Swine, fool, swine," said the herd; "every fool knows that."

"And swine is good Saxon," said the jester. "But how call you the sow when she is flayed and drawn and quartered, and hung up by the heels like a traitor?"

"Pork," answered the swineherd.

"I am very glad every fool knows that, too," said Wamba; "and pork, I think, is good Norman-French.¹ And so, when the brute lives, and is in the charge of a Saxon slave, she goes by her Saxon name; but becomes a Norman, and is called pork, when she is carried to the castle-hall to feast among the nobles. What dost thou think of this, friend Gurth, ha?"

"It is but too true doctrine, friend Wamba, however it got into thy fool's pate."

"Nay, I can tell you more," said Wamba, in the same tone. "There is old Alderman Ox continues to hold his Saxon epithet<sup>2</sup> while he is under the charge of serfs and bondsmen such as thou; but becomes Beef,<sup>3</sup> a fiery French gallant, when he arrives before the worshipful jaws that are destined to consume him. Mynheer Calf, too, becomes Monsieur de Veau<sup>4</sup> in the like manner. He is Saxon when he requires tendance,

<sup>1</sup> pork... Norman-French. See 8 Beef. From French bouf, an Glossary for the etymology of ox.

4 Veau (pron.  $v\bar{v}$ ), a calf: hence

s epithet, name, designation.

<sup>4</sup> Veau (pron. vo), a calf: hence

and takes a Norman name when he becomes matter of enjoyment."

"By St. Dunstan," answered Gurth, "thou speaketh but sad truths. Little is left to us but the air we breathe; and that appears to have been reserved with much hesitation, solely for the purpose of enabling us to endure the tasks they lay upon our shoulders. The finest and the fattest is for their board: the best and bravest supply their foreign masters with soldiers, and whiten distant lands with their bones,1 leaving few here who have either will or the power to protect the unfortunate Saxon. God's blessing on our master Cedric! he hath done the work of a man in standing in the gap. But Reginald Front-de-Bouf is coming down to this country in person, and we shall soon see how little Cedric's trouble will avail him. - Here, here!" he exclaimed again, raising his voice. "So ho! so ho! Well done, Fangs! thou hast them all before thee now, and bring'st them on bravely, lad."

"Gurth," said the jester, "I know thou thinkest me a fool, or thou wouldst not be so rash in putting thy head into my mouth.<sup>2</sup> One word to Reginald Front-de-Bœuf or Philip de Malvoisin, that thou hast<sup>3</sup> spoken treason against the Norman, and thou art but a castaway swineherd,—thou wouldst waver on one of these trees, as a terror to all evil-speakers against dignities."

"Dog! thou wouldst not betray me," said Gurth, "after having led me on to speak so much at disadvantage?"

whiten . . . with the bones. What is the figure of speech?

<sup>2</sup> thy head...mouth. Explain.

<sup>\*</sup> hast. Why second person?

"Betray thee!" answered the jester. "No; that were the trick of a wise man: a fool can not half so well But soft! whom have we here?" he help himself. said, listening to the trampling of several horses, which became then audible.1

"Never mind whom," answered Gurth, who had now got his herd before him, and, with the aid of Fangs. was driving them down one of the long dim vistas which we have endeavored to describe.

"Nay, but I must see the riders," answered Wamba. "Perhaps they are come from fairy-land with a message from King Oberon."2

"A murrain take thee!" rejoined the swineherd. "Wilt thou talk of such things while a terrible storm of thunder and lightning is raging within a few miles of us? Hark, how the thunder rumbles! and for summer rain, I never saw such broad downright flat drops fall out of the clouds. The oaks, too, notwithstanding the calm weather, sob4 and creak with their great boughs, as if announcing a tempest. Thou canst play the rational if thou wilt: credit me for once, and let us home, ere the storm begins to rage, for the night will be fearful."

Wamba seemed to feel the force of this appeal, and accompanied his companion, who began his journey after catching up a long quarter-staff<sup>5</sup> which lay upon

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> audible. See Glossary.

or fairies, and husband of Titania. in Glossary. He figures in Shakespeare's Midsummer Night's Dream.

<sup>8</sup> A murrain take thee: that is, 2 Oberon, the king of the elves a plague on you. See "murrain"

<sup>4</sup> sob. Note the personification.

<sup>5</sup> quarter-staff. See Webster.

the grass beside him. This second Eumæus<sup>1</sup> strode hastily down the forest glade, driving before him, with the assistance of Fangs, the whole herd of his inharmonious charge.

# 2.-THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

[The following extracts are from the fourth and fifth cantos of the Lady of the Lake. See Introduction for an account of the poem.]

#### FIRST READING.

THE shades of eve come 2 slowly down, The woods are wrapped in deeper brown, The owl awakens from her dell. The fox is heard upon the fell;<sup>8</sup> Enough remains of glimmering light To guide the wanderer's steps aright, Yet not enough from far to show His figure to the watchful foe. With cautious step, and ear awake, He climbs the crag and threads the brake; And not the summer solstice4 there Tempered the midnight mountain air, But every breeze that swept the wold Benumbed his drenchéd limbs with cold. In dread, in danger, and alone, Famished and chilled, through ways unknown,

<sup>1</sup> second Eumæus. The first was | a swineherd who figures in Homer.

torical present in this and subse- tance north of the equator, - the quent examples.

<sup>8</sup> fell, a stony hill.

<sup>4</sup> summer solstice, the time at <sup>2</sup> come. Note the use of the his- which the sun is at its greatest dis-21st of June.

Tangled 1 and steep, he journeyed on, Till, as a rock's huge point he turned, A watch-fire close before him burned.

Besides its embers, red and clear, Basked, in his plaid, a mountaineer; And up he sprang with sword in hand: "Thy name and purpose! Saxon, stand!" "A stranger."—"What dost thou require?" "Rest and a guide, and food and fire. My life's beset,2 my path is lost, The gale has chilled my limbs with frost." "Art thou a friend to Roderick?"-"No." "Thou darest not call thyself a foe?"— "I dare! to him and all the band He brings to aid his murderous hand." "Bold words! but, though the beast of game 8 The privilege of chase may claim, Though space and law the stag we lend Ere hound we slip or bow we bend, Who ever recked,4 where, how, or when The prowling fox was trapped or slain? Thus treacherous scouts 5 — yet sure they lie, Who say thou cam'st a secret spy!" "They do, by Heaven! Come Roderick Dhu,6 And of his clan<sup>7</sup> the boldest two.

<sup>1</sup> Tangled, interwoven as with briers, brambles, etc., in a confused manner.

<sup>2</sup> beset: that is, beset with danger.

<sup>\*</sup> beast of game. Such as deer, hares, etc.

<sup>4</sup> recked, cared.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> Thus...scouts. Supply the llipsis.

<sup>6</sup> Come Roderick Dhu: that is, let him come.

<sup>7</sup> clan. See Glossary.

And let me but till morning rest, I write the falsehood on their crest."1 "If by the blaze I mark aright, Thou bear'st the belt and spur of knight." "Then by these tokens mayst thou know Each proud oppressor's mortal foe." "Enough, enough; sit down and share A soldier's couch, a soldier's fare."

He gave him of his Highland cheer, The hardened flesh of mountain deer; Dry fuel on the fire he laid, And bade the Saxon share his plaid. He tended him like welcome guest, Then thus his further speech addressed: "Stranger, I am to Roderick Dhu A clansman born, a kinsman true; Each word against his honor spoke Demands of me avenging stroke; Yet more—upon thy fate, 'tis said, A mighty augury 8 is laid. It rests with me to wind my horn — Thou art with numbers overborne: It rests with me, here, brand 4 to brand, Worn as thou art, to bid thee stand. But not for clan, nor kindred's 5 cause, Will I depart from honor's laws.

<sup>1</sup> crest. See Webster.

tion on coats of arms.

<sup>\*</sup> augury, prophecy.

<sup>4</sup> brand, sword. Substitute a 2 blaze=blazon, the representa-synonymous expression for the phrase "brand to brand."

<sup>5</sup> kindred. Give a synonym.

To assail a wearied man were shame, And stranger is a holy name; Guidance and rest, and food and fire, In vain he never must require.1 Then rest thee here till dawn of day; Myself will guide thee on the way, O'er stock and stone, through watch and ward, Till past Clan-Alpine's outmost guard, As far as Coilantogle's ford.2 From thence thy warrant is thy sword." "I take thy courtesy, by Heaven, As freely as 'tis nobly given." "Well, rest thee; for the bittern's cry Sings us the lake's wild lullaby." With that he shook the gathered heath, And spread his plaid upon the wreath; And the brave formen, side by side, Lay peaceful down like brothers tried, And slept until the dawning beam Purpled the mountain and the stream.

#### SECOND READING.

Fair as the earliest beam of eastern light,
When first, by the bewildered pilgrim spied,
It smiles upon the dreary brow of night,
And silvers o'er the torrent's foaming tide,

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> require, ask. | where the river Teith issues from <sup>2</sup> Coilantogle's ford, a ford just | Loch Vennachar.

And lights the fearful path on mountain side,—
Fair as that beam, although the fairest far,
Giving to horror grace, to danger pride,
Shine martial Faith, and Courtesy's bright star,
Through all the wreckful storms that cloud the brow
of War.

That early beam, so fair and sheen,1 Was twinkling through the hazel screen. When, rousing at its glimmer red, The warriors left their lowly bed, Looked out upon the dappled sky, Muttered their soldier matins 2 by, And then awaked their fire, to steal, As short and rude, their soldier meal. That o'er, the Gael around him threw His graceful plaid of varied hue, And, true to promise, led the way, By thicket green and mountain gray. A wildering 4 path! — they winded now Along the precipice's brow, Commanding the rich scenes beneath,-The windings of the Forth and Teith,5 And all the vales between that lie. Till Stirling's turrets 6 melt 7 in sky;

<sup>1</sup> sheen, shining, bright.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> matins, morning prayers.

<sup>\*</sup> Gael. The natives of the Scottish Highlands call themselves Gaels, while they term the Lowlanders Sassenach, or Saxons.

<sup>4</sup> waldering = bewildering.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> Forth and Teith. Locate these rivers.

<sup>6</sup> Stirling's turrets: that is, the castle of Stirling. For the etymology of "turrets" see Glossary.

<sup>7</sup> melt. What is the figure?

Then, sunk in copse, their farthest glance Gained not the length of horseman's lance. Twas oft so steep, the foot was fain Assistance from the hand to gain; So tangled oft, that, bursting through, Each hawthorn shed her showers of dew,—That diamond dew, so pure and clear, It rivals all but Beauty's tear!

At length they came where, stern and steep, The hill sinks down upon the deep. Here Vennachar 1 in silver flows, There, ridge on ridge, Benledi<sup>2</sup> rose; Ever the hollow path twined on, Beneath steep bank and threatening stone; An hundred men might hold the post With hardihood against a host. The rugged mountain's scanty cloak Was dwarfish shrubs of birch and oak, With shingles 3 bare, and cliffs between, And patches bright of bracken 4 green, And heather black, that waved so high, It held the copse in rivalry.5 But where the lake slept deep and still, Dank osiers fringed the swamp and hill; And oft both path and hill were torn, Where wintry torrents down had borne,

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Vennachar, a lake in the Scottish Highlands.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Benledi, a mountain in Perthshire.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>8</sup> shingles, heaps of loose, roundish stones or gravel.

<sup>4</sup> bracken, fern.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> held . . . rivalry. Explain.

And heaped upon the cumbered land Its wreck of gravel, rocks, and sand. So toilsome was the road to trace, The guide, abating of 1 his pace, Led slowly through the pass's jaws, And asked Fitz-James, by what strange cause He sought these wilds, traversed by few, Without a pass from Roderick Dhu.

"Brave Gael, my pass, in danger tried, Hangs in my belt, and by my side; Yet, sooth 2 to tell," the Saxon said, "I dreamt not now to claim its aid. When here but three days since I came, Bewildered in pursuit of game, All seemed as peaceful and as still As the mist slumbering on you hill. Thy dangerous chief was then afar, Nor soon expected back from war. Thus said, at least, my mountain guide, Though deep perchance the villain lied." "Yet why a second venture 3 try?" "A warrior thou, and ask me why? Moves our free course by such fixed cause As gives the poor mechanic 4 laws? Enough, I sought to drive away The lazy hours of peaceful day;

<sup>1</sup> abating of = abating, slackening.

sooth, truth.

venture, hazard, dangerous enterprise.

<sup>4</sup> mechanic. See Webster.

Slight cause will then suffice to guide A knight's free footsteps far and wide, -A falcon flown, a greyhound strayed, The merry glance of mountain maid; Or, if a path be dangerous known, The danger's self is lure alone."

"Thy secret keep, I urge thee not; Yet, ere again ye sought this spot. Say, heard ye naught of Lowland war Against Clan-Alpine, raised by Mar?"1 "No, by my word. Of bands prepared To guard King James's sports I heard; Nor doubt I aught, but, when they hear This muster of the mountaineer, Their pennons<sup>2</sup> will abroad be flung, Which else in Doune<sup>8</sup> had peaceful hung." "Free be they flung! for we were loth Their silken folds should feast the moth. Free be they flung! - as free shall wave Clan-Alpine's pine in banner brave. But, stranger, peaceful since you came, Bewildered in the mountain game, Whence the bold boast by which you show Vich-Alpine's vowed and mortal foe?"— "Warrior,4 but yester-morn I knew Naught of thy chieftain, Roderick Dhu,

a Lowland Scottish noble.

<sup>2</sup> pennons. How does a "pennon" differ from a flag?

<sup>1</sup> Mar: that is, the Earl of Mar, | 8 Doune, or Doon, a village and castle not far from Stirling.

<sup>4</sup> Warrior. What is the suffix and its meaning?

Save as an outlawed, desperate man, The chief of a rebellious clan, Who, in the Regent's court and sight, With ruffian dagger stabbed a knight: Yet this alone might from his part Sever each true and loyal heart."

### THIRD READING.

Wrothful at such arraignment 1 foul, Dark lowered the clansman's sable 2 scowl. A space he paused, then sternly said, "And heard'st thou why he drew his blade? Heard'st thou that shameful word and blow Brought Roderick's vengeance on his foe? What recked the chieftain if he stood On Highland heath or Holyrood?<sup>3</sup> He rights such wrong where it is given, If it were in the court of heaven." "Still was it outrage; yet, 'tis true, Not then claimed sovereignty his due; While Albany,4 with feeble hand, Held borrowed truncheon 5 of command.

1 arraignment, the act of ar-|sional residences of the Scottish

raigning, or charging with a crime.

<sup>2</sup> sable. Give a synonym.

<sup>8</sup> Holyrood, a celebrated abbey and palace in Edinburgh, founded tish Parliament, during the long by David I. in 1128, who dedicated minority of James V. of Scotland it in honor of the Holy Cross or (1513-1542). Rood. It early became the occa- 5 truncheon, scepter.

<sup>4</sup> Albany. The Duke of Albany, who was chosen regent by the Scot-

The young king, mewed in Stirling tower, Was stranger to respect and power. But then, thy chieftain's robber life! Winning mean prey by causeless strife, Wrenching from ruined Lowland swain His herds and harvest reared in vain. Methinks a soul like thine should scorn The spoils from such foul foray borne."

The Gael beheld him grim 1 the while, And answered, with disdainful smile: "Saxon, from yonder mountain high, I marked thee send delighted eye Far to the south and east, where lav, Extended in succession gay, Deep waving fields and pastures green, With gentle slopes and groves between. These fertile plains, that softened vale, Were once the birthright of the Gael; The stranger came with iron hand, And from our fathers reft the land. Where dwell we now? See, rudely swell Crag over crag, and fell 2 o'er fell. Ask we this savage<sup>3</sup> hill we tread, For fattened steer or household bread; Ask we for flocks these shingles dry, And well the mountain might reply,4—

<sup>1</sup> grim = grimly.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> fell, a wild and rocky hill or highland, fit only for pasture.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>8</sup> savage. See Glossary.

<sup>4</sup> the mountain . . . reply. Give the figure of speech.

'To you, as to your sires of yore, Belong the target 1 and claymore!2 I give you shelter in my breast, Your own good blades must win the rest.' Pent in this fortress of the North, Think'st thou we will not sally forth, To spoil the spoiler as we may, And from the robber rend the prey? Ay, by my soul! While on yon plain The Saxon rears one shock 3 of grain, While, of ten thousand herds, there strays But one along you river's maze,-The Gael, of plain and river heir, Shall with strong hand redeem his share. Where live the mountain chiefs who hold That plundering Lowland field and fold Is aught but retribution true? Seek other cause 'gainst Roderick Dhu."

Answered Fitz-James, "And, if I sought, Think'st thou no other could be brought? What deem ye of my path waylaid? My life given o'er to ambuscade?"5

<sup>1</sup> target, shield.

<sup>2</sup> claymore, a large sword formerly used by the Highlanders; from the Gaelic claidheamh-mor, "the big sword."

shock, a pile of sheaves of corn consisting generally of twelve; called also a stook.

<sup>· 4</sup> plundering Lowland field. ing expedition. The Highlanders considered it an | 5 ambuscade. See Webster.

honor to be engaged in a foray, and, remembering that the Lowlands had belonged to them in the past, thought they had a perfect right to rob the Saxons of the A young chief was expected to prove his competency for leadership by a successful plunder-

"As of a meed 1 to rashness due. Hadst thou sent warning fair and true, -'I seek my hound, or falcon strayed, I seek, good faith, a Highland maid,"-Free hadst thou been to come and go; But secret path marks secret foe. Nor yet for this, e'en as a spy, Hadst thou, unheard, been doomed to die, Save to fulfill an augury." "Well, let it pass; nor will I now Fresh cause of enmity avow, To chafe thy mood and cloud thy brow. Enough, I am by promise tied<sup>2</sup> To match me with this man of pride. Twice have I sought Clan-Alpine's glen In peace; but when I come again I come with banner, brand, and bow, As leader seeks his mortal foe. For love-lorn swain, in lady's bower, Ne'er panted for the appointed hour, As I, until before me stand This rebel chieftain and his band!"

"Have, then, thy wish!" He whistled shrill, And he was answered from the hill. Wild as the scream of the curlew, From crag to crag the signal flew. Instant, through copse and heath arose Bonnets, and spears, and bended bows;

<sup>1</sup> meed, reward, recompense. | 2 tied. Give a synonym.

On right, on left, above, below, Sprung up at once the lurking foe; From shingles gray their lances start, The bracken 1 bush sends forth the dart. The rushes and the willow-wand Are bristling into ax and brand, And every tuft of broom gives life To plaided warrior armed for strife. That whistle garrisoned the glen<sup>2</sup> At once with full five hundred men, As if the yawning hill to heaven A subterranean host had given. Watching their leader's beck and will. All silent there they stood, and still. Like the loose crags 3 whose threatening mass Lay tottering o'er the hollow pass, As if an infant's touch 4 could urge Their headlong passage down the verge, With step and weapon forward flung, Upon the mountain-side they hung. The mountaineer cast glance of pride Along Benledi's living side, Then fixed his eye and sable brow Full on Fitz-James: "How say'st thou now? These are Clan-Alpine's warriors true: And, Saxon 6 - I am Roderick Dhu!"

<sup>1</sup> bracken, a thicket of shrubs | and brambles.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> garrisoned the glen. Explain.

<sup>8</sup> Like the loose crags, etc. What | the suffix in this word? is the figure of speech?

<sup>4</sup> As if . . . touch. What is the figure of speech?

<sup>5</sup> warrior. What is the force of

<sup>6</sup> Saxon. Explain.

### FOURTH READING.

Fitz-James was brave. Though to his heart The life-blood thrilled with sudden start. He manned himself with dauntless air, Returned the chief his haughty stare, His back against a rock he bore, And firmly placed his foot before: "Come one, come all! this rock shall fly From its firm base as soon as I." Sir Roderick marked—and in his eves Respect was mingled with surprise, And the stern joy which warriors feel In foemen worthy of their steel.1 Short space he stood, then waved his hand: Down sunk the disappearing band: Each warrior vanished where he stood. In broom or bracken, heath or wood; Sunk brand, and spear, and bended bow, In osiers pale and copses low; It seemed as if their mother Earth Had swallowed up her warlike birth. The wind's last breath had tossed in air Pennon, and plaid, and plumage fair -The next but swept a lone hillside, Where heath and fern were waving wide; The sun's last glance was glinted back 2 From spear and glaive, from targe 4 and jack 5—

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> And the stern joy . . . steel. This is an often-quoted couplet.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> glinted back, reflected with a bright flash.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>8</sup> glaive, a broadsword.

<sup>4</sup> targe = target, a shield.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> jack, a coat of mail worn in the Middle Ages.

The next, all unreflected, shone On bracken green, and cold gray stone.

Fitz-James looked round, yet scarce believed The witness<sup>1</sup> that his sight received; Such apparition well might seem Delusion of a dreadful dream. Sir Roderick in suspense he eyed, And to his look the chief replied, "Fear naught—nay, that I need not say— But—doubt not aught from mine array. Thou art my guest. I pledged my word<sup>2</sup> As far as Coilantogle ford; Nor would I call a clansman's brand For aid against one valiant hand, Though on our strife lay every vale Rent by the Saxon from the Gael. So move we on; I only meant To show the reed on which you leant, Deeming this path you might pursue Without a pass from Roderick Dhu." They moved. I said Fitz-James was brave, As ever knight that belted glaive;3 Yet dare not say, that now his blood Kept on its wont<sup>4</sup> and tempered flood,

1 witness, testimony.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> I pledged my word, etc. This incident, like some other passages in the poem, illustrative of the character of the ancient Gael, is not imaginary, but borrowed from | sword. fact. The Highlanders, with the 4 wont, accustomed.

inconsistency of most nations in the same state, were alternately capable of great exertions of generosity, and of cruel revenge and perfidy.

<sup>8</sup> belted glaive, girded on his

As, following Roderick's stride, he drew That seeming lonesome pathway through, Which yet, by fearful proof, was rife 1 With lances, that, to take his life, Waited but signal from a guide So late dishonored and defied. Ever, by stealth, his eye sought round The vanished guardians of the ground, And still, from copse and heather deep, Fancy saw spear and broadsword peep, And in the plover's shrilly 2 strain, The signal whistle heard again. Nor breathed he free till far behind The pass was left; for then they wind Along a wide and level green, Where neither tree nor tuft was seen, Nor rush nor bush of broom was near, To hide a bonnet or a spear.

The chief in silence strode before, And reached that torrent's sounding shore, Which, daughter of three mighty lakes,8 From Vennachar in silver 4 breaks, Sweeps through the plain, and ceaseless mines 5 On Bochastle the moldering lines. Where Rome, the empress of the world,

<sup>1</sup> rife. Give a synonym.

being added for the sake of the rhythm.

<sup>8</sup> three mighty lakes: Lochs <sup>2</sup> shrilly, shrill; the syllable ly Katrine, Achray, and Vennachar.

<sup>4</sup> in silver. Note the metaphor.

<sup>5</sup> mines. Part of speech?

Of yore her eagle wings unfurled:1 And here his course the chieftain stayed, Threw down his target and his plaid, And to the Lowland warrior said: "Bold Saxon! to his promise just, Vich-Alpine has discharged his trust. This murderous chief, this ruthless man, This head of a rebellious clan. Hath led thee safe, through watch and ward, Far past Clan-Alpine's outmost guard. Now, man to man, and steel to steel, A chieftain's vengeance thou shalt feel. See here, all vantageless I stand, Armed, like thyself, with single brand: For this is Coilantogle ford. And thou must keep thee with thy sword."

The Saxon paused: "I ne'er delayed, When foeman bade me draw my blade; Nay, more, brave chief, I vowed thy death: Yet sure thy fair and generous faith, And my deep debt for life preserved, A better meed have well deserved: Can naught but blood our feud atone? Are there no means"—"No, stranger, none! And hear, — to fire thy flagging zeal, — The Saxon cause rests on thy steel;

<sup>1</sup> On Bochastle . . . unfurled. | eminence, called the Dun of Bo-The torrent which discharges it- chastle, and indeed on the plain self from Loch Vennachar, sweeps itself, are some intrenchments through a flat and extensive moor, which have been thought to be called Bochastle. Upon a small Roman.

For thus spoke Fate, by prophet bred Between the living and the dead: 'Who spills the foremost foeman's life, His party conquers in the strife." "Then, by my word," the Saxon said, "Thy riddle is already read. Seek vonder brake beneath the cliff-There lies Red Murdoch, stark and stiff. Thus Fate has solved her prophecy, Then yield to Fate, and not to me. To James, at Stirling, let us go, When, if thou wilt be still his foe, Or if the king shall not agree To grant thee grace and favor free, I plight mine honor, oath, and word, That, to thy native strengths restored. With each advantage shalt thou stand, That aids thee now to guard thy land."

Dark lightning flashed from Roderick's eye. "Soars thy presumption,1 then, so high, Because a wretched kern2 ye slew, Homage to name to Roderick Dhu? He yields not, he, to man nor Fate! Thou add'st but fuel to my hate:
My clansman's blood demands revenge.
Not yet prepared? By heaven, I change My thought, and hold thy valor light

<sup>1</sup> presumption. See Glossary. as came down upon the Lowlands,

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> kern. Kernes or ketterans were and carried off cattle, etc., from Highland robbers, especially such those unable to offer resistance.

As that of some vain carpet-knight,1 Who ill deserved my courteous care, And whose best boast is but to wear A braid of his fair lady's hair." "I thank thee, Roderick, for the word! It nerves my heart, it steels my sword; For I have sworn this braid to stain In the best blood that warms thy vein. Now, truce, farewell! and, ruth, begone! Yet think not that by thee alone, Proud chief! can courtesy be shown. Though not from copse or heath or cairn<sup>2</sup> Start at my whistle clansmen stern, Of this small horn one feeble blast Would fearful odds against thee cast. But fear not, — doubt not — which thou wilt, --We try this quarrel hilt to hilt." Then each at once his falchion drew, Each on the ground his scabbard threw, Each looked to sun and stream and plain As what they ne'er might see again; Then foot and point and eye opposed, In dubious<sup>3</sup> strife they darkly closed.

Ill fared it then 4 with Roderick Dhu, That on the field his targe he threw, Whose brazen studs and tough bull-hide Had death so often dashed aside:

<sup>1</sup> carpet-knight, a knight who enjoys ease and security, and has not known the hardships of the battle-field.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> cairn. See Webster.

<sup>8</sup> dubious. Give a synonym.

<sup>4</sup> Ill fared it then: that is, it then went ill.

For, trained abroad his arms to wield. Fitz-James's blade was sword and shield.1 He practiced every pass and ward, To thrust, to strike, to feint, to guard; While less expert, though stronger far, The Gael maintained unequal war. Three times in closing strife they stood, And thrice the Saxon blade drank blood; 2 No stinted draught, no scanty tide, The gushing flood the tartans dyed.8 Fierce Roderick felt the fatal drain, And showered his blows like wintry rain;4 And as firm rock or castle-roof Against the winter shower is proof, The foe, invulnerable still, Foiled his wild rage by steady skill; Till, at advantage ta'en, his brand Forced Roderick's weapon from his hand. And, backward borne upon the lea, Brought the proud chieftain to his knee.

"Now yield thee, or by Him who made
The world, thy heart's blood dyes my blade!"
"Thy threats, thy mercy, I defy!
Let recreant yield who fears to die."
—Like adder 5 darting from his coil,
Like wolf that dashes through the toil,

<sup>1</sup> was sword and shield: that is, served both as sword and shield. The "blade" was probably a rapier.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> blade drank blood. Change to plain language.

<sup>\*</sup> The gushing ... dyed. Change to the prose order.

<sup>4</sup> like wintry rain. What is the figure of speech?
5 Like adder. What figure?

Like mountain-cat who guards her young, Full at Fitz-James's throat he sprung; · Received, but recked not of a wound, And locked his arms his foeman round. Now, gallant Saxon, hold thine own! No maiden's hand is round thee thrown! That desperate grasp thy frame might feel. Through bars of brass and triple steel! They tug, they strain! down, down they go, The Gael above, Fitz-James below. The chieftain's grip his throat compressed, His knee was planted in his breast; His clotted locks 1 he backward threw, Across his brow his hand he drew, From blood and mist to clear his sight, Then gleamed aloft his dagger bright! - But hate and fury ill<sup>2</sup> supplied The stream of life's exhausted tide, And all too late the advantage came, To turn the odds of deadly game;3 For, while the dagger gleamed on high, Reeled soul and sense, reeled brain and eve. Down came the blow! but in the heath The erring blade 4 found bloodless sheath. The struggling foe may now unclasp<sup>5</sup> The fainting chief's relaxing grasp; Unwounded from the dreadful close.6 But breathless all, Fitz-James arose.

<sup>1</sup> clotted locks. Explain.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> 111. Part of speech?

<sup>8</sup> deadly game. Unequal combat.

<sup>4</sup> erring blade. Explain.

<sup>5</sup> unclasp. What is the prefix?

<sup>6</sup> close, grapple.

# VIII. - DANIEL WEBSTER.

## LIFE AND WORKS.

Webster holds a high place in the literature of our country; for while a great lawyer, a great statesman, and a great orator, he was also a great writer. It is as a writer only that we have here to regard him, and as such he stands among the very foremost of his class. "In the sphere of literature," says Evarts, "Webster has a clear title to be held as one of the greatest authors and writers of our mother tongue that America has produced. I propose to the most competent critics of the nation, that they can find nowhere six octavo volumes of printed literary production of an American that contains as much noble and as much beautiful imagery, as much warmth of rhetoric, and of magnetic impression upon the reader, as are to be found in the collected writings and speeches of Daniel Webster."

Daniel (born in the town of Salisbury, N.H., Jan. 18, 1782) was one of the ten children of Ebenezer Webster, a frontiersman of the New Hampshire wilderness, at a time when there was nothing between his own log-cabin and the settlements of Canada. As a young man, Ebenezer Webster was one of the boldest Indian-fighters in the French and Indian war; and during the Revolution he commanded a company of militia, and was trusted and esteemed by Washington. Without a day's schooling, the elder Webster was obliged to pick up learning as best he might; but his innate common-sense and his strong character made

him a leader among his neighbors, and in the latter part of his life he was made a judge of the local court.

At a very early age Daniel began to go to school; sometimes in his native town, sometimes in another, as the district school moved from place to place. He thus describes his boyhood: "I read what I could get to read, went to school when I could, and when not at school was a farmer's youngest boy, not good for much for want of health and strength, but expected to do something."

That "something" consisted generally in tending his father's saw-mill, but the reading went on even there. He would set a log, and while it was going through would devour a book. There was a small circulating library in the village; and young Webster read every thing it contained, committing most of the contents of the volumes to memory, for books were so scarce that he believed this to be their chief purpose.

The elder Webster, though in straitened circumstances, had it greatly at heart that his son should enjoy the advantages of that education he had himself missed. Accordingly, after rather hasty preparation, Daniel contrived in 1797 to enter Dartmouth College, where he pursued his studies till he took his degree in 1801. Though not a fine scholar in the technical sense of the term, he was recognized both by the professors and by his fellow-students as the foremost man in the college. All were conscious of something in him indefinable, but conveying a sense of greatness.

The four years following Webster's leaving college were passed in the study of law, varied by some experience as a country schoolmaster. Soon after his admission to the bar he took up his residence at Portsmouth, where he pursued his profession, and began to take part in politics.

The distinction won by Webster in the discussion of questions connected with the war of 1812 led to his election to the national House of Representatives as a member for New Hampshire. He took his seat in 1813, was re-elected in 1815, and at the end of his second term retired for a while from public life. Though but thirty-two years of age when he entered Congress, he was after a few months of service acknowledged to be one of the foremost men in the House, and the strongest leader of the Federal party.

In 1816 Webster removed from Portsmouth to Boston, where he at once took rank with the best lawyers, and speedily built up a large and lucrative practice. In 1822 he was chosen to the House of Representatives as member from Boston, and was a member of that body till 1827, when he was elected to the United States Senate, where his greatest triumphs were to be achieved. He continued to represent Massachusetts in the Senate for twelve years, when he was appointed Secretary of State by President Harrison. On the accession of President Tyler, Webster, unlike the rest of the Harrison cabinet, remained in office; and in 1842 he concluded the famous treaty with Lord Ashburton, defining the north-eastern boundary between the United States and In 1845 Massachusetts again sent him to the Senate; and he was a member of that body during the eventful period of the Mexican War, and during the administration of Taylor. Webster remained in that position until 1850, when he was made Secretary of State by President Fillmore. In this high office death found him. He died at Marshfield, Mass., Oct. 24, 1852. The last words that passed his lips were, "I still live."

Webster's person was imposing: he was of commanding height and well proportioned; his head was of great size, and his eyes were deep-seated, large, and lustrous. His voice was powerful, sonorous, and flexible; his action, without being remarkably graceful, was appropriate and impressive. Carlyle, in a letter to Emerson written in 1839, thus describes the appearance of Webster, then on a visit to England:—

"Not many days ago I saw at breakfast the notablest of all your notabilities, Daniel Webster. He is a magnificent specimen; you might say to all the world, 'This is your Yankee Englishman, such limbs we make in Yankeeland!' As a logic-fencer, advocate, or parliamentary Hercules, one would incline to back him at first sight against all the extant world. 'The tanned complexion, that amorphous crag-like face; the dull black eyes under their precipice of brows, like dull anthracite furnaces, needing only to be blown; the mastiff-mouth, accurately closed:—I have not traced as much of silent Berserkir-rage, that I remember of, in any other man."

Webster's productions are pre-eminently national. His works all refer to the history, the policy, the laws, the government, the social life, and the destiny of his own land. They came from the heart and understanding of one into whose very nature the life of his coun-

try had passed. His patriotism became part of his being. It prompted the most majestic flights of his eloquence. It gave intensity to his purposes, and lent the richest glow to his genius. It made his eloquence a language of the heart, felt and understood over every portion of the land it consecrates. On Plymouth Rock, on Bunker Hill, at Mount Vernon, by the tombs of Hamilton and Adams and Jefferson and Jay, we are reminded of Daniel Webster.

Webster was undoubtedly the greatest forensic orator that America has produced. He has been compared to Burke, but they differed greatly. In strength and richness of imagination Burke was incomparable; he was, as Dr. Johnson described him, emphatically a "constellation." Webster, paying little heed to the arts of the rhetorician, produced his effects by powerful logic, high-souled enthusiasm, and a perfect manliness of style. Yet there was one form of eloquence in which he was pre-eminently great, - the eloquence of the civic oration; that is, the oration on some high theme of national history. Says Rufus Choate, "In addressing masses by tens of thousands in the open air, on the urgent political questions of the day, or designated to lead the meditations of an hour devoted to the remembrance of some national era, or of some incident marking the progress of the nation, and lifting him up to a view of what is, and what is past, and some indistinct revelations of the glory that lies in the future, or of some great historical name, just borne by the nation to his tomb, he exemplified an eloquence in which I do not know that he has had a superior among men."

## 1.-THE CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON.

[The following, though not one of the grandest examples of Webster's civic orations, is a very noble discourse, and has special interest from its subject. It was pronounced Feb. 22, 1832, in Washington City, at a public dinner for the purpose of commemorating the centennial anniversary of Washington's birthday.]

I RISE, gentlemen, to propose to you the name of that great man in commemoration of whose birth, and in honor of whose character and services, we have here assembled.

I am sure that I express a sentiment common to every one present, when I say that there is something more than ordinarily solemn and affecting in this occasion.1

We are met to testify our regard for him whose name is intimately blended with whatever belongs most essentially to the prosperity, the liberty, the free institutions, and the renown of our country. That name was of power<sup>2</sup> to rally a nation, in the hour of thick-thronging public disasters and calamities; that name shone amid the storm of war, a beacon light 3 to cheer and guide the country's friends; it flamed, too, like a meteor, to repel her foes. That name, in the days of peace, was a loadstone,4 attracting to itself a whole people's confidence, a whole people's love, and the whole world's respect. That name, descending with all

clauses in this complex sentence?

<sup>2</sup> was of power. Substitute a synonymous expression.

<sup>8</sup> shone . . . a beacon light. Ex- simile.

<sup>1</sup> I am ... occasion. How many | plain the grammatical construction. Explain the metaphor.

<sup>4</sup> was a loadstone. What is the figure of speech? Change to a

time, spreading over the whole earth, and uttered in all the languages belonging to the tribes and races of men, will for ever be pronounced with affectionate gratitude by every one in whose breast there shall arise an aspiration for human rights and human liberty.

We perform this grateful duty, gentlemen, at the expiration of a hundred years from his birth, near the place so cherished 1 and beloved by him, where his dust now reposes, and in the capital which bears his own immortal name.

All experience evinces <sup>2</sup> that human sentiments are strongly influenced by associations. The recurrence <sup>3</sup> of anniversaries, or of longer periods of time, naturally freshens the recollection, and deepens the impression, of events with which they are historically <sup>4</sup> connected. Renowned places, also, have a power to awaken feeling, which all acknowledge. No American can pass by the fields of Bunker Hill, Monmouth, or Camden, <sup>5</sup> as if they were ordinary spots on the earth's surface. Whoever visits them feels the sentiment of love of country <sup>6</sup> kindling anew, as if the spirit that belonged to the transactions which have rendered these places distinguished still hovered round, with power to move and excite all who in future time may approach them.

But neither of these sources of emotion equals the power with which great moral examples affect the

<sup>1</sup> place so cherished. What is the allusion?

e anusion :
2 evinces. Give a synonym.

<sup>8</sup> recurrence. See Webster.

<sup>4</sup> historically. How many suffixes in this word?

<sup>5</sup> Bunker Hill... Camden. Recall the dates of these battles, and some circumstances respecting them.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>6</sup> the sentiment . . . country. Express by one word.

mind. When sublime virtues cease to be abstractions, when they become embodied in human character, and exemplified in human conduct, we should be false to our own nature, if we did not indulge in the spontaneous effusions of our gratitude and our admiration.<sup>1</sup>

A true lover of the virtue of patriotism delights to contemplate its purest models; and that love of country may be well suspected which affects to soar so high into the regions of sentiment as to be lost and absorbed in the abstract feeling, and becomes too elevated or too refined to glow with fervor in the commendation or the love of individual benefactors. All this is unnatural. It is a if one should be so enthusiastic a lover of poetry as to care nothing for Homer or Milton; so passionately attached to eloquence as to be indifferent to Tully and Chatham; or such a devotee to the arts, in such an ecstasy with the elements of beauty, proportion, and expression, as to regard the masterpieces of Raphael and Michael Angelo with coldness or con-

<sup>1</sup> When...admiration. Change the order of words so as to transform this period into a loose sentence.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> It is, etc. Supply ellipses. In this sentence, which three terms are instances of the "abstract feeling" previously spoken of?

<sup>\*</sup> Tully: i.e., Cicero, whose full name was Marcus Tullius Cicero (B. C. 106-43), the prince of Roman orators.

<sup>4</sup> Chatham. William Pitt, Earl 1563) stood almost of Chatham (1708–1778), was one of the greatest English orators and statesmen of the eighteenth century.

He was a warm advocate of American interests as against the arbitrary policy of the British government.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> Raphael (born at Urbino, in Italy, 1483; died, 1520) is ranked by almost universal opinion as the greatest of painters; by his countrymen he was called *Il Divino*, "the divine."

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>6</sup> Michael Angelo (born at Chiusi, in Italy, 1474; died in Rome, 1563) stood almost unrivaled as a painter, sculptor, and architect, in the age when Christian art had reached its zenith.

tempt. We may be assured, gentlemen, that he who really loves the thing itself loves its finest exhibitions. A true friend of his country loves her friends and benefactors, and thinks it no degradation to commend and commemorate them. The voluntary outpouring of public feeling, made to-day, from the North to the South, and from the East to the West, proves this sentiment to be both just and natural. In the cities and in the villages, in the public temples and in the family circles, among all ages and sexes, gladdened voices to-day bespeak grateful hearts and a freshened recollection of the virtues of the Father of his Country.

And it will be so, in all time to come, so long as public virtue is itself an object of regard. The ingenuous 2 youth of America will hold up to themselves the bright model of Washington's example, and study to be what they behold; they will contemplate his character till all its virtues spread out and display themselves to their delighted vision,—as the earliest astronomers, the shepherds on the plains of Babylon,3 gazed at the stars till they saw them form into clusters and constellations 4 overpowering at length the eyes of the beholders with the united blaze of a thousand lights.

Gentlemen, we are at the point of a century from the birth of Washington; and what a century it has been! During its course, the human mind has seemed to pro-

<sup>1</sup> In the cities, etc. Period, or loose sentence?

<sup>2</sup> ingenuous. See Glossary.

<sup>\*</sup> earliest astronomers...Babylon. Recall historical facts.

<sup>4</sup> clusters and constellations. Note the fine alliteration. Is there any distinction of meaning between these two words?

<sup>5</sup> century. See Glossary.

ceed with a sort of geometric velocity, accomplishing, for human intelligence and human freedom, more than had been done in fives or tens of centuries preceding. Washington stands at the commencement of a new era, as well as at the head of the New World. A century from the birth of Washington has changed the world. The country of Washington has been the theater on which a great part of that change has been wrought, and Washington himself a principal agent by which it has been accomplished. His age and his country are equally full of wonders, and of both he is the chief.

If the poetical prediction, uttered a few years before his birth, be true; if indeed it be designed by Providence that the grandest exhibition of human character and human affairs shall be made on this theater of the Western world; if it be true that,—

"The four first acts already past,
A fifth shall close the drama with the day:
Time's noblest offspring is the last," \*-

how could this imposing, swelling, final scene be appropriately opened, how could its intense interest be adequately sustained, but by the introduction of just such a character as our Washington?

It was the extraordinary fortune of Washington, that having been intrusted, in revolutionary times,

<sup>1</sup> geometric velocity. Explain. Find out the distinction between geometrical and arithmetical progression.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> wrought. What synonym in this same sentence?

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>8</sup> The four... the last. Three lines from a very remarkable poem by Bishop Berkeley (1684-1753). The pupil will do well to find the poem, and also to ascertain something regarding Berkeley.

with the supreme military command, and having fulfilled that trust with equal renown for wisdom and valor, he should be placed at the head of the first government in which an attempt was to be made, on a large scale, to rear the fabric of social order on the basis of a written constitution, and of a pure representative principle. A government was to be established, without a throne, without an aristocracy, without castes, orders, or privileges; and this government, instead of being a democracy, existing and acting within the walls of a single city, was to be extended over a vast country, of different climates, interests, and habits, and of various communions of our common Christian faith.

The experiment certainly was entirely new. A popular government of this extent, it was evident, could be framed only by carrying into full effect the principle of representation, or of delegated power; and the world was to see whether society could, by the strength of this principle, maintain its own peace and good government, carry forward its own great interests, and conduct itself to political renown and glory. By the benignity of Providence, this experiment, so full of interest to us and to our posterity for ever, so full of interest, indeed, to the world in its present generation and in all its generations to come, was suffered to commence under the guidance of Washington. Destined for this high career, he was fitted for it by wisdom, by

<sup>1</sup> castes. Define.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> walls of a single city. As racy.
Athens and early Rome.

. 5 D

<sup>8</sup> communions. Give a synonym. | word is this phrase an adjunct?

<sup>4</sup> popular government=democ-

<sup>· &</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> Destined . . . career. Of what word is this phrase an adjunct?

virtue, by patriotism, by discretion, by whatever can inspire confidence in man toward man. In entering on the untried scenes, early disappointment and the premature extinction of all hope of success would have been certain, had it not been that there did exist throughout the country, in a most extraordinary degree, an unwavering trust in him who stood at the helm.

I remarked, gentlemen, that the whole world was and is interested in the result of this experiment. And is it not so? Do we deceive ourselves, or is it true that at this moment the career which this government is running is among the most attractive objects to the civilized world? Do we deceive 1 ourselves, or is it true that at this moment that love of liberty, and that understanding of its true principles, which are flying over the whole earth, as on the wings of all the winds, are really and truly of American origin?

Gentlemen, the spirit of human liberty and of free government, nurtured and grown into strength and beauty in America, has stretched its course into the midst of the nations. Like an emanation 2 from heaven, it has gone forth, and it will not return void. It must change, it is fast changing, the earth. Our great, our high duty is to show, in our own example, that this spirit 8 is a spirit of health 4 as well as a spirit of power;

<sup>1</sup> Do we deceive, etc. Note the ! impressive effect of the repetition of the form of expression in the is this clause an object? previous sentence. The interrogative form is here a rhetorical mode same verb? of implying a strong assertion.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> emanation. See Webster. 8 that this spirit, etc. Of what other clauses are objects of the

<sup>4</sup> health. See Glossary.

that its benignity is as great as its strength; that its efficiency to secure individual rights, social relations. and moral order, is equal to the irresistible force with which it prostrates principalities and powers. world, at this moment, is regarding us with a willing, but something of a fearful, admiration. Its deep and awful anxiety is to learn whether free states may be stable, as well as free; whether popular power may be trusted, as well as feared; in short, whether wise, regular, and virtuous self-government is a vision for the contemplation of theorists,2 or a truth established, illustrated, and brought into practice in the country of Washington.

Gentlemen, for the earth which we inhabit, and the whole circle of the sun,3 for all the unborn races of mankind, we seem to hold in our hands, for their weal4 or woe, the fate of this experiment. If we fail, who shall venture the repetition? If our example shall prove to be one not of encouragement, but of terror, not fit to be imitated, but fit only to be shunned, where else shall the world look for free models? If this great Western sun be struck out of the firmament, at what other fountain shall the lamp of liberty hereafter be lighted? what other orb shall emit a ray to glimmer, even, on the darkness of the world?<sup>5</sup>

The principles of Washington's administration 6 are

<sup>1</sup> fearful. Meaning here?

speculative views.

<sup>\*</sup> whole circle . . . sun. Explain.

<sup>4</sup> weal. See Glossary.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> If this . . . world? Change <sup>2</sup> theorists, persons of merely these figurative expressions into

<sup>6</sup> Washington's administration.

not left doubtful. They are to be found in the Constitution itself, in the great measures recommended and approved by him, in his speeches to Congress, and in that most interesting paper, his Farewell Address to the people of the United States. The success of the government under his administration is the highest proof of the soundness of these principles. And, after an experience of thirty-five years, what is there which an enemy could condemn? What is there which either his friends, or the friends of the country, could wish to have been otherwise? I speak, of course, of great measures and leading principles.

All his measures were right in their intent. stated the whole basis of his own great character, when he told the country, in the homely phrase of the proverb, that honesty is the best policy. One of the most striking things ever said of him is, "that he changed mankind's ideas of political greatness." To commanding talents, and to success, the common elements of such greatness, he added a disregard of self, a spotlessness of motive, a steady submission to every public and private duty, which threw far into the shade the whole crowd of vulgar great.2 The object of his regard was the whole country. No part of it was enough to fill his enlarged patriotism. His love of glory, so far as that may be supposed to have influenced him at all, spurned every thing short of general approbation. It would have been nothing to him, that his partisans or his favorites outnumbered or outvoted or outmanaged or

<sup>1</sup> thirty-five years. How many 2 vulgar great. Explain this years now?

outclamored 1 those of other leaders. He had no favorites; he rejected all partisanship; and, acting honestly for the universal good, he deserved, what he has so richly enjoyed, the universal love.

His principle it was 2 to act right, and to trust the people for support; his principle it was not to follow the lead of sinister<sup>3</sup> and selfish ends, or to rely on the little arts of party delusion to obtain public sanction for such a course. Born for his country and for the world, he did not give up to party what was meant for mankind.4 The consequence is, that his fame is as durable as his principles, as lasting as truth and virtue themselves. While the hundreds whom party excitement and temporary circumstances and casual combinations have raised into transient notoriety, sink again, like thin bubbles, bursting and dissolving into the great ocean, Washington's fame is like the rock which bounds that ocean, and at whose feet its billows are destined to break harmlessly for ever.

Gentlemen, Washington's Farewell Address is full of truths important at all times, and particularly deserv-

<sup>1</sup> outclamored, a word not in the dictionary, but with an obvious meaning.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> His principle it was. Note the rhetorical use of the double subject, - noun ("principle") and representative pronoun ("it").

<sup>8</sup> sinister. See Webster.

<sup>4</sup> Born . . . mankind. This is an poem entitled Retaliation. In this sentence.

poem Goldsmith speaks of "our good Edmund" (that is, Burke) as one—

<sup>&</sup>quot;Who, born for the universe, narrowed

his mind, And to party gave up what was meant for mankind."

<sup>5</sup> like thin bubbles. What is the allusion to Goldsmith's famous figure of speech? Give another characterization of Burke, in the example of this figure in the same

ing consideration at the present.¹ With a sagacity which brought the future before him, and made it like the present, he saw and pointed out the dangers that even at this moment most imminently threaten us.² I hardly know how a greater service of that kind could now be done to the community, than by a renewed and wide diffusion of that admirable paper, and an earnest invitation to every man in the country to re-peruse³ and consider it. Its political maxims⁴ are invaluable; its exhortation to love of country and to brotherly affection among citizens, touching; and the solemnity with which it urges the observance of moral duties, and impresses the power of religious obligation, gives to it the highest character of truly disinterested, sincere, parental advice.

Among other admonitions, Washington has left us, in his last communication to his country, an exhortation against the excesses of party spirit. A fire not to be quenched, he yet conjures us not to fan and feed the flame.<sup>5</sup> Undoubtedly, gentlemen, it is the greatest danger of our system and of our time. Undoubtedly, if that system should be overthrown, it will be the work of excessive party spirit, acting on the government, which is dangerous enough, or acting in the government,<sup>6</sup> which is a thousand times more dangerous; for

<sup>1</sup> at the present. When was this speech made? What circumstances made Washington's Farewell Address "particularly deserving consideration" then?

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> With a sagacity... us. Period, or loose sentence?

<sup>\*</sup> re-peruse. What is the force of the prefix re?

<sup>4</sup> maxims. See Webster.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> A fire, etc. What is the figure of speech?

<sup>6</sup> on the government . . . in the government. Explain.

government then becomes nothing but organized party, and, in the strange vicissitudes of human affairs, it may come at last, perhaps, to exhibit the singular paradox 1 of government itself being in opposition to its own powers, at war with the very elements of its own exist-Such cases are hopeless. As men may be protected against murder, but can not be guarded against suicide, so government may be shielded from the assaults of external foes, but nothing can save it when it chooses to lav violent hands on itself.

There was in the breast of Washington one sentiment so deeply felt, so constantly uppermost, that no proper occasion escaped without its utterance. the letter which he signed in behalf of the Convention when the Constitution was sent out to the people, to the moment when he put his hand to that last paper in which he addressed his countrymen, the Union - the Union was the great object of his thoughts.<sup>2</sup> Here, in his judgment, was the great magazine 3 of all our means of prosperity; here, as he thought, and as every American still thinks, are deposited all our animating prospects, all our solid hopes for future greatness. He has taught us to maintain this Union, not by seeking to enlarge the powers of the government, on the one hand, nor by surrendering them, on the other; but by an administration of them at once firm and moderate, pursuing objects truly national, and carried on in a spirit of justice and equity. The extreme solicitude

<sup>1</sup> paradox. See Glossary.

<sup>2</sup> the Union . . . thoughts. And so it was with Webster.

magazine, storehouse.
 prospects...hopes. What is

for the preservation of the Union, at all times manifested by him, shows not only the opinion he entertained of its importance, but his clear perception of those causes <sup>1</sup> which were likely to spring up to endanger it, and which, if once they should overthrow the present system, would leave little hope of any future beneficial reunion.

Washington could regard, and did regard, nothing as of paramount<sup>2</sup> political interest but the integrity of the Union itself. With a united government, well administered, he saw we had nothing to fear; and without it, nothing to hope.3 The sentiment is just, and its momentous truth should solemnly impress the whole country. If we might regard our country as personated 4 in the spirit of Washington; if we might consider him as representing her in her past renown, her present prosperity, and her future career, and as in that character demanding of us all to account for our conduct as political men or as private citizens, how should he answer him who has ventured to talk of disunion and dismemberment? 5 Or how should he answer him who dwells perpetually on local interests,6 and fans every kindling flame of local prejudice? How should he answer him who would array? State against State. interest against interest, and party against party, care-

<sup>1</sup> those causes: that is, sectional differences.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> paramount. See Webster.

nothing to fear . . . nothing to hope. What is the figure of speech?

<sup>4</sup> personated, represented, symbolized.

b dismemberment = dis + member+ment, the condition when the members (States) are put asunder (dis) each from each.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>6</sup> local interests. Explain this expression.

<sup>7</sup> array. Give a synonym.

less of the continuance of that unity of government which constitutes us one people?

Other misfortunes may be borne, or their effects If disastrous war should sweep our commerce from the ocean, another generation may renew it; if it exhaust our treasury, future industry may replenish it; if it desolate and lay waste our fields, still, under a new cultivation, they will grow green again, and ripen to future harvests.1 It were but a trifle even if the walls of yonder Capitol<sup>2</sup> were to crumble, if its lofty pillars should fall, and its gorgeous decorations be all covered by the dust of the valley. All these might be rebuilt. But who shall reconstruct the fabric of demolished government? Who shall rear 3 again the well-proportioned columns of constitutional liberty? Who shall frame together the skillful architecture which unites national sovereignty with State rights, individual security, and public prosperity? No, gentlemen, if these columns fall, they will not be raised again. Like the Coliseum 4 and the Parthenon,5 they will be destined to a mournful, a melancholy 6 immortality. Bitterer tears, however, will flow over them than were ever shed over the monuments of Roman or Grecian art; for they will be the remnants of a more glorious

<sup>1</sup> If disastrous war...harvests. How many propositions in this compound sentence?

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> yonder Capitol. Explain.

<sup>8</sup> Who shall rear, etc. Note how finely the architectural metaphor is carried out in this sentence and those following.

<sup>4</sup> the Coliseum: the great circus (Circus Maximus) in Rome. The ruins are still standing.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> the Parthenon, a celebrated temple of Minerva, in Athens. Its ruins remain also.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>6</sup> a mournful, a melancholy. Note the alliteration.

edifice than Greece or Rome ever saw, — the edifice of constitutional American liberty.

But let us hope for better things. Let us trust in that gracious Being who has hitherto held our country as in the hollow of his hand. Let us trust to the virtue and intelligence of the people, and to the efficacy 2 of religious obligation. Let us trust to the influence of Washington's example. Let us hope that that fear of Heaven which expels all other fear, and that regard to duty which transcends all other regard, may influence public men and private citizens, and lead our country still onward in her happy career. Full of these gratifying anticipations and hopes, let us look forward to the end of that century which is commenced. A hundred years hence, other disciples of Washington will celebrate his birth with no less of sincere admiration than we now commemorate it.3 When they shall meet, as we now meet, to do themselves and him the honor, so surely as they shall see the blue summits of his native mountains 4 rise in the horizon; so surely as they shall behold the river on whose banks he lived, and on whose banks he rests,5 still flowing on toward the sea, - so surely may they see, as we now see, the flag of the Union floating on the top of the Capitol; and then, as now, may the sun, in

in the hollow of his hand, a scriptural phrase.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> efficacy, power, potency.

<sup>\*</sup> A hundred years . . . it. In the allusion. what year will the second centennial of Washington's birth occur? etymology.

<sup>4</sup> his native mountains. What is the reference?

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> the river . . . rests. Explain the allusion.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>6</sup> Capitol. See Webster for the etymology.

its course, visit no land more free, more happy, more lovely, than this our own country!

Gentlemen, I propose—"THE MEMORY OF GEORGE WASHINGTON."

## 2.-PERORATION OF THE REPLY TO HAYNE.

[The following extract forms the peroration of Webster's most famous forensic effort,—the Second Speech on Foot's Resolution. This speech was made in the United States Senate, January, 1830.]

MR. PRESIDENT, I have thus stated the reasons of my dissent to the doctrines which have been advanced and maintained. I am conscious of having detained you and the Senate much too long. I was drawn into the debate with no previous deliberation, such as is suited to the discussion of so grave and important a subject. But it is a subject of which my heart is full, and I have not been willing to suppress the utterance of its spontaneous sentiments. I can not, even now, persuade myself to relinquish it without expressing once more my deep conviction that, since it respects nothing less than the Union of the States, it is of most vital and essential importance to the public happiness.

I profess, sir, in my career hitherto, to have kept steadily in view the prosperity and honor of the whole country, and the preservation of our Federal Union. It is to that Union we owe our safety at home, and our consideration and dignity abroad.<sup>3</sup> It is to that Union

<sup>1</sup> advanced and maintained. Substitute synonyms.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> deliberation. See Glossary.

<sup>\*</sup> It is . . . abroad. Point out antithetical terms. Difference between "consideration" and "dignity"?

that we are chiefly indebted for whatever makes us most proud of our country. That Union we reached 1 only by the discipline of our virtues in the severe school of adversity. It had its origin 2 in the necessities of disordered finance, prostrate commerce, and ruined credit. Under its benign influences, these great interests immediately awoke, as from the dead, and sprang forth with newness of life. Every year of its duration has teemed with fresh proofs of its utility and its blessings; and although our territory has stretched out wider and wider, and our population spread further and further, they have not outrun its protection or its benefits. It has been to us all a copious fountain of national, social, and personal happiness.

I have not<sup>3</sup> allowed myself, sir, to look beyond the Union, to see what might lie hidden in the dark recess behind. I have not coolly weighed the chances of preserving liberty when the bonds that unite us together shall be broken asunder. I have not accustomed myself to hang over the precipice of disunion, to see whether, with my short sight, I can fathom the depth of the abyss below; nor could I regard him as a safe counselor in the affairs of this government whose thoughts should be mainly bent on considering, not how the Union may be best preserved, but how tolerable 4 might be the condition of the people when it shall be broken up and destroyed.

<sup>1</sup> Union we reached. Direct or | 8 I have not. etc. rhetorical order?

<sup>2</sup> It had its origin, etc. What matical type of each? period in our history is referred to? 4 tolerable. Give a synonym.

How many sentences in this paragraph? Grani-

While the Union lasts, we have high, exciting, gratifying prospects spread out before us, for us and our children. Beyond that I seek not to penetrate the veil. God grant that in my day, at least, that curtain may not rise! God grant that on my vision never may be opened what lies behind!

When my eyes¹ shall be turned to behold, for the last time, the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on States dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood! Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign<sup>2</sup> of the Republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies 8 streaming in their original luster, not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured; bearing for its motto no such miserable interrogatory as "What is all this worth?" nor those other words of delusion and folly, "Liberty first, and Union afterwards;" but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart, - Liberty and Union, now and for ever, one and inseparable!

When my eyes, etc. Analyze | plain, and point out how the details this sentence.

<sup>2</sup> the gorgeous ensign, etc. Ex- 2 trophies. See Webster.

are afterwards amplified.

# 3.-THE MURDER OF MR. WHITE.

[The argument from which this famous passage is taken was made to the jury (August, 1830) at a special session of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, held in Salem, for the trial of John F. and Joseph J. Knapp, charged with participating in the murder of Captain Joseph White. The murder was actually committed by one Richard Crowninshield, who had been hired by the Knapps to do it for \$1,000. While Crowninshield and the Knapps were in prison awaiting trial, J. J. Knapp, under a pledge of indemnity, made a full confession of the whole affair; and Crowninshield, having heard of this confession, soon after committed suicide in the prison. Knapp thereupon withdrew his confession, and refused to testify in the trial. This released the other party from the pledge; and then J. F. Knapp was indicted as principal in the murder, and his brother as an accessory. Both of the Knapps were convicted of the crime, and executed. Webster was engaged by the prosecuting officers of the State to aid them in the case.1

I AM little accustomed, gentlemen, to the part which I am now attempting to perform. Hardly more than once or twice has it happened to me to be concerned on the side of the government in any criminal prosecution whatever; and never, until the present occasion, in any case affecting life.

But I very much regret that it should have been thought necessary to suggest to you, that I am brought here to "hurry you against the law and beyond the evidence." I hope I have too much regard for justice, and too much respect for my own character, to attempt

Ex- of the counsel for the prisoner (Mr. Dexter, an eminent lawyer) compained that Webster had been brought there "to hurry the jury against the law and beyond the evidence"

<sup>1</sup> the part . . . perform. Explain.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> on the side... government. The last sentence of the introductory note explains this.

<sup>8</sup> hurry you ... evidence. One evidence."

either; and, were I to make such attempt, I am sure that in this court nothing can be carried against the law, and that gentlemen, intelligent and just as you are, are not, by any power, to be hurried beyond the evidence. Though I could well have wished to shun this occasion, I have not felt at liberty to withhold my professional assistance, when it is supposed that I may be in some degree useful in investigating and discovering the truth respecting this most extraordinary murder. It has seemed to be a duty incumbent on me, as on every other citizen, to do my best and my utmost to bring to light the perpetrators of this crime.

Against the prisoner at the bar, as an individual, I can not have the slightest prejudice. I would not do him the smallest injury or injustice. But I do not affect to be indifferent to the discovery and the punishment of this deep guilt. I cheerfully share in the opprobrium, how much soever it may be, which is cast on those who feel and manifest an anxious concern that all who had a part in planning or a hand in executing this deed of midnight assassination may be brought to answer for their enormous crime at the bar of public justice.

This is a most extraordinary case. In some respects it has hardly a precedent anywhere, certainly none in our New-England history. This bloody drama exhibited no suddenly excited, ungovernable rage. The actors in it were not surprised by any lion-like temptation springing upon their virtue, and overcoming it

<sup>1</sup> Against... prejudice. Change

<sup>2</sup> affect, pretend.

into the direct order of words.

<sup>8</sup> opprobrium, reproach.

before resistance could begin.1 Nor did they do the deed to glut savage vengeance, or satiate long-settled and deadly hate. It was a cool, calculating, moneymaking murder. It was all "hire and salary, not revenge." It was the weighing of money against life; the counting out of so many pieces of silver<sup>2</sup> against so many ounces of blood.

An aged man, without an enemy in the world, in his own house, and in his own bed, is made the victim of a butcherly murder for mere pay. Truly, here is a new lesson for painters and poets. Whoever shall hereafter draw the portrait of murder, if he will show it as it has been exhibited in an example, where such example was last to have been looked for, in the very bosom of our New-England society, let him not give it the grim visage of Moloch,3 the brow knitted by revenge, the face black with settled hate, and the bloodshot eye emitting livid fires of malice. Let him draw, rather, a decorous, smooth-faced, bloodless demon; a picture in repose, rather than in action; not so much an example of human nature in its depravity, and in its paroxysms 4 of crime, as an infernal nature, a fiend 5 in the ordinary display and development of his character.

The deed was executed with a degree of self-possession and steadiness equal to the wickedness with which

<sup>..</sup> out a vivid expression in this senténce.

<sup>2</sup> pieces of silver. What is the reference?

<sup>8</sup> Moloch, the deity of the Am- 5 fiend. See Glossary.

<sup>1</sup> The actors . . . begin. Point | monites, to whom human sacrifices were offered in the valley of Tophet.

<sup>4</sup> paroxysms, violent exhibitions.

it was planned. The circumstances, now clearly in evidence, spread out the whole scene before us. Deep sleep had fallen on the destined victim, and on all beneath his roof. A healthful old man, to whom sleep was sweet, the first sound slumbers of the night held him in their soft but strong embrace. The assassin enters2 through the window, already prepared, into an unoccupied apartment. With noiseless foot he paces 8 the lonely hall, half-lighted by the moon; he winds up the ascent of the stairs, and reaches the door of the chamber. Of this, he moves the lock by soft and continued pressure till it turns on its hinges without noise; and he enters, and beholds his victim before him. The room was uncommonly open to the admission of light. The face of the innocent sleeper was turned from the murderer, and the beams of the moon, resting on the gray locks of his aged temple, showed him where to strike.4 The fatal blow is given! and the victim passes, without a struggle or a motion, from the repose of sleep to the repose of death!

It is the assassin's purpose to make sure work; and he yet plies the dagger, though it was obvious that life had been destroyed by the blow of the bludgeon. even raises the aged arm, that he may not fail in his aim at the heart; and replaces it again over the wounds

<sup>1</sup> victim. See Webster.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> The assassin enters. Note the here? vivid effect produced by the use of the present tense, - the "historical | the wonderfully graphic manner present." Point out subsequent in which the scene is reproduced. examples.

<sup>8</sup> paces. Would treads be better

<sup>4</sup> The face . . . strike. Observe

<sup>5</sup> plies the dagger. Explain.

of the poniard! To finish the picture, he explores the wrist for the pulse! He feels for it, and ascertains that it beats no longer! It is accomplished. The deed is done. He retreats, retraces his steps to the window, passes out through it as he came in, and escapes. He has done the murder; no eye has seen him, no ear has heard him. The secret is his own, and it is safe!

Ah! gentlemen, that was a dreadful mistake. Such a secret can be safe nowhere. The whole creation of God has neither nook nor corner where the guilty can bestow it, and say it is safe. Not to speak of that eye 5 which glances through all disguises, and beholds every thing as in the splendor of noon, such secrets of guilt are never safe from detection, even by men. True it is, generally speaking, that "murder will out." True it is that Providence hath so ordained, and doth<sup>6</sup> so govern things, that those who break the great law of Heaven by shedding man's blood, seldom succeed in avoiding discovery. Especially in a case exciting so much attention as this, discovery must come, and will come, sooner or later. A thousand eyes turn at once to explore every man, every thing, every circumstance connected with the time and place; a thousand ears catch every whisper; a thousand excited minds in-

<sup>1</sup> poniard. Equivalent to what word previously used?

**<sup>2</sup>** He teels . . . . done. The staccate of these short sentences heightens the effect of the narrative.

<sup>\*</sup> no eye...him. How much more vivid is this figurative form than the plain expression no person! figure of speech?

<sup>4</sup> bestow. Define.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> that eye. Explain.

<sup>6</sup> hath...doth. The statement acquires added impressiveness from the use of the ancient form of the verb.

<sup>7</sup> a thousand eyes. What is the figure of speech?

tensely dwell on the scene, shedding all their light, and ready to kindle the slightest circumstance into a blaze of discovery.

Meantime the guilty soul 1 can not keep its own It is false to itself, or rather it feels an irresistible impulse of conscience to be true to itself. labors under its guilty possession, and knows not what to do with it. The human heart was not made for the residence of such an inhabitant. It finds itself preved on by a torment, which it dares not acknowledge to God or man. A vulture is devouring it, and it can ask no sympathy or assistance either from heaven or earth. The secret which the murderer possesses soon comes to possess him; and, like the evil spirits of which we read,2 it overcomes him, and leads him whithersoever it will. He feels it beating at his heart, rising to his throat, and demanding disclosure. He thinks the whole world sees it in his face, reads it in his eyes, and almost hears its workings in the very silence of his thoughts. It has become his master. It betrays his discretion, it breaks down his courage, it conquers his prudence.<sup>3</sup> When suspicions from without begin to embarrass him, and the net of circumstance to entangle him, the fatal secret struggles with still greater violence to burst forth.4 It must be confessed, it will be confessed: there is no refuge from confession but suicide, and suicide is confession.

We have here a remarkably fine piece of psychological analysis.

<sup>2</sup> evil spirits, etc. Explain.

<sup>1</sup> Meantime the guilty soul, etc. | . 8 It betrays . . . . prudence. What kind of sentence?

<sup>4</sup> the net ... burst forth. Is this plain or figurative language?

# IX. — WASHINGTON IRVING.

## LIFE AND WORKS.

Washington Irving, the first American to attain to distinctive literary eminence after the close of the Revolutionary war,—"the first ambassador whom the New World of letters sent to the Old," as Thackeray aptly styles him,—was born in the city of New York, April 3, 1783, a little more than a century ago. The war for independence had just been brought to its close, and the future biographer of the leader of the American armies in that war was fitly christened Washington.

Little noteworthy characterized Irving's childhood and youth. He left school in his sixteenth year, and began the study of law; but his taste was for literature, and when yet in his teens he began to write fugitive pieces for the press. Being threatened with consumption, he in 1804 visited Europe, spending some time in Italy. He had some thoughts of becoming a painter, but was soon satisfied that his talent was not for art.

When twenty-six years of age, Irving published his sprightly, graceful, and facetious History of New York, from the Beginning of the World to the End of the Dutch Dynasty: by Diedrich Knickerbocker. This work gained him immediate reputation at home and abroad.

For the next four or five years Irving was engaged in magazine and miscellaneous writing, and in 1815 he crossed the sea a second time. He had become a partner in the mercantile business of his broth-

I this voyage was undertaken partly for pur-

poses of trade, and partly for recreation in travel, to which he had a strong natural bent. But Irving's sojourn in Europe was destined to be greatly prolonged. During his absence his brothers failed in business; and, his supplies being thus cut off, he was obliged to take up literary labors to maintain himself.

Irving had come to feel much at home in England. He had been cordially received by literary people there: Campbell was his friend, so was Moore, so was Scott; and in that city the applause of the great lights of authorship was almost a necessity to any young aspirant for literary honors. During the seventeen years of his residence abroad he wrote and published many of his most successful works, receiving handsome royalties from the publishers.

In 1832 Irving returned to America the acknowledged chief of American men of letters. Three years later he purchased an estate on the Hudson, about twenty-five miles above New York, a spot made memorable as the scene of his Legend of Sleepy Hollow, and called by him "Sunnyside." In 1842 Irving was appointed minister to Spain,—an honor for which he was indebted to Daniel Webster, then secretary of state,—and passed the succeeding four years in Madrid. His diplomatic service having terminated, he resumed authorship in his home on the Hudson, where he passed the remainder of his days. He died at "Sunnyside," of heart-disease, November 28, 1859.

To Irving's residence and researches in Spain we owe The Alhambra, Legends of the Conquest of Spain, Conquest of Granada, and his Life and Voyages of Columbus. In biography he produced Mahomet and his Successors, the Life of Goldsmith, and the Life of Washington. Among tales and sketches we have Bracebridge Hall, Tales of a Traveler, Wolfert's Roost, and the delightful collection comprised in his Sketch-Book. The Sketch-Book contains Rip Van Winkle and the Legend of Sleepy Hollow, which are the most original of all his creations.

In private life Irving was very even-tempered, hospitable, genial, and generous, with an almost feminine delicacy of manners and conversation. Thackeray, who had met him several times, says of Irving, "He was most finished, polished, easy, and witty. In his family, gentle, generous, good-humored, affectionate, self-denying; in society, a delightful example of complete gentlemanhood, quite unspoiled by prosperity, never obsequious to the great; eager to acknowledge every contemporary's merit; always kind and affable with the young members of his calling; an exemplar of goodness, probity, and a pure life. The gate of his charming little domain on the beautiful Hudson River was for ever swinging before visitors who came to him. He shut no one out. How came it that this house was so small, when Mr. Irving's books were sold by hundreds of thousands - nay, millions; when his profits were known to be large, and the habits of life of the good old bachelor were notoriously modest and simple? He had loved once in his life. The lady he loved died, and he whom all the world loved never sought to replace her. He could only live very modestly, because the wifeless, childless man had a number of children to whom he was as a father. He had as

many as nine nieces, I am told, with all of whom the dear old man shared the produce of his genius."

Irving's style is characterized by rare grace, rich and quaint umor, and simple pathos. His diction is remarkably smooth and sweet, and he was one of the most charming masters of the lighter forms of English prose. Edward Everett, parodying Dr. Johnson's eulogy of Addison's style, says, and justly, "If the young aspirant after literary distinction wishes to study a style which possesses the characteristic beauties of Addison, its ease, simplicity, and elegance, with greater accuracy, point, and spirit, let him give his days and nights to the volumes of Irving."

### LOWELL'S TRIBUTE.

What! Irving! thrice welcome, warm heart and fine brain! You bring back the happiest spirit from Spain, And the gravest sweet humor that ever was there Since Cervantes met death in his gentle despair. Nay, don't be embarrassed, nor look so beseeching, I sha'n't run directly against my own preaching, And, having just laughed at their Raphaels and Dantes, Go to setting you up beside matchless Cervantes; But allow me to speak what I honestly feel:-To a true poet-heart add the fun of Dick Steele, Throw in all of Addison minus the chill. With the whole of that partnership's stock and good-will, Mix well, and, while stirring, hum o'er, as a spell, The "fine old English gentleman;" simmer it well: Sweeten just to your own private liking, then strain, That only the finest and clearest remain: Let it stand out of doors till a soul it receives From the warm lazy sun loitering down through green leaves: And you'll find a choice nature, not wholly deserving A name either English or Yankee-just Irving.

#### RIP VAN WINKLE.

[The famous tale of Rip Van Winkle first appeared in the Sketch-Book, a series of papers written by Washington Irving while in England, and originally brought out in numbers in New York, 1819-1820. In a prefatory note to this tale, Irving, in his style of humorous mystification, states that the story was found among the posthumous papers of Diedrich Knickerbocker, - the pseudonym under which the author published his History of New York, ten years before the appearance of the Sketch-Book.1

### FIRST READING.

Whoever has made a voyage up the Hudson must remember the Kaatskill 1 Mountains. They are a dismembered branch of the great Appalachian family, and are seen away to the west of the river, swelling up to a noble height, and lording it over 2 the surrounding country. Every change of season, every change of weather, indeed every hour of the day, produces some change in the magical hues and shapes of these mountains; and they are regarded by all the goodwives, far and near, as perfect barometers. When the weather is fair and settled, they are clothed in blue and purple, and print their bold outlines on the clear evening sky; but sometimes, when the rest of the landscape is cloudless, they will gather a hood of gray vapors about their summits, which in the last rays of the setting sun will glow and light up like a crown of glory.

At the foot of these fairy mountains 8 the voyager 4

<sup>1</sup> Kaatskill: now commonly written Catskill.

<sup>2</sup> lording it over. What is the the legend that follows. figure? (See Def. 4.)

<sup>8</sup> fairy mountains: "fairy" in anticipation of the elfin nature of

<sup>4</sup> voyager. Force of the suffix?

may have descried the light smoke curling up from a village, whose shingle roofs gleam among the trees, just where the blue tints of the upland melt away into the fresh green of the nearer landscape. It is a little village of great antiquity, having been founded by some of the Dutch colonists in the early times of the province, just about the beginning of the government of the good Peter Stuyvesant 1 (may he rest in peace!); and there were some of the houses of the original settlers standing within a few years, built of small yellow bricks brought from Holland, having latticed windows, and gable fronts surmounted with weathercocks.

In that same village, and in one of these very houses (which, to tell the precise 2 truth, was sadly time-worn and weather-beaten), there lived many years since, while the country was vet a province of Great Britain, a simple good-natured fellow, of the name of Rip Van Winkle. He was a descendant of the Van Winkles who figured so gallantly in the chivalrous days of Peter Stuyvesant, and accompanied him to the siege of Fort Christina.3 He inherited, however, but little of the martial character of his ancestors. I have observed that he was a simple good-natured man; he

1 Peter Stuyvesant was the small settlement of Swedes near the present site of Wilmington, Del. The Swedes were conquered by Stuyvesant. In the Knickerbocker's History the Van Winkles figure among the doughty warriors who accompanied Stuyvesant to the siege, and who are described as having been "brimful of wrath and

fourth and last of the Dutch governors of New Netherlands (1647-1664), in which latter year the English took possession of the province and changed its name to New York. He figures in Irving's History.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> precise. See Glossary.

<sup>8</sup> Fort Christina. This was a cabbage."

was, moreover, a kind neighbor, and an obedient henpecked 1 husband. Indeed, to the latter circumstance might be owing that meekness of spirit which gained him such universal popularity; for those men are most apt to be obsequious and conciliating abroad who are under the discipline of shrews 2 at home. Their tempers, doubtless, are rendered pliant and malleable 3 in the fiery furnace 4 of domestic tribulation,5 and a curtain lecture 6 is worth all the sermons in the world for teaching the virtues of patience and longsuffering. A termagant wife may therefore, in some respects, be considered a tolerable blessing; and if so, Rip Van Winkle was thrice blessed.

Certain it is, that he was a great favorite among all the goodwives of the village, who, as usual 8 with the amiable sex, took his part in all family squabbles, and never failed, whenever they talked those matters over in their evening gossipings, to lay all the blame on Dame Van Winkle. The children of the village, too, would shout with joy whenever he approached. He assisted at their sports, made their playthings, taught them to fly kites and shoot marbles; and told them long stories of ghosts, witches, and Indians. Whenever

wife.

<sup>2</sup> shrews, female scolds.

<sup>\*</sup> malleable: from Latin malleus, a hammer. Is the word used literally or figuratively?

<sup>4</sup> fiery furnace. What is the figure? (See Def. 3.)

lum, a flail; and so, literally, a sub-acid flavor of this remark.

<sup>1</sup> henpecked, governed by one's | flailing), that which occasions distress, affliction.

<sup>6</sup> curtain lecture, "a lecture or reproof given by a wife to her husband within the bed-curtains. or in bed." - Douglas JERROLD.

<sup>7</sup> termagant. See Webster for the interesting derivation of this word.

<sup>5</sup> tribulation (from Latin tribu- 8 who, as usual, etc. Note the

he went dodging about the village, he was surrounded by a troop of them, hanging on his skirts, clambering on his back, and playing a thousand tricks on him with impunity; and not a dog would bark at him throughout the neighborhood.

The great error in Rip's composition was an insuperable aversion 1 to all kinds of profitable labor. could not be from the want of assiduity or perseverance; 2 for he would sit on a wet rock, with a rod as long and heavy as a Tartar's lance, and fish all day without a murmur, even though he should not be encouraged by a single nibble. He would carry a fowling-piece on his shoulder for hours together, trudging through woods and swamps, and up hill and down dale, to shoot a few squirrels or wild pigeons. would never refuse to assist a neighbor even in the roughest toil, and was a foremost man at all country frolics for husking Indian corn, or building stone fences: the women of the village, too, used to employ him to run their errands, and to do such little odd jobs as their less obliging husbands would not do for them. In a word, Rip was ready to attend to anybody's business but his own; but as to doing family duty, and keeping his farm in order, he found it impossible.

In fact, he declared it was of no use to work on his farm: it was the most pestilent 3 little piece of ground in the whole country; every thing about it went

<sup>1</sup> aversion. See Glossary.

<sup>8</sup> pestilent: from Latin pestis, 2 assiduity or perseverance. the plague: hence, plaguy, trouble-Give the distinction. some.

wrong,¹ and would go wrong in spite of him. His fences were continually falling to pieces; his cow would either go astray, or get among the cabbages; weeds were sure to grow quicker in his fields than anywhere else; the rain always made a point of setting in just as he had some out-door work to do: so that though his patrimonial estate² had dwindled away under his management, acre by acre, until there was little more left than a mere patch of Indian corn and potatoes, yet it was the worst-conditioned farm in the neighborhood.

His children, too, were as ragged and wild as if they belonged to nobody. His son Rip, an urchin begotten in his own likeness, promised to inherit the habits, with the old clothes, of his father. He was generally seen trooping like a colt at his mother's heels, equipped in a pair of his father's cast-off galligaskins, which he had much ado to hold up with one hand, as a fine lady does her train in bad weather.

Rip Van Winkle, however, was one of those happy mortals, of foolish, well-oiled <sup>5</sup> dispositions, who take the world easy, eat white bread or brown, whichever can be got with least thought or trouble, and would rather starve on a penny than work for a pound. If left to himself, he would have whistled life away in perfect contentment; <sup>6</sup> but his wife kept continually dinning in his ears about his idleness, his carelessness,

<sup>1</sup> wrong. The word is connected with wring, and means literally that which is wrung or twisted from the right.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> patrimonial estate. Explain the expression.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>8</sup> urchin. See Webster for the interesting derivation of this word.

<sup>4</sup> galligaskins, large open hose.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> well-oiled. Show the appropriateness of this word.

<sup>6</sup> contentment. See Webster.

and the ruin he was bringing on his family. Morning, noon, and night, her tongue was incessantly going; and every thing he said or did was sure to produce a torrent of household eloquence. Rip had but one way of replying to all lectures of the kind; and that, by frequent use, had grown into a habit. He shrugged his shoulders, shook his head, cast up his eyes, but said nothing. This, however, always provoked a fresh volley 1 from his wife, so that he was fain 2 to draw off his forces, 3 and take to the outside of the house,—the only side which, in truth, belongs to a henpecked husband.

Rip's sole domestic adherent was his dog Wolf, who was as much henpecked as his master; for Dame Van Winkle regarded them as companions in idleness, and even looked upon Wolf with an evil eye, as the cause of his master's going so often astray. True it is, in all points of spirit befitting an honorable dog, he was as courageous an animal as ever scoured the woods; but what courage an animal as ever scoured the woods; but what courage can withstand the ever-during and all-besetting terrors of a woman's tongue? The moment Wolf entered the house his crest fell, his tail drooped to the ground or curled between his legs, he sneaked about with a gallows air, casting many a sidelong glance at Dame Van Winkle, and at the least flourish of a broomstick or ladle he would fly to the door with yelping precipitation.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> volley. Note the metaphorical use of the word.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> fain (from Anglo-Saxon fagen, glad), content from necessity.

<sup>8</sup> draw off his forces. What is the figure?

<sup>4</sup> but what courage, etc. Observe how the *implied* assertion is made the stronger by being put in the interrogative form.

<sup>5</sup> precipitation. From Latin praceps, headlong.

Times grew worse and worse with Rip Van Winkle as years of matrimony rolled on; a tart temper never mellows with age, and a sharp tongue is the only edged tool 1 that grows keener with constant use. For a long while he used to console himself, when driven from home, by frequenting a kind of perpetual club of the sages, philosophers,2 and other idle personages of the village, which held its sessions on a bench before a small inn, designated by a rubicund 3 portrait of his Majesty George the Third. Here they used to sit in the shade through a long lazy summer's day, talking listlessly over village gossip, or telling endless sleepy stories about nothing. But it would have been worth any statesman's money to have heard the profound discussions that sometimes took place, when by chance an old newspaper fell into their hands from some passing traveler. How solemnly they would listen to the contents, as drawled out by Derrick Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, a dapper,4 learned little man, who was not to be daunted by the most gigantic word in the dictionary; and how sagely they would deliberate upon public events some months after they had taken place!

The opinions of this junto were completely con-

<sup>1</sup> only edged tool. What is the | teresting note by Dean Trench, on figure?

<sup>2</sup> sages, philosophers. What is the figure? (See Def. 11.)

<sup>8</sup> rubicund. Give the etymology. and show the aptness of the adjective here.

<sup>4</sup> dapper. See in Webster an in-

the change of meaning in this word.

<sup>5</sup> junto (Latin junctus, joined), properly a body of men combined for secret deliberation, but here used ironically.

<sup>6</sup> completely. Give a synonym,

trolled by Nicholas Vedder, a patriarch of the village and landlord of the inn, at the door of which he took his seat from morning till night, just moving sufficiently to avoid the sun and keep in the shade of a large tree; so that the neighbors 1 could tell the hour by his movements as accurately as by a sun-dial. It is true he was rarely heard to speak, but smoked his pipe incessantly. His adherents, however (for every great man has his adherents), perfectly understood him, and knew how to gather his opinions. When any thing that was read or related displeased him, he was observed to smoke his pipe vehemently, and to send forth short, frequent, and angry puffs; but when pleased, he would inhale the smoke slowly and tranquilly, and emit<sup>2</sup> it in light and placid clouds; and sometimes, taking the pipe from his mouth, and letting the fragrant vapor curl about his nose, would gravely nod his head in token of perfect approbation.

From even this stronghold the unlucky Rip was at length routed by his termagant wife, who would suddenly break in upon the tranquillity of the assemblage and call the members all to naught; nor was that august<sup>3</sup> personage, Nicholas Vedder himself, sacred from the daring tongue of this terrible virago,<sup>4</sup> who charged him outright with encouraging her husband in habits of idleness.<sup>5</sup>

neighbor, from Anglo-Saxon neah, nigh, near, and gebor, a dwell-

<sup>2</sup> emit. Give a synonym.

<sup>8</sup> august. Observe the irony.

<sup>4</sup> virago (Latin virago, a woman having the qualities of a man—vir), a termagant, shrew, vixen.

<sup>5</sup> who charged ... idleness. To what is the clause an adjunct?

### SECOND READING.

Poor Rip was at last reduced 1 almost to despair; and his only alternative, to escape from the labor of the farm and clamor of his wife, was to take gun in hand and stroll away into the woods. Here he would sometimes seat himself at the foot of a tree, and share the contents<sup>2</sup> of his wallet<sup>8</sup> with Wolf, with whom he sympathized as a fellow-sufferer in persecution. Wolf," he would say, "thy mistress leads thee a dog's life of it; but never mind, my lad, whilst I live thou shalt never want a friend to stand by thee!" Wolf would wag his tail, look wistfully in his master's face, and, if dogs can feel pity, I verily believe he reciprocated the sentiment with all his heart.

In a long ramble of the kind on a fine autumnal day, Rip had unconsciously scrambled to one of the highest parts of the Kaatskill Mountains. He was after his favorite sport of squirrel-shooting, and the still solitudes had echoed and re-echoed with the reports of his gun. Panting and fatigued, he threw himself, late in the afternoon, on a green knoll, covered with mountain herbage, that crowned the brow of a precipice. From an opening between the trees he could overlook all the lower country for many a mile of rich woodland. He saw at a distance the lordly Hudson, far, far below him, moving on its silent but majestic course, with the reflection 4 of a purple cloud,

<sup>1</sup> reduce. See Webster.

<sup>2</sup> contents. Define.

<sup>8</sup> wallet (French mallelle, a 4 reflection, Define,

valise, from malle, a trunk), a provision-bag.

or the sail of a lagging bark, here and there sleeping on its glassy bosom, and at last losing itself in the blue highlands.

On the other side he looked down into a deep mountain glen, wild, lonely, and shagged, the bottom filled with fragments from the impending cliffs, and scarcely lighted by the reflected rays of the setting sun. For some time Rip lay musing on this scene; evening was gradually advancing; the mountains began to throw their long blue shadows over the valleys: he saw that it would be dark long before he could reach the village, and he heaved a heavy sigh when he thought of encountering the terrors of Dame Van Winkle.<sup>1</sup>

As he was about to descend, he heard a voice from a distance, hallooing, "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" He looked round, but could see nothing but a crow winging its solitary flight across the mountain. He thought his fancy must have deceived him, and turned again to descend, when he heard the same cry ring through the still evening air: "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" At the same time Wolf bristled up his back, and, giving a loud growl, skulked to his master's side, looking fearfully down into the glen. Rip now felt a vague apprehension stealing over him: he looked anxiously in the same direction, and perceived a strange figure slowly toiling up the rocks, and bending under the weight of something he carried on his back. He was surprised to see any human being in this lonely and unfrequented place; but, supposing it

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> For some time... Van Win- pound sentence into five simple kle. Break up this "loose" com- sentences.

to be some one of the neighborhood in need of assistance, he hastened down to yield it.

On nearer approach he was still more surprised at the singularity of the stranger's appearance. He was a short, square-built old fellow, with thick bushy hair and a grizzled 1 beard. His dress was of the antique Dutch fashion,—a cloth jerkin<sup>2</sup> strapped round the waist, several pairs of breeches, the outer one of ample volume, decorated with rows of buttons down the sides, and bunches at the knees. He bore on his shoulder a stout keg, that seemed full of liquor, and made signs for Rip to approach and assist him with the load. Though rather shy and distrustful of this new acquaintance, Rip complied with his usual alacrity; and, mutually relieving each other, they clambered up a narrow gully, apparently the dry bed of a mountain torrent. As they ascended, Rip every now and then heard long rolling peals, like distant thunder, that seemed to issue out of a deep ravine, or rather cleft, between lofty rocks, toward which their rugged path conducted. He paused for an instant; but supposing it to be the muttering of one of those transient<sup>3</sup> thunder-showers which often take place in mountain heights, he proceeded. Passing through the ravine, they came to a hollow, like a small amphitheater, surrounded by perpendicular precipices, over the brinks of which impending 4 trees shot 5 their branches, so that

<sup>1</sup> grissled (French gris, gray), of a grayish color.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> jorkin, a jacket, or short close-fitting coat.

<sup>\*</sup> transient, passing (see Webster).

<sup>4</sup> impending, overhanging.

<sup>5</sup> shot, etc. Explain.

you only caught glimpses of the azure sky and the bright evening cloud. During the whole time Rip and his companion had labored on in silence; for, though the former marveled greatly what could be the object of carrying a keg of liquor up this wild mountain, yet there was something strange and incomprehensible about the unknown, that inspired awe and checked familiarity.

On entering the amphitheater new objects of wonder presented themselves. On a level spot in the center was a company of odd-looking personages 2 playing at They were dressed in a quaint outlandish 8 fashion: some wore short doublets,4 others jerkins, with long knives in their belts; and most of them had enormous breeches, of similar style with those of the guide. Their visages, too, were peculiar: one had a large head, broad face, and small piggish eyes; the face of another seemed to consist entirely of nose, and was surmounted by a white sugar-loaf hat, set off with a little red cock's tail. They all had beards, of various shapes and col-There was one who seemed to be the commander. He was a stout old gentleman, with a weather-beaten countenance; he wore a laced doublet, broad belt and hanger.<sup>5</sup> high-crowned hat and feather, red stockings, and high-heeled shoes with roses in them. The whole

the unknown, that is, his unknown companion.

<sup>\*</sup> personages. Why here a better word than persons?

<sup>\*</sup> outlandish, literally, out of one's own land, foreign; hence, strange, out-of-the-way.

<sup>4</sup> doublet (French doublet, derivative of double, double), a long wadded waistcoat.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> hanger, a short, broad, curved sword.

<sup>6</sup> roses, rosettes, worn in the shoes of the beaux of the time.

group reminded Rip of the figures in an old Flemish painting, in the parlor of Dominie 1 Van Shaick, the village parson, and which had been brought over from Holland at the time of the settlement.

What seemed particularly odd to Rip was, that, though these folks were evidently amusing themselves, vet they maintained the gravest faces, the most mysterious silence, and were, withal,2 the most melancholy party of pleasure he had ever witnessed. Nothing interrupted 3 the stillness of the scene but the noise of the balls, which, whenever they were rolled, echoed along the mountains like rumbling peals of thunder.

As Rip and his companion approached them, they suddenly desisted from their play, and stared at him with such fixed statue-like gaze, and such strange, uncouth, lack-luster countenances, that his heart turned within him, and his knees smote together. His companion now emptied the contents of the keg into large flagons,4 and made signs to him to wait upon the company. He obeyed with fear and trembling: they quaffed 5 the liquor in profound silence, and then returned to their game.

By degrees Rip's awe and apprehension subsided. He even ventured, when no eye was fixed upon him, to taste the beverage, which he found had much of the flavor of excellent Hollands.6 He was naturally a

<sup>1</sup> Dominie (Latin dominus, lord, | master), a title given by the Dutch to a clergyman or a schoolmaster.

<sup>2</sup> withal, at the same time.

<sup>\*</sup> interrupted. See Glossary.

<sup>4</sup> flagon (French flacon, a small | Holland.

vessel), "a vessel with a narrow mouth, used for holding and conveying liquor." - WEBSTER.

<sup>5</sup> quaffed. Etymology?

<sup>6</sup> Hollands, that is, gin made in

thirsty soul,<sup>1</sup> and was soon tempted to repeat the draught. One taste provoked another; and he reiterated his visits to the flagon so often that at length his senses were overpowered, his eyes swam in his head, his head gradually declined, and he fell into a deep sleep.

#### THIRD READING.

On waking, Rip Van Winkle found himself on the green knoll whence he had first seen the old man of the glen. He rubbed his eyes. It was a bright sunny morning. The birds were hopping and twittering among the bushes; and the eagle was wheeling aloft, and breasting the pure mountain breeze. "Surely," thought Rip, "I have not slept here all night." He recalled the occurrences before he fell asleep,—the strange man with a keg of liquor, the mountain ravine, the wild retreat among the rocks, the woe-begone party at ninepins, the flagon—"O that flagon! that wicked flagon!" thought Rip: "what excuse shall I make to Dame<sup>2</sup> Van Winkle?"

He looked round for his gun; but in place of the clean, well-oiled fowling-piece, he found an old firelock 3 lying by him, the barrel incrusted with rust, the lock falling off, and the stock worm-eaten. He now suspected that the grave roisters 4 of the mountain had

<sup>1</sup> soul: used for what other word? |

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Dame: originally a lady (French dame), but the word has degenerated to mean a woman in rather humble life.

<sup>§</sup> firelock. See Glossary.

<sup>4</sup> roisters=roisterers: rollicking, blustering fellows (from Latin rusticus, a rustic, through French rustre, a clown).

put a trick upon him, and, having dosed him with liquor, had robbed him of his gun. Wolf, too, had disappeared; but he might have strayed away after a squirrel or partridge. He whistled after him and shouted his name, but all in vain; the echoes repeated his whistle and shout, but no dog was to be seen.

He determined to revisit the scene of the last evening's gambol,1 and if he met with any of the party, to demand his dog and gun. As he rose to walk, he found himself stiff in the joints, and wanting in his usual activity. "These mountain beds do not agree with me," thought Rip; "and if this frolic should lay me up with a fit of the rheumatism, I shall have a blessed time 2 with Dame Van Winkle." With some difficulty he got down into the glen: he found the gully up which he and his companion had ascended the preceding evening; but to his astonishment a mountain stream was now foaming down it, leaping from rock to rock, and filling the glen with babbling murmurs. He, however, made shift to scramble up its sides, working his toilsome way through thickets of birch, sassafras, and witch-hazel, and sometimes tripped up or entangled by the wild grape-vines that twisted their coils or tendrils from tree to tree, and spread a kind of net-work in his path.

At length he reached to where the ravine had opened through the cliffs to the amphitheater; but no traces of such opening remained. The rocks presented a high

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> gambol. See Webster for the interesting etymology of this word. | 2 blessed time. Explain the true meaning.

impenetrable wall, over which the torrent came tumbling in a sheet of feathery foam, and fell into a broad deep basin, black from the shadows of the surrounding forest. Here, then, poor Rip was brought to a stand. He again called and whistled after his dog: he was only answered by the cawing of a flock of idle crows, sporting high in air about a dry tree that overhung a sunny precipice; and who, secure in their elevation, seemed to look down and scoff at 1 the poor man's perplexities. What was to be done? the morning was passing away, and Rip felt famished for want of his breakfast. He grieved to give up his dog and his gun; he dreaded to meet his wife: but it would not do to starve among the mountains. He shook his head, shouldered the rusty firelock, and, with a heart full of trouble and anxiety, turned his steps homeward.

As he approached the village he met a number of people, but none<sup>2</sup> whom he knew; which somewhat surprised him, for he had thought himself acquainted with every one in the country round. Their dress, too, was of a different fashion from that to which he was accustomed. They all stared at him with equal marks of surprise, and, whenever they cast their eyes upon him, invariably stroked their chins. The constant recurrence<sup>3</sup> of this gesture induced Rip, involuntarily,<sup>4</sup> to do the same; when, to his astonishment,<sup>5</sup> he found his beard had grown a foot long!

<sup>1</sup> scoff at, etc. What is the figure of speech?

<sup>2</sup> none = no one.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>8</sup> recurrence, repetition.

<sup>4</sup> involuntarily, literally, in a manner against one's will (Latin voluntas, will).

<sup>5</sup> astonishment. Synonym?

He had now entered the skirts of the village. A troop of strange children ran at his heels, hooting after him, and pointing at his gray beard. The dogs, too, not one of which he recognized for an old acquaintance. barked at him as he passed. The very village was altered; it was larger and more populous. There were rows of houses which he had never seen before, and those which had been his familiar haunts had disappeared. Strange names were over the doors, strange faces at the windows; every thing was strange. His mind now misgave him: he began to doubt whether both he and the world around him were not bewitched. Surely this was his native village, which he had left but the day before. There stood the Kaatskill Mountains; there ran the silver Hudson at a distance; there was every hill and dale precisely as it had always been. Rip was sorely perplexed. "That flagon last night," thought he, "has addled 2 my poor head sadly!"

It was with some difficulty that he found the way to his own house, which he approached with silent awe, expecting every moment to hear the shrill voice of Dame Van Winkle. He found the house gone to decay,—the roof fallen in, the windows shattered, and the doors off the hinges. A half-starved dog that looked like Wolf was skulking about it. called him by name: but the cur 3 snarled, showed his teeth, and passed on. This was an unkind cut4

<sup>1</sup> skirts=outskirts.

ease), diseased, confused.

here?

<sup>4</sup> unkind cut. An allusion to 2 addled (Anglo-Saxon adle, dis-| Shakespeare's expression, "most unkindest cut of all." See the <sup>3</sup> cur. Why preferable to dog extract from Julius Casar, page 50 of this book.

indeed. "My very dog," sighed poor Rip, "has forgotten me!"

He entered the house, which, to tell the truth, Dame Van Winkle had always kept in neat order. It was empty, forlorn, and apparently abandoned. The desolateness overcame all his connubial fears; <sup>1</sup> he called loudly for his wife and children: the lonely chambers rang for a moment with his voice, and then all again was silence.

He now hurried forth, and hastened to his old resort, the village inn; but it too was gone. A large rickety wooden building stood in its place, with great gaping windows, some of them broken, and mended with old hats and petticoats; and over the door was painted, "The Union Hotel, by Jonathan Doolittle." Instead of the great tree that used to shelter the quiet little Dutch inn of vore,2 there was now reared a tall naked pole,3 with something on the top that looked like a red nightcap; and from it was fluttering a flag, on which was a singular assemblage 4 of stars and stripes. All this was strange and incomprehensible. He recognized on the sign, however, the ruby face 5 of King George, under which he had smoked so many a peaceful pipe; but even this was singularly metamorphosed:6 the red coat was changed for one of blue and buff, a sword was held in the hand instead of a scepter,7 the head

<sup>1</sup> connubial fears. Explain.

<sup>2</sup> yore, olden times.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>8</sup> tall naked pole, that is, a liberty-pole.

<sup>4</sup> singular assemblage. Explain what is meant.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> ruby face. What synonymous expression has been previously used?

<sup>6</sup> metamorphosed. See Webster for the derivation.

<sup>7</sup> scepter. See Glossary.

was decorated with a cocked hat, and underneath was painted in large characters "GENERAL WASHINGTON."

There was, as usual, a crowd of folks about the door, but none that Rip recollected. The very character of the people seemed changed. There was a busy, bustling, disputatious 1 tone about it, instead of the accustomed phlegm² and drowsy tranquillity. He looked in vain for the sage Nicholas Vedder, with his broad face, double chin, and fair long pipe, uttering 3 clouds of tobacco-smoke instead of idle speeches; or Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, doling forth the contents of an ancient newspaper. In place of these, a lean, biliouslooking fellow, with his pockets full of handbills, was haranguing vehemently about rights of citizens, elections, members of Congress, liberty, Bunker's Hill, heroes of seventy-six, and other words, which were a perfect Babylonish 4 jargon to the bewildered Van Winkle.

The appearance of Rip, with his long grizzled beard, his rusty fowling-piece, his uncouth <sup>5</sup> dress, and an army <sup>6</sup> of women and children at his heels, soon attracted the attention of the tavern politicians. They crowded round him, eying him from head to foot with great curiosity. The orator bustled up to him, and, drawing him partly aside, inquired "on which side he voted." Rip stared in vacant stupidity. Another short

<sup>1</sup> disputatious. See Webster.

 $<sup>^{2}\</sup> phlegm$ , dullness, sluggishness.

<sup>\*</sup> uttering, etc. Show why this word may be used in connection both with the "tobacco-smoke" and the "speeches,"

<sup>4</sup> Babylonish: an allusion to the change to plain terms.

confusion of tongues at the Tower of Babel, which is thought to have stood on the site of Babylon.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> uncouth, literally, unknown; hence, strange, outlandish.

<sup>6</sup> army. Note the hyperbole, and change to plain terms.

but busy little fellow pulled him by the arm, and, rising on tiptoe, inquired in his ear "whether he was Federal or Democrat." 1 Rip was equally at a loss to comprehend the question; when a knowing,2 self-important old gentleman, in a sharp cocked hat, made his way through the crowd, putting them to the right and left with his elbows as he passed, and planting himself before Van Winkle, with one arm akimbo,3 the other resting on his cane, his keen eyes and sharp hat penetrating, as it were, into his very soul, demanded in an austere tone, "What brought him to the election with a gun on his shoulder, and a mob at his heels, and whether he meant to breed a riot in the village?"— "Alas! gentlemen," cried Rip, somewhat dismayed, "I am a poor quiet man, a native of the place, and a loyal subject of the king, God bless him!"

Here a general shout burst from the bystanders: "A tory! a tory! a spy! a refugee! hustle him! away with him!" It was with great difficulty that the self-important man in the cocked hat restored order; and, having assumed a tenfold austerity of brow, demanded again of the unknown culprit, what he came there for, and whom he was seeking. The poor man humbly assured him that he meant no harm, but merely came there in search of some of his neighbors, who used to keep about the tayern.

<sup>1</sup> Federal or Democrat. The pupil's study of United States history will have taught him the meaning of these terms in our early politics.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> knowing. Give a synonym.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>8</sup> akimbo. See Webster for the derivation.

<sup>4</sup> election. See Glossury.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> tory, a royalist during the Revolution. The English tories were the enemies of America.

"Well, who are they? Name them."

Rip bethought himself a moment, and inquired, "Where's Nicholas Vedder?"

There was a silence for a little while, when an old man replied in a thin piping voice, "Nicholas Vedder! why, he is dead and gone these eighteen years! There was a wooden tombstone in the churchyard that used to tell all about him, but that's rotten and gone too."

"Where's Brom Dutcher?"

"O, he went off to the army in the beginning of the war. Some say he was killed at the storming of Stony Point; 1 others say he was drowned in a squall at the foot of Anthony's Nose.2 I don't know: he never came back again."

"Where's Van Bummel, the schoolmaster?"

"He went off to the wars too, was a great militia general, and is now in Congress."

Rip's heart died away at hearing of these sad changes in his home and friends, and finding himself thus alone in the world. Every answer puzzled him, too, by treating of such enormous lapses of time, and of matters which he could not understand, -war, Congress, Stony Point: he had no courage to ask after any more friends,

1 Stony Point: a high rocky | York. Irving in his Knickerbocker's History says it received its name River, forty-two miles north of from the nose of Anthony Van Cor-New-York City. It was the site lear (the trumpeter of Stuyvesant), which was "of a very lusty size, strutting boldly from his coun-2 Anthony's Nose: a promon- tenance like a mountain of Gol-

peninsula jutting into Hudson of a fort which "Mad Anthony" Wayne took by storm July 16, 1779.

tory, fifty-seven miles from New conda."

but cried out in despair, "Does nobody here know Rip Van Winkle?"

"O, Rip Van Winkle!" exclaimed two or three. "O, to be sure! that's Rip Van Winkle yonder, leaning against the tree."

Rip looked, and beheld a precise counterpart of himself as he went up the mountain,—apparently as lazy, and certainly as ragged. The poor fellow was now completely confounded. He doubted his own identity, and whether he was himself or another man. In the midst of his bewilderment, the man in the cocked hat demanded who he was, and what was his name.

"God knows!" exclaimed he, at his wit's end; "I'm not myself, I'm somebody else. That's me<sup>2</sup> yonder: no, that's somebody else got into my shoes. I was myself last night; but I fell asleep on the mountain, and they've changed my gun, and every thing's changed, and I'm changed, and I can't tell what's my name, or who I am!"

The bystanders began now to look at each other, nod, wink significantly, and tap their fingers against their foreheads. There was a whisper, also, about securing the gun, and keeping the old fellow from doing mischief, at the very suggestion of which the self-important man in the cocked hat retired with some precipitation. At this critical moment a fresh comely woman pressed through the throng to get a peep at

8 secure. Derivation?

<sup>1</sup> counterpart, duplicate.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> that's me: a solecism, of course, but in keeping with the character.

<sup>4</sup> comely: allied to becoming.

Give a synonym.

<sup>5</sup> throng, crowd.

the gray-bearded man. She had a chubby child in her arms, which, frightened at his looks, began to cry. "Hush, Rip," cried she, "hush, you little fool: the old man won't hurt you." The name of the child, the air of the mother, the tone of her voice, all awakened a train of recollections in his mind. "What is your name, my good woman?" asked he.

"Judith Gardenier."

"And your father's name?"

"Ah, poor man! Rip Van Winkle was his name, but it's twenty years since he went away from home with his gun, and never has been heard of since: his dog came home without him; but whether he shot himself, or was carried away by the Indians, nobody can tell. I was then but a little girl."

Rip had but one question more to ask, but he put it with a faltering 4 voice:—

"Where's your mother?"

"O, she too died but a short time since: she broke a blood-vessel in a fit of passion at a New-England peddler."

There was a drop of comfort, <sup>5</sup> at least, in this intelligence. <sup>6</sup> The honest man could contain himself no longer. He caught his daughter and her child in his arms. "I am your father!" cried he,—"young Rip Van Winkle once, old Rip Van Winkle now! Does nobody know poor Rip Van Winkle?"

<sup>1</sup> chubby. See Webster for the interesting derivation of this word.

<sup>2</sup> air, appearance.

<sup>\*</sup> recollections. See Glossary.

<sup>4</sup> faltering, hesitating.

<sup>5</sup> drop of comfort, etc. Observe the sly humor.

<sup>6</sup> intelligence. Give a synonym.

All stood amazed, until an old woman, tottering out from among the crowd, put her hand to her brow, and, peering under it in his face for a moment, exclaimed, "Sure enough! it is Rip Van Winkle,—it is himself! Welcome home again, old neighbor! Why, where have you been these twenty long years?"

Rip's story was soon told, for the whole twenty years had been to him but as one night. The neighbors stared when they heard it; some were seen to wink at each other, and put their tongues in their cheeks: and the self-important man in the cocked hat, who when the alarm was over had returned to the field, screwed down the corners of his mouth, and shook his head; upon which there was a general shaking of the head throughout the assemblage.

It was determined, however, to take the opinion of old Peter Vanderdonk, who was seen slowly advancing up the road. He was a descendant of the historian of that name, who wrote one of the earliest accounts of the province. Peter was the most ancient inhabitant of the village, and well versed in all the wonderful events and traditions of the neighborhood. He recollected Rip at once, and corroborated his story in the most satisfactory manner. He assured the company that it was a fact, handed down from his ancestor the historian, that the Kaatskill Mountains had always been haunted by strange beings; that it was affirmed that the great Hendrick Hudson, the first discoverer of the river and country, kept a kind of vigil there every

<sup>1</sup> the historian: Adrian Vander-donk.

2 the province: that is, the province of New Netherlands.

twenty years, with his crew of the "Half-Moon," being permitted in this way to revisit the scenes of his enterprise, and keep a guardian eye upon the great river called by his name; that his father had once seen them in their old Dutch dresses, playing at ninepins in a hollow of the mountain; and that he himself had heard, one summer afternoon, the sound of their balls, like distant<sup>2</sup> peals of thunder.

To make a long story short, the company broke up, and returned to the more important concerns of the election. Rip's daughter took him home to live with her: she had a snug, well-furnished house, and a stout cheery farmer for her husband, whom Rip recollected for one of the urchins that used to climb upon his back. As to Rip's son and heir, who was the ditto<sup>8</sup> of himself, seen leaning against the tree, he was employed to work on the farm, but evinced an hereditary disposition to attend to any thing else but his business.

Rip now resumed his old walks and habits: he soon found many of his former cronies, though all rather the worse for the wear and tear of time; and preferred making friends among the rising generation, with whom he soon grew into great favor.

Having nothing to do at home, and being arrived at that happy age when a man can be idle with impunity, he took his place once more on the bench at the inn-

<sup>1 &</sup>quot;Half-Moon:" the name of the vessel in which Hudson first derivation. The use of the expressailed up the river that bears his name.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> distant. See Glossary.

<sup>8</sup> the ditto. See Webster for the sion here is scarcely in accord with Irving's almost invariably pure phraseology.

door, and was reverenced as one of the patriarchs of the village, and a chronicle of the old times "before the war." It was some time before he could get into the regular track of gossip, or could be made to comprehend the strange events that had taken place during his torpor,—how that there had been a Revolutionary war, that the country had thrown off the yoke of Old England, and that, instead of being a subject of his Majesty George the Third, he was now a free citizen of the United States. Rip, in fact, was no politician; the changes of states and empires made but little impression on him: but there was one species of despotism under which he had long groaned, and that was petticoat government. Happily that was at an end: he had got his neck out of the yoke of matrimony, and could go in and out whenever he pleased, without dreading the tyranny of Dame Van Winkle. Whenever her name was mentioned, however, he shook his head, shrugged his shoulders, and cast up his eyes; which might pass either for an expression of resignation to his fate, or joy at his deliverance.

He used to tell his story to every stranger that arrived at Mr. Doolittle's hotel. He was observed, at first, to vary on some points every time he told it, which was doubtless owing to his having so recently awakened. It at last settled down precisely to the tale I have related; and not a man, woman, or child in the neighborhood but knew it by heart. Some always pretended to doubt the reality of it, and insisted that Rip had been out of his head, and that this was one point on which he always remained flighty. The old

Dutch inhabitants, however, almost universally gave it full credit. Even to this day they never hear a thunder-storm of a summer afternoon about the Kaatskill, but they say Hendrick Hudson and his crew are at their game of ninepins; and it is a common wish of all henpecked husbands in the neighborhood, when life hangs heavy on their hands, that they might have a quieting draught out of Rip Van Winkle's flagon.



# X. - GEORGE GORDON BYRON.

### LIFE AND WORKS.

When we think of Byron, there arises in our mind the image of a violent, madly sensitive soul, defying Heaven, defying society, eating his own heart.

This wild, passionate nature was a fatal inheritance from a long line of lawless ancestors. On his father's side he was a descendant of the vikings, those famous wasters of the sea. His father himself, "mad Jack," was a profligate captain in the Guards; and his grand-uncle bore the title of "the wicked lord," from having killed his neighbor, Mr. Chaworth, in a murderous duel. His mother, "bonny Catharine Gordon o' Gight," had an uncontrolled temper that bordered on insanity. She used, when her little son ran round the room, laughing at her attempts to catch him, to say he was as bad as his father, and to call him "a lame brat."

This son, the only child of this ill-assorted pair, was born Jan. 22, 1788, in Hollis Street, London, and was named George Gordon Byron. He had a club-foot, a deformity he never forgot. He was soon left a half-orphan; and passed his early youth with his mother at Aberdeen, Scotland.

He inherited the family title and estate, Newstead Abbey, in his eleventh year (1798), and two years later was sent to Harrow, an English public school, for five years (1800 to 1805). Here, on one occasion, when Sir Robert Peel was being officially flogged by his "fag-

master" (an older boy), Byron rushed up and offered to take half the blows.

When fifteen (1803) he met, near Newstead Abbey, Mary Chaworth, a girl two years older than himself, with whom he fell in love. She received his attentions, but one day said to her maid, within his hearing, "Do you think I could care for that lame boy?" Byron afterwards embodied this, his first love, in a poem called The Dream.

Two years later (1805) he entered Trinity College, Cambridge. Once, while at home on a vacation, his mother and he had a quarrel, and both ran to the neighboring apothecary, each to beg him not to sell the other poison. At another time she replied to one of his sarcasms by flinging a poker at his head.

Byron's first humble volume of poems, Hours of Idleness (1807), was attacked by Lord Brougham with knife and tomahawk in the Edinburgh Review; but soon afterwards (1809) the reviewer was himself flayed by Byron in a satire called English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.

Byron then left England, and on his return the first half of *Childe Harold* was published (1812). The effect was electrical. "I woke up," he says, "and found myself famous." For three years afterwards he poured on the public a flood of Eastern rhymed romances, *The Giaour*, *Corsair*, and others, in all of which are found passages of marvelous beauty.

In the zenith of his early fame he married Miss Milbanke (1815); but she soon separated from him, and, amid a torrent of abuse, he himself left England never to return. They had one child, a daughter, Ada.

He passed the remainder of his life, when not on his travels, mainly at Geneva, Venice, Ravenna, and Pisa, the four cities in which he wrote the poems that have immortalized his name. In Italy he joined a secret patriotic society called the Carbonari, and threw himself heart and purse into the insurrection of 1820. This was crushed by the Austrians, but Byron's love of freedom found a fresh field of action in a revolution which broke out in Greece, in the spring of 1821. After rendering the cause great service by his pen, he sailed for Greece (July, 1823), to serve in the field against He arrived at Missolonghi, a town in the the Turks. Morea, at the beginning of the next year, but was there taken with a fever, and bled to death by his doctors (April 9, 1824).

Byron professed to love solitude and privacy, but he always chose a glass house to hide in. During his life he divided with Napoleon the homage and curiosity of the world. He had many strange habits: at Newstead Abbey he used to drink wine out of the skull-cup of an old monk; he commonly traveled in a private menagerie of cats, dogs, monkeys, and parrots. These eccentricities were matter of as serious interest to the thinkers of that time as Napoleon's mode of holding his head or clasping his hands behind him. Of his appearance Scott says that his countenance was a thing to dream of, and that no poet of his day approached him in personal beauty.

The morals of Byron have been most justly condemned. But there was one noble principle, the love of freedom, to which he was never false, and to which he gave his genius, his money, his life. In this he showed himself a true descendant of those piratical apostles of liberty, the vikings. Though his private life was irregular, he was a public reformer, and beat with the hammer of Thor upon the barriers which tyrants have built around the rights of mankind.

Deep-rooted as Byron's reputation was, it was vigorously attacked soon after his death. Macaulay wrote a contemptuous criticism on the melancholy bard, and his opinion was echoed by most of the magazinists. Even Carlyle spoke of his fellow Titan as a "sulky dandy," and reiterated his advice, "Close your Byron, and open your Goethe." But on opening Goethe we find his advice is to study Byron night and day.

Byron has, indeed, been more admired by foreign than by English critics. One reason of this is not so flattering as it seems at first sight. Byron loses nothing, but often gains, by translation. The explanation of this paradox is that Byron's thefts from foreign writers are so great that a translation is often a retranslation, or a return of stolen goods to their owners.

But though much be taken, much remains. Judged by his best original productions, Byron is still a colossal genius, the more striking since his working years were not a third those of Wordsworth or Tennyson.

His culture, indeed, was little enough, and except Pope and the Old Testament he knew no books thoroughly. As a verbal artist his work is generally careless and often slipshod, and can not compare with that of so consummate a word-fancier as Tennyson.

In dramatic writing he had no success: he never

escaped from his own strong personality, and never created but one character, — himself.

His best productions are his lyrics, the second half of *Childe Harold*, and episodes and passages from *Don Juan* and his rhymed romances. The fame of these will endure. The sonnet,

"Eternal spirit of the chainless mind!"

deserves a place in the center of the Charter of American liberty, and a few other lyrics merit almost as great praise.

In Byron's dealing with Nature we do not find the intensity of Shelley, or Wordsworth's tender sympathy with the inner spirit of lake and hill; but he is inferior only to these great masters. Still, it is human nature, not Nature, that forms the subject of Byron's deepest song. As a wit and humorist he stands first in the second rank, and as the seer of the heart he is unrivaled. In the long music of his passion-poetry, no note from the love-song of the nightingale to the live thunder of the people's wrath is wanting.

Don Juan is unfinished, and Childe Harold has but a formal conclusion. But all of Byron's poems, in a more literal sense than can be said of those of any other poet, are one long epic, of which he is the hero. Throughout his life he wore his heart upon his sleeve, and published the truthful impressions which man and nature made on that most sensitive of sensitive organs. Imperfect as this epic is, it is a unique work of genius, and raises its author to as high a rank as that of any English poet of this century.

#### 1.-SONNET ON CHILLON,

[Bonnivard, an illustrious Swiss patriot, was, for political reasons, confined six years in the Castle of Chillon, which is built on a solitary rock in Lake Leman. The Prisoner of Chillon is a longer poem by Byron, on the same theme.]

ETERNAL spirit of the chainless mind!

Brightest in dungeons, Liberty! thou art,¹

For there thy habitation is the heart,—

The heart which love of thee alone can bind;

And when thy sons to fetters² are consigned,—

To fetters, and the damp vault's dayless gloom,

Their country conquers with their martyrdom,

And Freedom's fame finds wings³ on every wind.

Chillon! thy prison is a holy place,

And thy sad floor an altar;⁴ for 'twas trod,

Until his very steps have left a trace

Worn, as if thy cold pavement were a sod,

By Bonnivard! May none those marks efface!

For they appeal from tyranny to God.

## 2.-THE HEBREW MAID.

SHE walks in beauty, like the night<sup>5</sup>
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;<sup>6</sup>

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Eternal Spirit . . . art. Arrange the words of these two lines in the prose order.

<sup>2</sup> fetters. See Glossary.

<sup>\*</sup> finds wings, etc. Change the metaphor to plain terms.

<sup>4</sup> thy sad floor an altar. What is the figure of speech?

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> like the night, etc. What is the figure of speech?

<sup>6</sup> Of ... skies. Point out the alliterations in this line.

And all that's best of dark and bright Meet in her aspect 1 and her eyes: Thus mellowed to that tender light Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less, Had<sup>2</sup> half impaired the nameless grace Which waves in every raven tress,3 Or softly lightens o'er her face; Where thoughts serenely sweet express How pure, how dear, their dwelling-place.

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow, So soft, so calm, so eloquent,4 The smiles that win, the tints that glow, But tell of days of goodness spent, -A mind at peace with all below. A heart whose love is innocent!

## 3. - ASPIRATIONS OF GREECE.

[This celebrated lyric is from Byron's Don Juan, and is put into the mouth of a poet who sings it at a festival.]

THE isles of Greece! Where burning Sappho<sup>5</sup> loved and sung,

great genius, who lived in the sixth century B.C. By "burning" is meant ardent in love; and there is a story, that being in love with 4 eloquent. What is meant by the youth Phaon, and finding her affection unrequited, she leaped <sup>5</sup> Sappho, a Greek poetess of down from the Leucadian rock.

<sup>1</sup> aspect, countenance.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Had = would have.

<sup>8</sup> raven tress. Give a synonymous adjective.

an "eloquent" brow?

Where grew the arts of war and peace, Where Delos rose, and Phœbus sprung: Eternal Summer gilds them yet, But all except their Sun is set.

The Scian and the Teian Muse,1 The hero's harp, the lover's lute, Have found the fame your shores refuse: Their place of birth alone is mute To sounds which echo farther west Than your sires' "Islands of the Blest." 2

The mountains look on Marathon,<sup>8</sup> And Marathon looks on the sea: And, musing there an hour alone, I dreamed that Greece might still be free; For, standing on the Persians' grave, I could not deem myself a slave.

A king 4 sat on the rocky brow Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis:5

<sup>&</sup>quot;Scian Muse" is Homer, who is often designated as "the bard of Scio's rocky isle." The "Teian" is Anacreon, so called because born at Teos.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Islands of the Blest. are supposed to have been the Capede-Verd Islands, or the Canaries, and are much celebrated in Greek poetry.

<sup>8</sup> Marathon is the famous battleground where (490 B.C.) the Greeks, under Miltiades, gained their great | force of the epithet "sea-born?"

<sup>1</sup> The Scian . . . Muse. The | victory over the vast invading army of Darius the Persian. This victory saved Greece from Asiatic slavery and barbarism.

<sup>4</sup> A king: that is, Xerxes. next note.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> Salamis, an island separated by a narrow channel from the mainland of Greece; memorable for the great naval battle fought near it, in which the huge fleet of Xerxes was defeated (480 B.C.) by the Greeks under Themistocles. What is the

And ships, by thousands, lay below, And men and nations: all were his! He counted them at break of day, And when the sun set where were they?

And where are they? and where art thou, My country? On thy voiceless shore The heroic lay 1 is tuneless now, — The heroic bosom beats no more! And must thy lyre, so long divine, Degenerate into hands like mine?

Tis something, in the dearth of fame, Though linked among a fettered race, To feel at least a patriot's shame, Even as I sing, suffuse my face: For what is left the poet here? For Greeks, a blush, - for Greece, a tear!

Must we but weep o'er days more blest? Must we but blush? Our fathers bled!2 Earth, render back from out thy breast A remnant of our Spartan dead!3 Of the three hundred grant but three, To make a new Thermopylæ!4

Persians under Xerxes had to What is the march in their invasion of Greece. the pass (480 B.C.) with three hundred Spartans. Nearly all of them 4 Thermopyles, a narrow and fell, together with their leader; but

<sup>1</sup> lay, song, lyric.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Must . . . bled. figure of speech? What is the effect | Leonidas, king of Sparta, occupied of the alliteration?

<sup>8</sup> Spartan dead. See next note.

difficult pass on the eastern coast the delay thence caused was, indiof Thessaly, through which the rectly, the saving of Greece.

What! silent still? and silent all? Ah, no! the voices of the dead Sound like a distant torrent's fall. And answer, "Let one living head, But one arise, - we come, we come!" 'Tis but the living who are dumb.

In vain, in vain! strike other chords; Fill high the cup with Samian wine! Leave battles to the Turkish hordes, And shed the blood of Scio's vine! Hark! rising to the ignoble call, How answers each bold Bacchanal!2

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet: Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx 8 gone? Of two such lessons, why forget The nobler and the manlier one? You have the letters Cadmus 4 gave, -Think ye he meant them for a slave?

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine! We will not think of themes b like these!

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Samian, from Samos, one of the | troops introduced by him. Pyrrhic "isles of Greece."

<sup>2</sup> Bacchanal, a boisterous reveling toper; from Bacchus, the name of the old god of wine.

from Pyrrhus, king of Epirus (born | troduced an alphabet of sixteen let-318 B.C.), and one of the greatest ters into Greece from Phœnicia or generals of antiquity. A phalanx | Egypt. was a peculiar arrangement of | 5 themes. Give a synonym.

was also the name of a military dance, the step being very light and quick.

<sup>4</sup> Cadmus, a mythic personage \* Pyrrhic phalanx. So called who, according to the legend, in-

It 1 made Anacreon's 2 song divine: He served, — but served Polycrates,3 A tyrant; but our masters then Were still, at least, our countrymen.

The tyrant of the Chersonese 4 Was freedom's best and bravest friend: That tyrant was Miltiades: 5

O, that the present hour would lend Another despot of the kind! Such chains as his were sure to bind.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine! On Suli's rock and Parga's 6 shore Exists the remnant of a line Such as the Doric mothers bore; And there, perhaps, some seed is sown, The Heracleidan blood 8 might own.

resent?

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Anacreon, a famous Greek poet of the sixth century B.C. He sang of love and wine.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>8</sup> Polycrates, one of the most ambitious and most fortunate of the Greek tyrants. He lived in great pomp and luxury, but was a liberal patron of literature and the arts. His friendship for Anacreon was particularly celebrated. died B.C. 522.

<sup>4</sup> the Chersonese, the Crimea.

<sup>5</sup> Miltiades was for a time absolute ruler ("tyrant" in the Greek sembling him in heroic valor.

<sup>1</sup> It. What noun does "it" rep- | sense) of the Chersonesus. Afterwards he commanded the Greeks in the great victory over the Persians at Marathon (490 B.C.) Hence Byron calls him "freedom's best and bravest friend."

<sup>6</sup> Suli . . . Parga, localities in the Greek state of Doris.

<sup>7</sup> Doric mothers. Doris was a small and mountainous country in Greece. The people were noted for strict temperance and for simplicity and strength of character.

<sup>8</sup> Heracleidan blood: that is, the race sprung from Hercules or re-

Trust not for freedom to the Franks,1—
They have a king 2 who buys and sells:
In native swords and native ranks
The only hope of courage dwells:
But Turkish force and Latin 3 fraud
Would break your shield, however broad.

Place me on Sunium's marbled steep,<sup>4</sup>
Where nothing, save the waves and I,
May hear our mutual murmurs sweep;
There, swan-like, let me sing and die;
A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine:
Dash down yon cup of Samian wine!

## 4. - APOSTROPHE TO THE OCEAN.

[From Childe Harold, Canto IV.]

THERE is <sup>5</sup> a pleasure in the pathless woods, There is a rapture on the lonely shore, There is society where none intrudes, By the deep sea, and music in its roar. I love not Man the less, but Nature more, From these our interviews, <sup>6</sup> in which I steal <sup>7</sup> From all I may be, or have been before,

<sup>1</sup> Franks, the French.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> a king. The reference is to phrase "marbled steep." Napoleon.

<sup>5</sup> There is, etc. Not

<sup>\*</sup> Latin: here same as French.

<sup>4</sup> Sunium's marbled steep. Sunium is a promontory forming the southern extremity of Attica, Greece. Here was a splendid mar-

ble temple of Minerva. Hence the

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> There is, etc. Note the fine rhetorical effect of the triple use of this mode of introductory statement.

<sup>6</sup> interviews, communings.

<sup>7</sup> steal = steal away, escape.

To mingle with the universe, and feel What I can ne'er express, yet can not all 1 conceal.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean — roll! Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain; Man marks the earth with ruin, — his control Stops with the shore; upon the watery plain<sup>2</sup> The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,<sup>3</sup> When for a moment, like a drop of rain, He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan, Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.<sup>4</sup>

His steps are not upon thy paths; thy fields

Are not a spoil for him; thou dost arise

And shake him from thee; the vile strength he

wields

For earth's destruction thou dost all despise, Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies, And send'st him, shivering in thy playful spray And howling, to his gods, where haply <sup>5</sup> lies His petty hope in some near port or bay, And dashest him again to earth:—there let him lay.<sup>5</sup>

The armaments,<sup>7</sup> which thunderstrike<sup>8</sup> the walls Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,

<sup>1</sup> all, wholly.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> watery plain. Express in plain terms.

<sup>8</sup> his own = his own shadow.

<sup>4</sup> unknolled . . . unknown. Observe the effect of the triple alliteration.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> haply, perhaps, by chance.

<sup>6</sup> lay. The misuse of the transitive "lay" for the intransitive *lie* cannot, of course, be defended grammatically.

<sup>7</sup> armaments, ships of war.

<sup>8</sup> thunderstrike. Explain.

And monarchs tremble in their capitals, The oak leviathans,1 whose huge ribs make Their clay creator the vain title take Of lord of thee,2 and arbiter of war; These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,3 They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar Alike the Armada's pride4 or spoils of Trafalgar.5

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee: Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, - what are they? Thy waters wash'd them power while they were free. And many a tyrant since; their shores obey The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay Has dried up realms to deserts: not so thou; Unchangeable, save to thy wild waves' play, Time writes on wrinkles on thine azure brow: Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form Glasses itself in tempests; in all time, Calm or convulsed, in breeze or gale or storm, Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime Dark heaving, boundless, endless, and sublime, --The image of Eternity, the throne Of the Invisible: even from out thy slime

<sup>1</sup> oak leviathans. Explain.

<sup>2</sup> Of lord of thee. Byron may have had in mind the claim that invade England. "Britannia rules the wave."

s as the snowy flake. What is torical reference? the figure of speech?

the high pretensions of Spain when tive example of alliteration.

in the reign of Queen Elizabeth that nation sent a great fleet (armada) to

<sup>5</sup> Trafalgar. What is the his-

<sup>6</sup> Time writes, etc. Observe the 4 the Armada's pride: that is, personification. Point out an effec-

The monsters of the deep are made: each zone Obeys thee: thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward; from a boy
I wantoned with thy breakers; they to me
Were a delight; and, if the freshening sea
Made them a terror, 'twas a pleasing fear;
For I was, as it were, a child of thee,
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane!—as I do here.

## 5. - DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB.

[Sennacherib (702-680 B.C.), the greatest of the Assyrian kings, undertook to re-conquer Judah, which had revolted from his authority. According to the account in the Hebrew Scriptures (see 2 Kings, chapter xix.), while his army was advancing to Jerusalem, "the angel of the Lord," on the night before the day when battle was to be given, "went forth and smote in the camp of the Assyrians" one hundred and eighty-five thousand. Nothing is known of the nature of this disaster, but there can be no doubt that Sennacherib looked on it as an indication of Divine displeasure.]

THE Assyrian came down like the wolf 2 on the fold, And his cohorts 8 were gleaming in purple and gold; And the sheen 4 of their spears was like stars on the sea, 8 When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

<sup>1</sup> upon thy mane. What is the figure?

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> like the wolf, etc. Change the simile into a metaphor.

<sup>8</sup> cohorts. See Webster,

<sup>4</sup> sheen. Give a synonym.

nange the 5 like stars . . . sea. Expand this expression.

Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green, That host with their banners at sunset were seen: Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath blown, That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.<sup>1</sup>

For the Angel of Death 2 spread his wings on the blast, And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed; And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill; And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever grew still.

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide, But through it there rolled not the breath of his pride; And the foam of his gasping a lay white on the turf, And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale, With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail; And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,<sup>5</sup> The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail, And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal; And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword, Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord!

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Like the leaves . . . strown. Point out antithetical expressions in this stanza. Transpose into the prose order.

<sup>2</sup> the Angel of Death, the same as "the angel of the Lord" mentioned in the Bible. The poet seems to suggest that "the Angel of Death" was some mysterious pestilence.

<sup>8</sup> the feam of his gasping, etc. Note any vividly descriptive expressions.

<sup>4</sup> distorted. Explain.

<sup>b alone, abandoned, deserted.
6 Ashur. Equivalent to Assyria,
Ashur being the name of the tute-lary divinity of that country.</sup> 

<sup>7</sup> Baal. See Webster.

<sup>8</sup> the Gentile. Meaning here?

### 6.-THE ORIENT.

[From The Bride of Abydos, Canto I.]

Know ye the land where the cypress and myrtle<sup>1</sup> Are emblems of deeds that are done in their clime, Where the rage of the vulture, the love of the turtle,2 Now melt into sorrow, now madden to crime? Know ye the land of the cedar and vine, Where the flowers ever blossom, the beams ever shine: Where the light wings of Zephyr,3 oppressed with perfume,

Wax faint o'er the gardens of Gul in her bloom; Where the citron and olive are fairest of fruit. And the voice of the nightingale never is mute; Where the tints of the earth, and the hues of the sky, In color though varied, in beauty may vie. And the purple of Ocean is deepest in dye; Where the virgins are soft as the roses they twine, And all, save the spirit of man, is divine?<sup>5</sup> "Tis the clime of the East; 'tis the land of the Sun -Can be smile on such deeds as his children have done?

Oh! wild as the accents of lovers' farewell Are the hearts which they 6 bear, and the tales which they tell.

<sup>1</sup> cypress and myrtle. Of what | are they respectively emblematic?

<sup>2</sup> the turtle: that is, the turtledove.

<sup>\*</sup> light wings of Zephyr. Ex- same idea. plain.

<sup>4</sup> Gul (pron. gool), a Persian locality.

<sup>5</sup> And . . . divine. Quote a familiar hymn line expressing the

<sup>6</sup> they. Who?

### 7. - THE NIGHT BEFORE WATERLOO.

[From Childe Harold, Canto III. Sir Walter Scott said of these stanzas, "I am not sure that any verses in our language surpass, in vigor and in feeling, this most beautiful description."]

THERE was 1 a sound of revelry by night, And Belgium's capital had gathered then Her beauty and her chivalry,2 and bright The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men; A thousand hearts beat happily; and when Music arose with its voluptuous swell, Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again, And all went merry as a marriage bell:8 But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!4

Did ye not hear it? No; 'twas but the wind, Or the car rattling o'er the stony street; On with the dance! let joy be unconfined; No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet To chase the glowing Hours with flying feet.

<sup>(</sup>June 15, 1815) of the march to Waterloo, the Duchess of Richmond gave a grand ball at Brussels, the English headquarters. The general officers were present, by command of the Duke of Wellington, who wished to keep the people in ignorance of the approach of Napoleon.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Her beauty and her chivalry. This is a good example of that form | the suspense in the next stanza.

<sup>1</sup> There was, etc. On the eve | of the figure syncoloche (see Def. 7) which consists in putting the abstract for the concrete, "beauty" meaning fair women, and "chivalry" brave men, as expressed in the next line.

<sup>\*</sup> as a marriage bell. What is the figure?

<sup>4</sup> But . . . knell. Observe the skill with which the transition is marked. Also note the effect of

But hark! that heavy sound breaks in once more, As if the clouds its echo would repeat; And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before! Arm, arm! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar!

Within a windowed niche of that high hall
Sat Brunswick's fated chieftain; he did hear
That sound the first amidst the festival,
And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear;
Acd when they smiled because he deemed it near,
His heart more truly knew that peal too well
Which stretched his father on a bloody bier,
And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell:
He rushed into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell.

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness;
And there were sudden partings; such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated; who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,<sup>4</sup>
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise?

<sup>1</sup> Brunswick's fated chieftain.
The Duke of Brunswick fell at
Waterloo.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> his father was mortally wounded at Jena, fighting against Napoleon.

<sup>\*</sup> was. A singular verb: yet several subjects follow, three of which are plural. Can this be justified grammatically?

<sup>4</sup> those mutual eyes. What is meant by this expression?

And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed, The mustering squadron, and the clattering car, Went pouring forward with impetuous speed, And swiftly forming in the ranks of war: And the deep thunder peal on peal afar; And near, the beat of the alarming drum, Roused up the soldier ere the morning star: While thronged the citizens, with terror dumb, Or whispering, with white lips, "The foe! They come! they come!"

And wild and high the "Camerons' Gathering" rose! The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills 1 Have heard; and heard, too, have her Saxon foes: How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills, Savage and shrill! But with the breath that fills Their mountain-pipe, so fill the mountaineers With the fierce native daring which instills The stirring memory of a thousand years, And Evan's.2 Donald's fame rings in each clansman's ears l

And Ardennes<sup>8</sup> waves above them her green leaves, Dewy with Nature's tear-drops, as they pass, Grieving, if aught inanimate 4 e'er grieves, Over the unreturning brave, -alas!

<sup>1</sup> Albyn's hills, the Highlands | of Scotland.

ron, and his descendant Donald, in Shakespeare's As You Like It. the "gentle Lochiel."

<sup>8</sup> Ardennes. The wood of Soignies is supposed to be a remnant 2 Evan's, etc. Sir Evan Came- of the forest of Ardennes, famous 4 inanimate. Analyze.

Ere evening to be trodden like the grass,
Which, now beneath them, but above shall grow
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
Of living valor, rolling on the foe,
And burning with high hope, shall molder cold and
low.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in beauty's circle proudly gay;
The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife;
The morn, the marshaling in arms; the day,
Battle's magnificently stern array!
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent,
The earth is covered thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,
Rider and horse, friend, foe, in one red burial blent!



# XI.-WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

### LIFE AND WORKS.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, the first American to attain to great poetical eminence, was born at Cummington, Massachusetts, Nov. 3, 1794. His father, Peter Bryant, was a physician of high character and attainments, and devoted unusual care to the education of his son. He fostered William's poetic taste, impressing upon him the value of "correctness and compression" in his style. The poet, in his beautiful Hymn to Death, pays this tribute to his father:—

"For he is in his grave who taught my youth The art of verse, and in the bud of life Offered me to the Muses. Oh, cut off Untimely! when thy reason in its strength, Ripened by years of toil and studious search, And watch of Nature's silent lessons, taught Thy hand to practice but the lenient art To which thou gavest thy laborious days, And, last, thy life."

It is said that young Bryant contributed verses to his home newspaper before he was ten years of age. Certain it is that *The Embargo* was written when he was only thirteen, and that in his nineteenth year he wrote *Thanatopsis*, which still holds its place in general estimation as one of the most impressive poems in our language.

After pursuing his studies at Williams College for two years, his proficiency in the classics being notable, Bryant took up the study of law, was admitted to the bar in 1815, and for the next ten years practiced in the Massachusetts courts. His practice was rewarded with unusual success. But the publication of a volume of his poems, in 1821, had drawn general attention to Bryant as the coming American poet; and all his inclinations were to the field of letters.

Accordingly in 1825 he abandoned the practice of law, and removed to the city of New York, where he attached himself, after some minor ventures, to the staff of the *Evening Post* newspaper. A few years later he acquired exclusive control of this journal, and was its editor-in-chief until his death. About 1845 he purchased "an old-time mansion," embowered in vines and flowers, near the village of Roslyn, on Long Island. Here he resided till he died (June 12, 1878) at the age of eighty-four.

Bryant was a man of affairs, as well as a lover and poet of nature; and the body of verse he has left us, exclusive of his extensive metrical translations, is not great. Several volumes of his correspondence from abroad, where he made four extended tours, have been collected and published; but aside from these, his prose writing was almost wholly of the editorial class.

Among Bryant's most celebrated poems may be named Thanatopsis; To a Waterfowl; The Conqueror's Grave; The Antiquity of Freedom; The Crowded Street; The Forest Hymn; The Future Life; Green River; and one of his latest poems, Our Fellow-Worshipers.

In his person Bryant was of the middle height, hav-

ing a spare but lithe figure. Even to his later days he walked with a light, springy, elastic step, and was possessed of unusual bodily vigor. His life had always been abstemious, his diet consisting mainly of vegetables and fruits. He had a grand Homeric head, and a flowing white beard.

In his manner he was seemingly cold, as though he were too great a lover of nature to enter much into the feelings of man. But he was a public-spirited citizen, a promoter of arts and culture; and his high personal character secured him the esteem even of political opponents. He was long a prominent figure in the great public gatherings of the metropolis.

"Bryant's writings," says Washington Irving, "transport us into the depths of the solemn primeval forest; to the shores of the lonely lake; the banks of the wild, nameless stream; or the brow of the rocky upland, rising like a promontory from amidst a wide ocean of foliage; while they shed around us the glories of a climate fierce in its extremes, but splendid in all its vicissitudes."

Bryant was master of a pure, nervous English. So heartily did he detest neologisms, and the use of foreign terms, that he had hung up in the office of his paper, for the guidance of his corps of writers, a list of tabooed words and phrases. His poetry is imbued with a passionate love of Nature in her simpler aspects of beauty and solitude. Indeed, as a minute observer of nature, he is almost without a rival among poets. To great delicacy of fancy, and elevation of thought, he joined a genial yet solemn philosophy.

### 1.-TO A WATERFOWL.

[To the stanzas To a Waterfowl the author gave the sub-title Inscription for an Entrance to a Wood. It was written during Bryant's early period (his age being then about twenty-five), but is regarded by many critics as one of his most purely chiseled and Greek-like works of art. At the time the poem was written, Wordsworth had begun his efforts to recall poetry from artificiality to nature. Bryant, in his Homes and Hills of Massachusetts, seems to have felt the same inspiration. poem breathes a Wordsworthian and woodland sentiment.]

WHITHER, 'midst falling dew, While glow the heavens with the last steps of day, Far through their rosy depths dost thou pursue Thy solitary way?2

Vainly the fowler's eye Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong, As, darkly limned <sup>8</sup> upon the crimson sky, Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy 4 brink Of weedy lake, or marge 5 of river wide, Or where the rocking billows rise and sink On the chafed ocean side?

There is a Power whose care Teaches thy way along that pathless coast,— The desert and illimitable air, -

Lone wandering, but not lost.

<sup>1</sup> whither. Discriminate tween whither and where.

<sup>2</sup> Whither ... way? What type of sentence, grammatically and to dabble in water. rhetorically considered?

<sup>8</sup> limned. painted, outlined; a poetic form?

be- | from French enluminer, to illuminate (Latin lumen, light).

<sup>4</sup> plashy, watery; from plash,

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> marge. Of what word is this

All day thy wings have fanned, At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere, Yet stoop 1 not, weary, to the welcome land, Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end:
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend,
Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone; the abyss<sup>2</sup> of heaven
Hath swallowed<sup>3</sup> up thy form: yet on my heart<sup>4</sup>
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone
Will lead my steps aright.

#### 2. - THE CROWDED STREET.

[In the previous poem we have had a voice from the heart of nature: in marked contrast therewith are these lines, in which the poet puts himself in sympathy with the "ever-shifting train" to be met in the crowded street of a great city.]

<sup>1</sup> stoop. What is the subject of this verb?

<sup>2</sup> abyss. See Webster for the derivation of this word.

<sup>8</sup> the abyss . . . swallowed. Express in your own words.

<sup>4</sup> on my heart. What is the figure of speech?

LET me move slowly through the street, Filled with an ever-shifting train, Amid the sound of steps that beat The murmuring walks like autumn rain.<sup>1</sup>

How fast the flitting figures come!

The mild, the fierce, the stony face;

Some bright with thoughtless smiles, and some

Where secret tears have left their trace.

They pass—to toil, to strife, to rest;
To halls in which the feast is spread;
To chambers where the funeral guest
In silence sits beside the dead.

And some to happy homes repair,
Where children, pressing cheek to cheek,
With mute caresses 2 shall declare
The tenderness they can not speak.

And some, who walk in calmness here, Shall shudder as they reach the door Where one who made their dwelling dear, Its flower, its light, is seen no more.

Youth with pale cheek and slender frame, And dreams of greatness in thine eye! Go'st thou to build 3 an early name, Or early in the task to die?

<sup>1</sup> steps that beat...rain. Show (through French caresse); hence, the appositeness of this simile.
2 caress: from Latin carus, dear
3 build. What is the figure?

Keen son of trade, with eager brow! Who is now fluttering in thy snare?2 Thy golden fortunes — tower they now, Or melt the glittering spires in air?

Who of this crowd to-night shall tread The dance till daylight gleam again? Who sorrow o'er the untimely dead? Who writhe in throes of mortal pain?

Some, famine-struck, shall think how long The cold dark hours, how slow the light; And some who flaunt amid the throng Shall hide in dens of shame to-night.

Each,<sup>8</sup> where his tasks or pleasures call, They pass, and heed each other not. There is who heeds, who holds them all 4 In His large love and boundless thought.

These struggling tides of life, that seem In wayward, aimless course to tend, Are eddies of the mighty stream That rolls to its appointed end.5

<sup>1</sup> son of trade. Explain.

this metaphor founded?

cal construction of this word?

<sup>4</sup> There is . . . all. Supply the <sup>2</sup> Who . . . snare? On what is ellipsis. Point out an alliteration.

<sup>5</sup> struggling tides ... end. Point 8 Each. What is the grammati- out the particulars in this fine metaphor.

## 3.- THE ANTIQUITY OF FREEDOM.

[In this lofty hymn we find the poet in still another mood, striking' his lyre to the high theme of Liberty. The poem is written in blank verse. Define.]

Here are <sup>1</sup> old trees, tall oaks and gnarléd <sup>2</sup> pines, That stream with gray-green mosses; here the ground Was never trenched <sup>3</sup> by spade, and flowers spring up Unsown, and die ungathered. It is sweet To linger here, among the flitting birds And leaping squirrels, wandering brooks, and winds That shake the leaves, and scatter, as they pass, A fragrance from the cedars thickly set With pale-blue berries. In these peaceful shades,—Peaceful, unpruned, immeasurably old,—My thoughts go up the long dim path of years, Back to the earliest days of liberty.

O Freedom! 4 thou art not, as poets dream, A fair young girl, 5 with light and delicate limbs, And wavy tresses gushing 6 from the cap With which the Roman master crowned his slave 7

<sup>1</sup> Here are, etc. In this introductory stanza the poet outlines a sweet bit of still life in the "peaceful shades" of the forest, as a background from which the moving and wrestling forms he introduces stand out with admirable distinctness.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> gnarled = knarled: from German knorre, a knot in wood.

<sup>\*</sup> trenched: from Latin truncare (through French trancher, to cut), dug up.

<sup>4</sup> Freedom. What is the figure of speech?

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> fair young girl, etc. The character in which the Goddess of Liberty is usually represented in art.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>6</sup> gushing, etc. Substitute a prose expression.

<sup>?</sup> cap...slave. A Roman master, on freeing a slave, placed on his, head a Phrygian cap in token of his freedom. Hence the cap on our liberty-poles.

When he took off the gyves. A bearded man, Armed to the teeth, art thou: one mailed hand Grasps the broad shield, and one the sword; thy brow,

Glorious in beauty though it be, is scarred With tokens of old wars; thy massive limbs Are strong with struggling. Power at thee has launched

His bolts,<sup>4</sup> and with his lightnings smitten thee: They could not quench the life thou hast from heaven.<sup>5</sup>

Merciless Power has dug thy dungeon deep, And his swart armorers, by a thousand fires, Have forged thy chain: yet, while he deems thee bound,

The links are shivered, and the prison-walls Fall outward; terribly thou springest forth - As springs the flame above a burning pile, And shoutest to the nations, who return Thy shoutings, while the pale oppressor flies.

Thy birthright<sup>7</sup> was not given by human hands: Thou wert twin-born with man. In pleasant fields, While yet our race was few, thou sat'st with him

<sup>1</sup> gyves, fetters.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Armed to the teeth. Explain this expression.

<sup>8</sup> qld wars, the struggles for liberty which history records.

<sup>4</sup> launched his bolts: i.e., put forth all his efforts to crush. What is the figure?

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> heaven, that which is heaven or heaved up over our heads.

<sup>6</sup> swart=swarth and swarthy (Anglo-Saxon sweart, German schwarz, black): of a dark or blackish hue.

<sup>7</sup> Thy birthright: that is, the quality that makes freedom what it is.

To tend the quiet flock, and watch the stars, And teach the reed 1 to utter simple airs. Thou by his side, amid the tangled wood, Didst war upon the panther and the wolf, His only foes; and thou with him didst draw The earliest furrow on the mountain-side, Soft with the deluge. Tyranny himself, 2 Thy enemy, although of reverend look, Hoary with many years, and far obeyed, Is later born than thou; 3 and, as he meets The grave defiance of thine elder eye, The usurper trembles in his fastnesses.

Thou shalt wax stronger with the lapse of years; But he shall fade into a feebler age,—
Feebler, yet subtler. He shall weave his snares,
And spring them on thy careless steps, and clap
His withered hands, and from their ambush call
His hordes to fall upon thee. He shall send
Quaint maskers,4 wearing fair and gallant forms
To catch thy gaze, and uttering graceful words
To charm thy car; while his sly imps, by stealth,
Twine round thee threads of steel, light thread on
thread

That grow to fetters; or bind down thy arms

<sup>1</sup> reed, a pastoral pipe or musical instrument made of the hollow joint of some plant.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Tyranny himself. What is the figure of speech?

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>8</sup> Is later born than thou. Explain.

<sup>\*</sup> Quaint maskers. By the "quaint maskers" and "sly imps" are meant the wiles, snares, and subtleties used by despots in the more advanced stages of civilization, to deprive the people of their political rights.

With chains concealed in chaplets. O! not yet
Mayst thou unbrace thy corselet, nor lay by
Thy sword; nor yet, O Freedom! close thy lids
In slumber: for thine enemy never sleeps,
And thou must watch and combat till the day
Of the new earth and heaven. But, wouldst thou
rest

A while from tumult and the frauds of men, These old and friendly solitudes invite Thy visit:<sup>3</sup> They, while yet the forest trees Were young upon the unviolated earth, And yet the moss-stains on the rock were new, Beheld thy glorious childhood, and rejoiced.

### 4. - HYMN TO THE NORTH STAR.

The sad and solemn night

Hath yet her multitude of cheerful fires:

The glorious host of light

Walk the dark hemisphere till she retires;

All through her silent watches, gliding slow,

Her constellations 4 come, and climb the heavens, and

go.5

<sup>1</sup> chaplets. See Webster for the interesting derivation of this word.
2 corselet. See Glossary.

<sup>\*</sup> solitudes invite, etc. By a skillful return the poet brings us back again to the opening scene of the poem.

<sup>4</sup> constellation (from Latin stella, a star), a cluster or group of fixed stars, situated near each other in the heavens.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> The sad . . . go. Express in your own words the meaning of this stanza.

Day, too, hath many a star To grace his gorgeous reign, as bright as they: Through the blue fields afar, Unseen, they follow in his flaming way:1 Many a bright lingerer,2 as the eve grows dim, Tells what a radiant troop arose and set with him.

And thou dost see them rise, Star of the Pole! and thou dost see them set. Alone, in thy cold skies, Thou keep'st thy old unmoving station yet, Nor join'st the dances of that glittering train. Nor dipp'st thy virgin orb in the blue western main.

There, at morn's rosy birth, Thou lookest meekly through the kindling air; And eve, that round the earth Chases the day, beholds thee watching there; There noontide finds thee, and the hour that calls The shapes of polar flame 4 to scale heaven's azure walls.

Alike, beneath thine eye, The deeds of darkness and of light are done: High towards the starlit sky Towns blaze, the smoke of battle blots the sun,5

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> bright lingerer. Explain.

<sup>8</sup> Nor join'st the dances, etc. Explain the metaphor.

<sup>1</sup> in his flaming way. Whose? | 4 shapes of polar flame, the aurora borealis.

<sup>5</sup> blots the sun. Change this poetical into a prose expression.

The night-storm on a thousand hills is loud, And the strong wind of day doth mingle sea and cloud.

On thy unaltering blaze
The half-wrecked mariner, his compass lost,
Fixes his steady gaze,

And steers, undoubting, to the friendly coast; And they who stray in perilous wastes by night Are glad when thou dost shine to guide their footsteps right.<sup>1</sup>

And therefore bards of old,
Sages and hermits of the solemn wood,

Did in thy beams behold

A beauteous type of that unchanging good, That bright eternal beacon,<sup>5</sup> by whose ray The voyager of time <sup>6</sup> should shape his heedful way.

### 5. - FOREST HYMN.

[The Forest Hymn was written in that early period of Bryant's career, when he was for the most part devoted to the study of nature, and the depicting of its scenes and moods. It overflows with what Wordsworth calls the "religion of the woods," and is pervaded by a sweet solemnity that must touch every impressible soul.]

<sup>1</sup> On thy . . . right. Express in your own language the meaning of losophers.

1 hermi

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> bards. "Bard" (meaning poet) is one of the small number of Celtic words incorporated into English from the language of the original Britons.

Sages (from sage, wise), philosophers.

<sup>4</sup> hermits of the solemn wood: that is, the British Druids.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> beacon, signal-fire: connected with beckon.

<sup>6</sup> voyager of time. Explain the metaphor.

The groves were God's first temples. Ere man learned

To hew the shaft,1 and lay the architrave,2 And spread the roof above them; ere he framed The lofty vault,8 to gather and roll back The sound of anthems,—in the darkling 4 wood, Amid the cool and silence, he knelt down And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks And supplication. For his simple 5 heart Might not resist the sacred influences, Which, from the stilly twilight of the place, And from the gray old trunks that high in heaven Mingled their mossy boughs, and from the sound Of the invisible breath that swayed at once All their green tops, stole over him, and bowed His spirit with the thought of boundless power And inaccessible 7 majesty. Ah! why Should we, in the world's riper years, neglect God's ancient sanctuaries,8 and adore Only among the crowd, and under roofs That our frail hands have raised? Let me, at least, Here, in the shadow of this aged wood.

between the capital (top) and the base of a column.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> architrave. That part of an order of architecture which is ever a column is called the entablature; and the "architrave" is that part of an entablature which rests immediately on the column.

<sup>8</sup> vault, an arched ceiling. Gray tus, holy), literally, holy places.

<sup>1</sup> shaft, the cylindrical column | in his Elegy speaks of the "longdrawn aisle and fretted vault."

<sup>4</sup> darkling. See Webster for etymology.

b simple. See Webster for the interesting derivation of this word.

<sup>6</sup> rosist. withstand.

<sup>7</sup> inaccessible. Define.

<sup>8</sup> sanctuaries (from Latin sanc-

Offer one hymn—thrice happy, if it find Acceptance in his ear.

Father, thy hand

Hath reared these venerable columns.<sup>3</sup> Thou

Didst weave this verdant roof.<sup>4</sup> Thou didst look
down

Upon the naked earth, and forthwith rose All these fair ranks of trees. They, in thy sun, Budded, and shook their green leaves in thy breeze, And shot towards heaven. The century-living 5 crow, Whose birth was in their tops, grew old and died Among their branches; till at last they stood, As now they stand, massy,6 and tall, and dark, Fit shrine for humble worshiper to hold Communion with his Maker. These dim vaults, These winding aisles, of human pomp or pride Report not.7 No fantastic carvings 8 show The boast of our vain race, to change the form Of thy fair works. But thou art here. Thou fill'st The solitude. Thou art in the soft winds. That run along the summit of these trees In music. Thou art in the cooler breath.

<sup>1</sup> Offer. Give a synonym.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Acceptance. See Webster.

<sup>\*</sup> venerable columns. Explain the expression.

<sup>\*</sup> vardant roof. Explain the expression, and give a synonym of "verdant."

based on a tradition that the crow lives to a very great age.

<sup>6</sup> massy. Of what word is this a poetic form?

<sup>7</sup> of human pomp...not. Transpose into the prose order.

<sup>8</sup> fantastic carvings: that is, as in the cathedrals of man's building.

<sup>9</sup> thou. Who?

<sup>10</sup> solitude (from Latin solus, alone), hence, literally, the state of being alone.

That, from the inmost darkness of the place, Comes, scarcely felt: the barky 1 trunks, the ground, The fresh, moist ground, are all instinct<sup>2</sup> with thee. Here is continual worship; Nature here, In the tranquillity that thou dost love, Enjoys thy presence. Noiselessly around, From perch to perch, the solitary bird Passes; and you clear spring, that 'midst its herbs Wells softly forth, and visits the strong roots Of half the mighty forest, tells no tale Of all the good it does. Thou hast not left Thyself without a witness, in these shades, Of thy perfections.4 Grandeur, strength, and grace Are here to speak of thee. This mighty oak, By whose immovable 5 stem I stand, and seem Almost annihilated,6 — not a prince, In all that proud old world beyond the deep, E'er wore his crown as loftily as he<sup>8</sup> Wears the green coronal 9 of leaves with which Thy hand has graced him. Nestled at his root Is beauty, such as blooms not in the glare Of the broad sun. That delicate forest flower,

<sup>1</sup> barky: a Shakespearian adjective.

<sup>2</sup> instinct, animated. Noun or adjective? On which syllable is the accent?

<sup>8</sup> continual. See Webster.

<sup>4</sup> Of thy perfections. What noun does this adjective phrase modify?

<sup>5</sup> immovable. Define.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>6</sup> annihilated (from Latin nihil, nothing), hence, literally, made to be nothing.

<sup>7</sup> old world, etc. Explain.
8 he: antecedent of this pronoun?

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>9</sup> coronal (from Latin corona, a crown), a crown, wreath, or garland. What is the figure of speech? (See Def. 3.)

With delicate breath, and look so like a smile,1 Seems, as it issues from the shapeless mold,2 An emanation of the indwelling Life, A visible token<sup>3</sup> of the upholding Love, That are the soul of this wide universe.

My heart is awed within me, when I think Of the great miracle 4 that still goes on In silence, round me; the perpetual work Of thy creation, finished, yet renewed For ever. Written on thy works, I read The lesson of thy own eternity. Lo! all grow old and die; but see, again, How on the faltering footsteps of decay 5 Youth presses,—ever gay and beautiful youth, In all its beautiful forms. These lofty trees Wave not less proudly that their ancestors 6 Molder beneath them. O, there is not lost One of earth's charms: upon her bosom yet, After the flight of untold centuries, The freshness of her far beginning lies, And yet shall lie. Life mocks the idle hate Of his arch<sup>7</sup>-enemy, Death: <sup>8</sup> yea, seats himself

this poetic term used?

<sup>1</sup> so like a smile. What figure? 2 mold. For what plain word is

<sup>8</sup> emanation . . . token. which case are these nouns?

What 4 Of the great miracle. is meant? "Miracle" is from the Latin verb mirari, to wonder at; and hence means, literally, an act and intensifies their meaning. or object causing wonder.

<sup>5</sup> faltering footsteps of decay. Explain the expression.

<sup>6</sup> ancestors. Is the application of this term to an inanimate object literal or figurative?

<sup>7</sup> arch. This prefix (from the Greek prefix archi, first, chief) is compounded with many nouns,

<sup>8</sup> Death. What is the figure?

Upon the tyrant's throne,—the sepulcher,1— And of the triumphs of his ghastly 2 foe Makes his own nourishment.<sup>3</sup> For he came forth From thine own bosom, and shall have no end.

There have been holy men who hid themselves Deep in the woody wilderness, and gave Their lives to thought and prayer, till they outlived The generation born with them, nor seemed Less aged than the hoary trees and rocks Around them: and there have been holy men Who deemed it were not well to pass life thus. But let me often to these solitudes Retire, and in thy presence re-assure My feeble virtue.4 Here its enemies. The passions, at thy plainer 5 footsteps shrink And tremble, and are still. O God! when thou Dost scare 6 the world with tempests,7 set on fire The heavens with falling thunderbolts, or fill With all the waters of the firmament The swift, dark whirlwind that uproots the woods And drowns the villages; when, at thy call,

is this word in apposition?

<sup>2</sup> ghastly, from Anglo-Saxon gast, a ghost, and hence literally ahost-like.

<sup>8</sup> makes his own nourishment. Illustrate.

<sup>4</sup> virtue. This word has an interesting origin, being derived from the Latin vir, a man; virtus, man-

<sup>1</sup> sepulcher. With what noun | hood, bravery. This was deemed the loftiest of "virtues" by the Romans; but with Christianity the word assumed a new meaning, and received application to the moral qualities.

<sup>5</sup> plainer: that is, more visible than in the turmoil of a city.

<sup>6</sup> scare. Would fright be better?

<sup>7</sup> tempests. See Glossary.

Uprises the great deep,1 and throws himself Upon the continent, and overwhelms Its cities, - who forgets not, at the sight Of these tremendous tokens of thy power, His pride, and lays his strifes and follies by? Oh! from these sterner aspects of thy face, Spare me and mine: nor let us need the wrath Of the mad, unchained elements, to teach Who rules them. Be it ours to meditate In these calm shades thy milder majesty, And to the beautiful order of thy works Learn to conform the order of our lives.

#### 6.- THE FUTURE LIFE.

[These lines were addressed by the poet to his wife, and tenderly voice his aspiration of a re-union with his companion in heaven.]

How shall I know thee in the sphere which keeps<sup>2</sup> The disembodied spirits of the dead, When all of thee that time could wither 3 sleeps And perishes among the dust we tread?

For I shall feel the sting of ceaseless pain If there I meet thy gentle presence not; Nor hear the voice I love, nor read again In thy serenest eyes the tender thought.

<sup>1</sup> Uprises the great deep. The | 2 sphere which keeps, etc.: that reference is to the "tidal waves" is, heaven. that in some parts of the world bring terrible destruction.

<sup>8</sup> all of thee . . . wither. Ex-. plain.

Will not thy own meek heart demand me there,— That heart whose fondest throbs to me were given? My name on earth was ever in thy prayer, And wilt thou never utter it in heaven?

In meadows fanned by heaven's life-breathing wind, In the resplendence of that glorious sphere, And larger movements of the unfettered mind, Wilt thou forget the love that joined us here?

The love 1 that lived through all the stormy past, And meekly with my harsher nature bore, And deeper grew, and tenderer to the last, Shall it expire with life, and be no more?

A happier lot than mine, and larger light, Await thee there; for thou hast bowed thy will In cheerful homage to the rule of right, And lovest all, and renderest good for ill.

For me, the sordid<sup>2</sup> cares in which I dwell Shrink and consume my heart, as heat the scroll; And wrath has left its scar, — that fire of hell Has left its frightful scar upon my soul.

of this iteration of "the love" in the previous stanza.

dirty): vile, mean. The poet's allu- phere which the finer spirit of the sions to the "sordid cares" and poet must have often loathed to the wrath which "has left its breathe.

<sup>1</sup> The love. Note the fine effect | scar," may be in part explained by the fact, that, as editor of a political paper (the New-York 2 sordid (from Latin sordidus, Evening Post), he was in an atmos-

Yet, though thou wear'st the glory of the sky, Wilt thou not keep the same belovéd name, The same fair thoughtful brow, and gentle eye, Lovelier in heaven's sweet climate, yet the same?

Shalt thou not teach me, in that calmer home, The wisdom that I learned so ill in this,—
The wisdom which is love, — till I become
Thy fit companion in that land of bliss?

## 7. - O MOTHER OF A MIGHTY RACE.

[In the following poem we have a fine specimen of Bryant's patriotic vein. The design of the piece is to set forth the grandeur of the country's theory and destiny, and to defend the United States against the sneers of foreign critics. At the time the poem was written (some thirty years ago), such taunts were common; but Bryant lived to see the fulfillment of the prophecy in his last stanza; for—slightly to alter the closing couplet,—

"Before thine eye
Upon their lips the taunt did die."]

O MOTHER of a mighty race,<sup>2</sup>
Yet lovely in thy youthful grace!
The elder dames,<sup>3</sup> thy haughty peers,<sup>4</sup>
Admire and hate thy blooming years;
With words of shame
And taunts<sup>5</sup> of scorn they join thy name.

<sup>1</sup> The wisdom which is love: a beautifully suggestive expression.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> mother, etc.: that is, the genius of the United States, America personified.

<sup>8</sup> elder dames: the older nations of Europe.

<sup>4</sup> peers. With what is this noun in apposition?

<sup>5</sup> taunts. See Glossary.

For on thy cheeks the glow is spread, That tints the morning hills with red; Thy step—the wild deer's rustling feet Within thy woods are not more fleet;

Thy hopeful eye Is bright as thine own sunny sky.

Ay, let them rail—those haughty ones— While safe thou dwellest with thy sons. They do not know how loved thou art, How many a fond and fearless heart

Would rise to throw

Its life between thee and the foe!

They know not, in their hate and pride, What virtues with thy children bide; <sup>1</sup> How true, how good, thy graceful maids Make bright, like flowers, <sup>2</sup> the valley shades;

What generous men<sup>3</sup>
Spring, like thine oaks,<sup>4</sup> by hill and glen;

What cordial<sup>5</sup> welcomes greet the guest, By the lone rivers of the West; How faith is kept, and truth revered, And man is loved, and God is feared, In woodland homes.

And where the solemn ocean foams.

<sup>1</sup> bide = abide, dwell.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> like flowers. Show the apponance of the simile. <sup>5</sup> cordial: from

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> men. Object of what verb?

<sup>4</sup> like oaks. Show the apposite-

<sup>5</sup> cordial: from Latin cor, cordis, the heart. Give a synonym.

There's freedom at thy gates, and rest,
For earth's down-trodden and oppressed;
A shelter for the hunted head;
For the starved laborer, toil and bread.
Power, at thy bounds,
Stops, and calls back his baffled hounds.

O fair young mother! on thy brow Shall sit a nobler grace than now. Deep in the brightness of thy skies, The thronging years in glory rise, And, as they fleet,<sup>2</sup> Drop strength and riches at thy feet.

Thine eye, with every coming hour,
Shall brighten, and thy form shall tower;
And when thy sisters, elder born,
Would brand thy name with words of scorn,
Before thine eye
Upon their lips the taunt shall die.

<sup>1</sup> the hunted head: a synecdoche see Def. 7) for "political refugee." 2 tleet, hasten. 8 taunt, reviling, upbraiding.



# XII. - THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY.

#### LIFE AND WORKS.

Or all good gifts which it is in the power of fortune to bestow, none can surpass the being born of wise, honorable, and tender parents. This happy lot fell to Thomas Babington Macaulay, born October 25, 1800. His father, Zachary Macaulay, was of Scotch Presbyterian descent, and was a strong, zealous, self-sacrificing character. His mother, who belonged to a Quaker family, was a woman of most affectionate nature, yet clear-headed, firm, and discreet.

Thomas was a very precocious child. Even in his earliest years he wrote with ease; and his hymns were pronounced by Mrs. Hannah More, a famous moralist of that day, "quite extraordinary for such a baby."

At thirteen Thomas was sent from home to a distant school, and at eighteen entered Trinity College, Cambridge. While averse to mathematics, he greatly distinguished himself by the thoroughness of his classical and literary scholarship; and in English verse he gained two gold medals. While young Macaulay was at college, his father, who had been a prosperous merchant, failed. Thomas pledged himself to pay off his parent's debts, and to be a second father to his brothers and sisters, — promises which he kept to the letter.

In 1826 he was called to the bar, but gained little practice. The *Edinburgh Review*, however, had already published an article of his, — the famous essay on Mil-

ton. This was followed by other papers of extraordinary brilliancy, one of which, attracting the attention of Lord Lansdowne, gained for him a seat in Parliament (1830).

When Macaulay entered the House of Commons, the great battle of reform for the extension of the right to vote was just beginning. His first speech placed him in the front rank of orators; and soon by his tongue and pen he gained a wider renown than any Englishman of his years, except Pitt, had ever won.

Soon after, he accepted the post of legal adviser to the Supreme Council of India, and sailed for Madras (1834). In India his chief work was a draught of the Indian penal code. Four years later he returned to England with a modest fortune. The same year (1838) he visited Italy, and on his return devoted himself to his life-work, the *History of England*.

In 1848 the history was published, and was received with applause unrivaled since Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. But four years later (1852) the great historian was prostrated by heart-disease. I became," he said, "twenty years older in a week. A mile is more to me now than ten miles a year ago." He died peacefully, December 29, 1859, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

Macaulay was a sturdy, broad-chested Englishman, as plain and full of energy as a locomotive. "I noticed," once remarked Carlyle on seeing his face in repose, "the homely Norse features that you find everywhere in the Western Isles; and I thought to myself, 'Well,

any one can see that you are an honest, good sort of fellow, made out of oatmeal!"

He was a great walker, and had the bad habit of reading as he walked. In his youth Sunday walking for walking's sake was never allowed by his father, and even going to a distant church was discouraged; but in later years Macaulay did not keep to this rigid rule. No man was ever fonder of children, though he had none of his own. He used to write dramas for his little nieces, and took part in the acting. One game was a great favorite, - building up a den with newspapers behind the sofa, and enacting robbers and tigers. Once he bought a sheet of paper for a guinea, and wrote on it a valentine to his niece Alice. "On receiving it," he says in his diary, "she was in perfect rantures. When we were alone together, she said, 'I am going to be very serious.' Down she fell before me on her knees, and lifted up her hands: 'Dear uncle, do tell the truth to your little girl. Did you send the valentine?' I did not choose to tell a real lie to a child, even about such a trifle, and so I owned it."

Macaulay was justly regarded by his few friends as "a lump of good-nature." In London society he was a great lion, and a constant guest at a famous resort of men of wit of that day,—Holland House. He talked much and well. Many of his companions thought that he was too much inclined to absorb the conversation, and play the part of Sir Oracle. This led a witty fellow to say, "I wish I knew as much of any thing as Tom Macaulay does of every thing."

It is a safe maxim, that a man who knows every thing knows very little. Macaulay was an exception to this rule, but his limitations were far greater than those of most great men. He cared nothing for philosophy, or for the vast dream-world in which our little life is set. He who could "make two blades of grass grow where one grew before" was to him a greater man than Plato or Kant. He had no sympathy with nature: he hated fools and knaves, and had only that small knowledge of human nature, which he who despises publicans and sinners must necessarily possess.

On one occasion, in Italy, Macaulay had bribed an Italian custom-house officer for three crowns not to search his baggage. The Italian then asked for a seat in Macaulay's carriage, and looked very dark and sullen on being refused. "Precious fellow!" says the historian, "to think that a public functionary to whom a little silver is a bribe is fit company for an English gentleman!" In what different fashion would Socrates or Sterne have acted in this case! Pagan and Christian would both have acknowledged that the rich man who bribes the poor man is the guiltier of the two; and as for Sterne, in his humility he would soon have worked himself up into offering the poor official the whole carriage. But Macaulay was a man of talents, not of genius.

The fame of Macaulay rests on his Essays, his Lays of Ancient Rome, and his History of England. His style is marked by great originality, and is clear, sonorous, incisive, brilliant, and pictorial. Still we see nothing in it like Gibbon's irony, Pope's gem-like polish, or

that power of fitting the subtilest thought like the skin, which Sterne's prose possesses.

One rare quality, however, Macaulay possesses in a remarkable degree: he never allows himself for a moment to be careless, vulgar, or slipshod. Every person and every thing is called by the right name, and no other. And because he did all this, because he wrote such clear and well-chosen English that the printer's reader himself never had to read his sentences twice over, therefore men who can not write as he could talk glibly of his "mannerism," and so forth. Everybody must have some manner. Macaulay had a good manner, and not a bad one, and therefore he is found fault with.

In all this Macaulay has left to every writer of English an example which every writer of English will do well to follow. The care which Macaulay took to write, before all things, good and clear English, may be followed by writers who make no attempt to imitate his style, and who may be led by nature to some quite different style of their own. Many styles which are quite unlike one another may all be equally good, but no style can be good which does not use pure and straightforward English. No style can be good where the reader has to read a sentence twice over to find out its meaning. In these ways the writings of Macaulay may be a direct model to writers and speakers whose natural taste, whose subject, or whose audience may lead them to a style quite unlike his. In every language, and in every kind of writing, purity of speech and clearness of expression must be the first virtues of all.

### 1.-TRAVELING IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

[The following selection is from the famous "third chapter" of Macaulay's History of England; in which he illustrates the principle, long before stated by him, that the historian should not confine his attention to the doings of kings and courts, but should set forth social conditions. The details have relation to England in the latter part of the seventeenth century.]

THE chief cause which made the fusion 1 of the different elements of society so imperfect was the extreme difficulty which our ancestors found in passing from place to place. Of all inventions, the alphabet and the printing-press alone excepted, those inventions which abridge<sup>2</sup> distance have done most for the civilization of our species. Every improvement of the means of locomotion<sup>3</sup> benefits mankind morally and intellectually as well as materially, and not only facilitates the interchange of the various productions of nature and art, but tends to remove national and provincial antipathies,4 and to bind together all the branches of the great human family. In the seventeenth century the inhabitants of London were, for almost every practical purpose, farther from Reading 5 than they now are from Edinburgh, and farther from Edinburgh than they now are from Vienna.

It was by the highways that both travelers and goods generally passed from place to place; and those

<sup>1</sup> fusion, mingling of class with class.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> abridge. Give a synonym.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>8</sup> locomotion. See Glossary.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>4</sup> antipathies, prejudiced dislikes.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> Reading. Locate this town.

<sup>6</sup> highways. Give a synonym.

highways appear to have been far worse than might have been expected from the degree of wealth and civilization which the nation had even then attained. On the best lines of communication, the ruts were deep, the descents precipitous, and the way often such as it was hardly possible to distinguish, in the dusk, from the uninclosed heath and fen which lav on both sides. Ralph Thoresby, the antiquary, was in danger of losing his way on the Great North road, between Barnby Moor and Tuxford, and actually lost his way between Doncaster and York. Pepys 2 and his wife, traveling in their own coach, lost their way between Newbury and Reading. In the course of the same tour they lost their way near Salisbury, and were in danger of having to pass the night on the plain.

It was only in fine weather that the whole breadth of the road was available for wheeled vehicles. Often the mud lay deep on the right and the left, and only a narrow track of firm ground rose above the quag-At such times obstructions and quarrels were frequent; and the path was sometimes blocked up during a long time by carriers, neither of whom would break the way. It happened almost every day that coaches stuck fast, until a team of cattle could be procured from some neighboring farm to tug them out of the slough.

ous English antiquarian writer of Admiralty during the reigns of the latter part of the seventeenth Charles II. and James II., is best and early part of the eighteenth cen- known from the very amusing

<sup>2</sup> Pepys. Samuel Pepvs (1632- behind him.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Ralph Thoresby, a volumin-| 1703), secretary to the British Diary of his times which he left

But in bad seasons the traveler had to encounter inconveniences still more serious. Thoresby, who was in the habit of traveling between Leeds and the capital, has recorded, in his Diary, such a series of perils and disasters as might suffice for a journey to the Frozen Ocean or to the Desert of Sahara. On one occasion he learned that the floods were out between Ware and London, that passengers had to swim for their lives, and that a higgler 1 had perished in the attempt to cross. In consequence of these tidings, he turned out of the high-road, and was conducted across some meadows, where it was necessary for him to ride to the saddle-skirts in water. In the course of another journey he narrowly escaped being swept away by an inundation of the Trent. He was afterward detained at Stamford four days, on account of the state of the roads, and then ventured to proceed only because fourteen members of the House of Commons, who were going up in a body to Parliament with guides and numerous attendants, took him into their company. The markets were often inaccessible 2 during several months. It is said that the fruits of the earth were sometimes suffered to rot in one place, while in another place, distant only a few miles, the supply fell far short of the demand. The wheeled carriages were, in this district, generally pulled by oxen. When Prince George of Denmark 3 visited the stately mansion of Petworth

provisions for sale.

<sup>2</sup> inaccessible. Define.

<sup>8</sup> George of Denmark (1653- | made lord high admiral of England.

<sup>1</sup> higgler, one who carries about | 1708) married the Princess Anne of England (daughter of James II.), and when she became queen he was

in wet weather, he was six hours in going nine miles; and it was necessary that a body of sturdy hinds should be on each side of his coach, in order to prop it. Of the carriages which conveyed his retinue, several were upset and injured. A letter from one of the party has been preserved, in which the unfortunate courtier complains that, during fourteen hours, he never once alighted, except when his coach was overturned or stuck fast in the mud.

On the best highways, heavy articles were, in the time of Charles the Second, generally conveyed from place to place by stage-wagons. In the straw of these vehicles nestled a crowd of passengers who could not afford to travel by coach or on horseback, and who were prevented by infirmity, or by the weight of their luggage, from going on foot. The expense of transmitting heavy goods in this way was enormous. From London to Birmingham the charge was seven pounds a ton; from London to Exeter, twelve pounds a ton. This was about fifteen pence a ton for every mile, more by a third than was afterward charged on turnpike roads, and fifteen times what is now demanded by railway companies. The cost of conveyance amounted to a prohibitory tax2 on many useful articles. Coal in particular was never seen except in the districts where it was produced, or in the districts to which it could be carried by sea, and was, indeed, always known in the South of England by the name of sea-coal.

On by-roads, and generally throughout the country

<sup>1</sup> hinds, peasants.

<sup>| 2</sup> prohibitory tax. Explain.

north of York and west of Exeter, goods were carried by long trains of pack-horses. These strong and patient beasts, the breed of which is now extinct,1 were attended by a class of men who seem to have borne much resemblance to the Spanish muleteers. A traveler of humble condition often found it convenient to perform a journey mounted on a pack-saddle between two baskets, under the care of these hardy guides. The expense of this mode of conveyance was small. the caravan moved at a foot's pace, and in winter the cold was often insupportable.

The rich commonly traveled in their own carriages, with at least four horses. Cotton,2 the facetious poet, attempted to go from London to the Peak with a single pair, but found at St. Albans that the journey would be insupportably tedious, and altered his plan. coach and six is in our time never seen, except as part of some pageant. The frequent mention, therefore, of such equipages in old books is likely to mislead us. We attribute to magnificence what was really the effect of a very disagreeable necessity. People in the time of Charles the Second traveled with six horses, because with a smaller number there was great danger of sticking fast in the mire. Nor were even six horses always sufficient. Vanbrugh,3 in the succeeding4 generation, described with great humor the way in which a country gentleman, newly chosen a member of Parliament,

<sup>1</sup> extinct. Give a synonym.

<sup>1687)</sup> had considerable celebrity in teenth century. his day as a humorous poet.

<sup>8</sup> Vanbrugh, an eminent archi-2 Cotton. Charles Cotton (1630- tect and dramatist of the eigh-

<sup>4</sup> succeeding. Give a synonym.

went up to London. On that occasion all the exertions of six beasts, two of which had been taken from the plow, could not save the family coach from being embedded in a quagmire.

Public carriages had recently been much improved. During the years which immediately followed the Restoration,1 a diligence2 ran between London and Oxford in two days. The passengers slept at Beaconsfield. At length, in the spring of 1669, a great and daring innovation was attempted. It was announced that a vehicle, described as the Flying Coach, would perform the whole journey between sunrise and sunset. This spirited 3 undertaking was solemnly considered and sanctioned by the heads of the university, and appears to have excited the same sort of interest which is excited in our own time by the opening of a new railway. The vice-chancellor, by a notice affixed in all public places, prescribed the hour and place of departure. The success of the experiment was complete. At six in the morning the carriage began to move from before the ancient front of All Souls' College; and at seven in the evening the adventurous gentlemen who had run the first risk were safely deposited at their inn in London.

The emulation 4 of the sister university 5 was moved; and soon a diligence was set up which in one day car-

<sup>1</sup> the Restoration: that is, the restoration of the Stuart dynasty in the person of Charles II. (1660).

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> diligence, the early name for stage-coach.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>8</sup> spirited. Note the irony, and point out subsequent examples.

<sup>4</sup> emulation, rivalry.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> the sister university: that is, Cambridge.

ried passengers from Cambridge to the capital. At the close of the reign of Charles the Second, flying carriages ran thrice a week from London to the chief towns. But no stage-coach, indeed no stage-wagon, appears to have proceeded farther north than York, or farther west than Exeter. The ordinary day's journey of a flying coach was about fifty miles in the summer; but in winter, when the ways were bad and the nights long, little more than thirty. The Chester coach, the York coach, and the Exeter coach generally reached London in four days during the fine season, but at Christmas not till the sixth day. The passengers, six in number, were all seated in the carriage; for accidents were so frequent that it would have been most perilous 1 to mount the roof. The ordinary fare was about twopence-halfpenny a mile in summer, and somewhat more in winter.

This mode of traveling, which by Englishmen of the present day would be regarded as insufferably slow, seemed to our ancestors wonderfully and indeed alarmingly rapid. In a work published a few months before the death of Charles the Second, the flying coaches are extolled as far superior to any similar vehicles ever known in the world. Their velocity 2 is the subject of special commendation, and is triumphantly contrasted with the sluggish pace of the Continental posts. But with boasts like these was mingled the sound of complaint and invective. The interests of large classes had been unfavorably affected by the establishment of the

<sup>1</sup> perilous. Give a synonym.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> velocity. See Glossary.

<sup>8</sup> complaint and invective. Discriminate.

new diligences; and, as usual, many persons were, from mere stupidity and obstinacy, disposed to clamor against the innovation, simply because it was an innovation.

It was vehemently argued that this mode of conveyance would be fatal to the breed of horses, and to the noble art of horsemanship; that the Thames, which had long been an important nursery of seamen, would cease to be the chief thoroughfare from London up to Windsor and down to Gravesend; that saddlers and spurriers 1 would be ruined by hundreds; that numerous inns, at which mounted travelers had been in the habit of stopping, would be deserted, and would no longer pay any rent; that the new carriages were too hot in summer and too cold in winter; that the passengers were grievously annoyed by invalids and crying children; that the coach sometimes reached the inn so late that it was impossible to get supper, and sometimes started so early that it was impossible to get breakfast.

On these grounds it was gravely recommended that no public coach should be permitted to have more than four horses, to start oftener than once a week, or to go more than thirty miles a day. It was hoped, that, if this regulation were adopted, all except the sick and the lame would return to the old mode of traveling. Petitions embodying such opinions as these were presented to the king in council from several companies of the City of London, from several provincial towns, and from the justices of several counties.

<sup>1</sup> spurriers. What is the root? | 2 regulation. Give a synonym.

We smile at these things. It is not impossible that our descendants, when they read the history of the opposition offered 1 by cupidity and prejudice to the improvements of the nineteenth century, may smile in their turn.

# 2. - SAMUEL JOHNSON.

[The following is from Macaulay's elaborate essay on Dr. Johnson, written in review of Boswell's Johnson, edited by John Wilson Crocker.]

From nature, Johnson had received an uncouth figure, a diseased constitution, and an irritable temper. The manner in which the earlier years of his manhood had been passed had given to his demeanor, and even to his moral character, some peculiarities appalling to the civilized beings who were the companions of his old age. The perverse irregularity of his hours, the slovenliness of his person, his fits of strenuous exertion interrupted by long intervals of sluggishness, his strange abstinence and his equally strange voracity, his active benevolence, contrasted with the constant rudeness and the occasional ferocity of his manners in society, made him, in the opinion of those with whom he lived during the last twenty years of his life, a complete original.

An original he was, undoubtedly, in some respects. But if we possessed full information concerning those

<sup>1</sup> opposition offered, etc. This is an allusion to the ridiculous objections urged against railroads at the time of their introduction into England.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> strenuous exertion . . . sluggishness. Point out the pairs of contrasted terms in this sentence.

<sup>\*</sup> benevolence. See Glossary.

<sup>4</sup> undoubtedly. Analyze.

who shared his early hardships, we should probably find that what we call his singularities of manner were, for the most part, failings which he had in common with the class to which he belonged. He eat at Streatham Park, as he had been used to eat behind the screen at St. John's Gate,2 when he was ashamed to show his ragged clothes. He eat as it was natural that a man should eat, who, during a great part of his life, had passed the morning in doubt whether he should have food for the afternoon. The roughness and violence which he showed in society were to be expected from a man whose temper, not naturally gentle, had been long tried by the bitterest calamities, - by the want of meat, of fire, and of clothes; by the importunity of creditors; by the insolence of booksellers; by the derision of fools; by the insincerity of patrons; by that bread which is the bitterest of all food; by those stairs 3 which are the most toilsome of all paths; by that deferred hope which makes the heart sick.

Through all these things the ill-dressed, coarse, ungainly pedant had struggled manfully up to eminence

friends, the Thrales, lived at Streatham.

<sup>2</sup> St. John's Gate. The allusion to St. John's Gate, where Mr. Cave the publisher resided, is explained in the following note to Boswell's Johnson: "Soon after Savage's Life was published, Mr. Harte dined with Edward Cave, and occasionally praised it. Soon after, meeting him. Cave said. 'You made

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Streatham Park. Johnson's | a man very happy t'other day.'— 'How could that be?' says Harte; 'nobody was there but ourselves.' Cave answered by reminding him that a plate of victuals was sent behind a screen, which was to Johnson, dressed so shabbily that he did not choose to appear; but on hearing the conversation, he was highly delighted with the encomiums on his book."

<sup>8</sup> those stairs. What figure?

and command. It was natural, that in the exercise of his power, though his heart was undoubtedly generous and humane, his demeanor in society should be harsh and despotic. For severe distress he had sympathy, and not only sympathy but munificent relief. But for the suffering which a harsh world inflicts upon a delicate mind, he had no pity; for it was a kind of suffering which he could scarcely conceive. He would carry home on his shoulders a sick and starving girl from the streets. He turned his house into a place of refuge for a crowd of wretched old creatures who could find no other asylum; nor could all their pecyishness and ingratitude weary out his benevolence. But the pangs of wounded vanity seemed to him ridiculous, and he scarcely felt sufficient compassion even for the pangs of wounded affection. He had seen and felt so much of sharp misery, that he was not affected by paltry vexations; and he seemed to think that everybody ought to be as much hardened to those vexations as himself.

He was angry with Boswell 1 for complaining of a headache, with Mrs. Thrale for grumbling about the dust on the road or the smell of the kitchen. were, in his phrase, "foppish lamentations," which people ought to be ashamed to utter in a world so full of sin and sorrow. Goldsmith crying because The Good-natured Man 2 had failed, inspired him with no

1 Boswell. Johnson's famous catastrophe. On the evening of the first performance, Goldsmith, <sup>2</sup> The Good-natured Man. This to use his own expression, suffered

biographer.

play by Goldsmith, when placed on "horrid tortures," and ended by the stage in 1768, had a run of only bursting into tears, and swearing ten nights, and narrowly escaped a that he never would write again.

pity. Though his own health was not good, he detested and despised valetudinarians. Pecuniary losses, unless they reduced the loser absolutely to beggary, moved him very little. People whose hearts had been softened by prosperity might weep, he said, for such events; but all that could be expected of a plain man was not to laugh. He was not much moved even by the spectacle of Lady Tavistock dying of a broken heart for the loss of her lord. Such grief he considered as a luxury reserved for the idle and the wealthy. A washerwoman, left a widow with nine small children, would not have sobbed herself to death.

The judgments which Johnson passed on books were, in his own time, regarded with superstitious veneration, and in our time are generally treated with indiscriminate contempt. They are the judgments of a strong but enslaved understanding. The mind of the critic was hedged round by an uninterrupted fence of prejudices and superstitions. His whole code of criticism rested on pure assumption, for which he sometimes quoted a precedent or an authority, but rarely troubled himself to give a reason drawn from the nature of things.

He took it for granted that the kind of poetry which flourished in his own time, which he had been accustomed to hear praised from his childhood, and which he had himself written with success, was the best kind of poetry. In his biographical work he has repeatedly laid it down as an undeniable proposition, that during the latter part of the seventeenth century, and the earlier part of the eighteenth, English poetry had been

in a constant progress of improvement. Waller, Denham,<sup>2</sup> Dryden,<sup>8</sup> and Pope had been, according to him, the great reformers. He judged of all works of the imagination, by the standard established among his own contemporaries. Though he allowed Homer to have been a greater man than Virgil, he seems to have thought the Encid 4 a greater poem than the Iliad.5 Indeed, he well might have thought so; for he preferred Pope's Iliad to Homer's. He could see no merit in our fine old English ballads, and always spoke with the most provoking contempt of Percy's fondness for Of the great original works of imagination which appeared during his time, Richardson's novels alone excited his admiration. He could see little or no merit in Tom Jones, in Gulliver's Travels, or in Tristram Shandy. To Thomson's Castle of Indolence, he vouchsafed only a line of cold commendation. Gravwas, in his dialect, a barren rascal.7 Churchill was a blockhead. The contempt which he felt for the trash

<sup>1</sup> Waller. Edmund Waller (1605-1687), one of the metaphysical school of poetry admired by Johnson. Pope has this allusion to him:—

<sup>&</sup>quot;Waller was smooth, but Dryden taught to join

The varying pause, the full resounding line,

The long majestic march, the energy divine."

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Denham. Sir John Denham (1615-1668) was another poet much commended in his day, and forgotten in ours.

<sup>\*</sup> Dryden. See pages 105, 106.

<sup>4</sup> Zeneid. Who was its author?

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> Diad. Who was its author?

<sup>6</sup> Percy. Dr. Thomas Percy (1728-1811) distinguished himself by his publication of a great collection called Reliques of English Poetry, which rendered immense service by showing the beauty and power of many of the early ballads, songs, and other metrical pieces.

<sup>7 &</sup>quot;a barren rascal." What a verdict to pass on the author of the Elegy written in a Country Churchyard!

of Macpherson<sup>1</sup> was indeed just; but it was, we suspect, He was undoubtedly an excellent just by chance. judge of compositions fashioned on his own principles; but when a deeper philosophy was required, when he undertook to pronounce judgment on the works of those great minds which "yield homage only to eternal laws," his failure was ignominious. 'He criticised Pope's Epitaphs excellently; but his observations on Shakespeare's plays and Milton's poems seem to us, for the most part, as wretched as if they had been written by Rymer himself, whom we take to have been the worst critic that ever lived.

Johnson, as Mr. Burke most justly observed, appears far greater in Boswell's books than in his own. conversation appears to have been quite equal to his writings in matter, and far superior to them in manner. When he talked, he clothed his wit and his sense in forcible and natural expressions. As soon as he took his pen in his hand to write for the public, his style became systematically vicious.2 All his books are written in a learned language, - in a language which nobody hears from his mother or his nurse; in a language in which nobody ever quarrels, or drives bargains, or makes love; in a language in which nobody ever thinks.

It is clear that Johnson himself did not think in the dialect 8 in which he wrote. The expressions which came

Macpherson, a Scotch doctor (1738-1796), published during Johnson's time two poems reputed to be translations from Gaelic originals by a Point out the antithetical terms. certain "Ossian, son of Fingal."

<sup>1</sup> trash of Macpherson. James | Johnson pronounced these forgeries: but a more favorable view of Macpherson is now held.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> When he talked . . . vicious. 8 dialect. Give a synonym.

first to his tongue were simple, energetic, and picturesque. When he wrote for publication, he did his sentences out of English into Johnsonese. His letters from the Hebrides to Mrs. Thrale are the original of that work of which the Journey to the Hebrides is the translation; and it is amusing to compare the two versions. "When we were taken up-stairs," says he in one of his letters, "a dirty fellow bounced out of the bed on which one of us was to lie." This incident is recorded in the Journey, as follows: "Out of one of the beds on which we were to repose started up, at our entrance, a man black as a Cyclops from the forge." Sometimes Johnson translated aloud. "The Rehearsal," he said, very unjustly, "has not wit enough to keep it sweet;" then, after a pause, "it has not vitality enough to preserve it from putrefaction."

Mannerism is pardonable, and is sometimes even agreeable, when the manner, though vicious, is natural. Few readers, for example, would be willing to part with the mannerism of Milton or of Burke. But a mannerism which does not sit easy on the mannerist, which has been adopted on principle, and which can be sustained only by constant effort, is always offensive; and such is the mannerism of Johnson.

As we close this book,<sup>2</sup> the club-room <sup>8</sup> is before us, and the table on which stands the omelet for Nugent, and the lemons for Johnson. There are assembled those

<sup>1</sup> The Rehearsal, a comedy written by the Duke of Buckingham and others, and first produced in 1671.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> this book: that is, Boswell's Life of Johnson.

<sup>\*</sup> the club-room. See the sketch of Burke, page 196.

heads which live for ever on the canvas of Reynolds. There are the spectacles of Burke, and the tall, thin form of Langton; the courtly sneer of Beauclerk, and the beaming smile of Garrick; Gibbon tapping his snuffbox, and Sir Joshua with his trumpet in his ear. In the foreground is that strange figure which is as familiar to us as the figures of those among whom we have been brought up,—the gigantic body, the huge massy face seamed with the scars of disease, the brown coat, the black worsted stockings, the gray wig with the scorched foretop, the dirty hands, the nails bitten and pared to the quick. We see the eyes and mouth moving with convulsive twitches; we see the heavy form rolling; we hear it puffing; and then comes the "Why, sir!" and the "What then, sir?" and the "No, sir;" and the "You don't see your way through the question, sir!"

What a singular destiny has been that of this remarkable man! To be regarded in his own age as a classic, and in ours as a companion! To receive from his contemporaries that full homage which men of genius have in general received only from posterity! To be more intimately known to posterity than other men are known to their contemporaries! That kind of fame which is commonly the most transient is, in his case, the most durable. The reputation of those writings, which he probably expected to be immortal, is every day fading; while those peculiarities of manner and that careless table-talk, the memory of which, he probably thought, would die with him, are likely to be remembered as long as the English language is spoken in any quarter of the globe.

# XIII.—RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

### LIFE AND WORKS.

The life of a scholar is seldom eventful, and that of the poet-philosopher of Concord was little marked by the vicissitudes that make the stir and movement of biography. His life was indeed but the unfolding of his spiritual nature,—an unfolding placid, beautiful, as the development of a flower. Of his external experiences, the most marked were his three visits to Europe. The grand climacteric of his year was the winter lecture-tour: for the rest, his days were measured by thought-beats, and Lowell wittily gives us a specimen of his intellectual calendar in the supposed jotting, "October:—Indian Summer: now is the time to get in your early Vedas."

Emerson's fame, his acceptance by the public, was of a like gentle, almost imperceptible growth. At his first appearance, forty or more years ago, people rubbed their eyes to see what manner of man he could be. To the hard-heads of New England he was both a stumbling-block and foolishness, with his doctrine of transcendentalism and the "over-soul," and his magic-lantern pictures on the mist; while even those who were not mere hard-heads could not forbear asking, "Who is this propounder of Sphinx riddles?"

As the years passed, however, he came to be understood, first a little, then better, then sympathetically, till in all our centers of culture he had a select following; and all fine-brained and aspiring young men,

whether in college-hall or on frontier outpost, began to feel the quickening impulse of this seer, whose doctrine was the doctrine of "plain living and high thinking." The circle of his inspiration widened with the years; he came to be understood and loved; and when on a spring day of 1882 he died, it was felt that there had passed away one of the finest spirits that ever took on the garb of flesh.

Ralph Waldo Emerson was born May 28, 1803, in Boston, where his father, Rev. William Emerson, was pastor of the First Congregational Church. If there is any thing in hereditary influence that prophesies a man's career, Emerson was marked out for the ministry, seeing that for eight generations there had been a clergyman in the family, either on the paternal or maternal side. His father, previously to his removal to Boston, had been pastor of a flock in Concord; and when he died, the lad Ralph Waldo, then seven years old, was taken to that town, and lived in the old manse from the study-window of which his father had witnessed the Concord fight.

After receiving his scholastic training at Harvard College, from which he was graduated in 1821, Emerson entered the Divinity School, and on the completion of his studies began the ancestral profession. In 1826 he was "approbated to preach," and from 1829 to 1832 he was colleague of Henry Ware of the Second Unitarian Church of Boston; but then his ministerial career closed, and he quitted the pulpit to devote himself to a life of thought and letters.

When he was thirty years old Emerson made his

first visit to England. Writing later of this visit he says, "It was mainly the attraction of three or four writers, of whom Carlyle was one, that led me to Europe." That great man, then unknown and unrecognized, was nourishing his mighty genius in a lonely cottage on the heathery hill-side of a Scottish hamlet. Thither Emerson turned aside to find the hermit student; and there began that friendship which lasted during the lifetime of the two men, and gave rise to one of the most interesting interchanges of correspondence in literary history. "I shall never forget the visitor," wrote Mrs. Carlyle long afterwards, "who years ago in the desert descended on us out of the clouds, as it were, and made one day there look like enchantment for us, and left me weeping that it was only one day."

On his return from Europe Emerson fixed his residence at Concord, where in his "sylvan home" he led a quiet, retired, meditative life, cheered and sustained by the love, honor, and reverence of his townsmen. Here and thus it was he passed the subsequent forty-seven years of his life, the even tenor of which was interrupted only by his winter lecture-tours. For it was as a lecturer that he found his true vocation; and even his books were for the most part the fruit of meditations first given forth to living audiences.

Lovers and companions, too, he had in Concord,—the beautiful-souled Channing; Thoreau, the diviner of bird and plant; Orphic Alcott; the sibyl spirit of Margaret Fuller; and Hawthorne, with his weird imaginings: while, as his fame enlarged, Concord became the

shrine of many a pilgrim from afar, drawn thither by his fine influence.

As old age crept on, the sage showed decay of his fine powers. Of this Emerson was conscious, and some months before his death he made the sad, sweet utterance, "When one's wits begin to leave him, it is time the heavens opened and took him to themselves." And so it was they opened for him in a spring morning of 1882, when he was laid away by the side of loved ones in the little churchyard of Concord.

In person Emerson was tall and slender, with the mien and bearing of the scholar,—"the scholar beloved of earth and heaven." His fine, clean-cut countenance clearly revealed the dual nature of the man,—his poetic temperament and his practical acuteness. In the fine art of manners he was the ideal of high courtesy. No one who ever saw him can forget his gracious and dignified presence, his pensive smile that bespoke a heart always open to pity, or the charm of his winning voice so charged with subtile meaning and subtile music.

Intellectually he may best be characterized as a poetphilosopher, standing as he did on the height where poetry and philosophy meet. He felt it no part of his calling to build up an intellectual system or creed; and paid little heed to literal consistency, believing that man's spirit should be ever open to new influx from the upper sphere of thought. Insight, not reasoning, was his process; and his mission was to inspire rather than to indoctrinate. In a word, he belonged to the priesthood of the seers, having what Wordsworth calls "the eye made gentle by the power of harmony," which could "see into the life of things."

It should be remarked, that though Emerson's habits were those of a scholar and a man of letters, he had a sympathy with humanity: every earnest movement for the welfare of mankind had his heartfelt support.

With the exception of one work, English Traits, which may be called the note-book of a philosophic observer, Emerson's prose productions belong to but two classes,—the lecture or oration, and the essay; and, as has already been said, the books themselves were but lectures and essays reduced to volume form. His first publication was a small volume entitled Nature (1836), which by its depth of thought and beauty of expression allured many readers into becoming disciples. Subsequent prose writings were his two series of essays (1841–1844), containing his papers on Compensation, Heroism, The Over-Soul, and other lofty themes; Representative Men (1850), a gallery of masterly mental portraits; with The Conduct of Life (1860), and Society and Solitude (1870).

His poetry is much less in quantity than his prose. Originally appearing in two small volumes (the first in 1847, the next twenty years later), it was by himself finally sifted into one small collection.

Emerson's style is as unique as his thought, of which it is the clear, transparent mirror. The aphoristic cast of his ideas finds expression in short and pithy sentences wrought with extremest economy of words, and perfect finish of form. His best sentences are indeed "apples of gold in pictures of silver;" and his prose

and poetry both abound in sentiments that have the luster of the diamond. It has sometimes been objected. that the extreme condensation of his thought results in obscurity of expression. But this can only trouble heedless readers, for his phraseology itself is as simple as Bunyan's or DeFoe's. Says Lowell, "A diction at once so rich and so homely as his, I know not where to match in these days of writing by the page; it is like home-spun cloth of gold. The many can not miss its meaning, and only the few can find it. It is the open secret of all true genius."

#### 1. - NATURE.

[The following is an extract from the little book called Nature, the first clear exhibition of Emerson's genius. On its receipt Carlyle wrote: "Nature gave me true satisfaction. It is the foundation and ground-plan on which you may build whatsoever of great and true has been given you to build. I rejoice much in the glad serenity of soul with which you look out on this wondrous dwelling-place of yours and mine."]

THERE are days 1 which occur in this climate,2 at almost any season of the year, wherein the world reaches its perfection; when the air, the heavenly bodies, and the earth, make a harmony, as if nature would indulge her offspring; when, in these bleak

Note that the first paragraph consists of but one sentence. To which type does this sentence belong, simple, complex, or compound? Rhetorically, - period or loose sen- Mass.

<sup>1</sup> There are days . . . thoughts. | tence? Emerson's style is specially characterized by the use of shortsentences; but this, it will be seen, is an exception.

<sup>2</sup> this climate: that of Concord.

upper sides of the planet, nothing is to desire that we have heard of the happiest latitudes, and we bask in the shining hours of Florida and Cuba; when every thing that has life gives signs of satisfaction, and the cattle that lie on the ground seem to have great and tranquil thoughts.

These halcyons amy be looked for with a little more assurance in that pure October weather, which we distinguish by the name of the Indian summer. The day, immeasurably long, sleeps over the broad hills and warm wide fields. To have lived through all its sunny hours, seems longevity enough. The solitary places do not seem quite lonely. At the gates of the forest, the surprised man of the world is forced to leave his city estimates of great and small, wise and foolish. The knapsack of custom falls off his back with the first step he makes into these precincts. Here is sanctity which shames our religions, and reality

<sup>1</sup> bleak upper sides of the planet, an oblique expression to denote the somewhat high northern latitude of New England, with its rough winters, etc.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> is to desire = is to be desired: a French construction.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>8</sup> of Florida and Cuba. A specific instance is always more effective than a general statement. Thus, "Consider the lilies of the field" is much more impressive than "Consider the flowers of the field." So the expression "Florida and Cuba" is more striking than "tropical countries" would have been.

<sup>4</sup> halcyons, for halcyon days, the calm weather before and after the solstice. (See Webster for the very curious derivation of this word.)

<sup>5</sup> immeasurably long. What is the figure of speech? (See Def. 9.)

<sup>6</sup> sleeps, etc. What is the figure of speech?

<sup>7</sup> longevity, long life, length of days.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>8</sup> solitary . . . lonely. Discriminate between these synonyms.

<sup>9</sup> knapsack of custom. Point out the application of the metaphor.

<sup>10</sup> sanctity. See Glossary.

which discredits our heroes. Here we find Nature to be the circumstance which dwarfs every other circumstance, and judges like a god all men that come to her.

We have crept out of our close and crowded houses into the night and morning, and we see what majestic beauties daily wrap us in their bosom. How willingly we would escape the barriers which render them comparatively impotent, escape the sophistication<sup>2</sup> and second thought, and suffer nature to entrance us! The tempered light of the woods is like a perpetual morning, and is stimulating and heroic. The anciently reported spells <sup>3</sup> of these places creep on us. The stems of pines, hemlocks, and oaks, almost gleam like iron on the excited eye. The incommunicable <sup>4</sup> trees begin to persuade us to live with them, and quit our life of solemn trifles.

Here no history, or church, or state, is interpolated on the divine sky and the immortal year. How easily we might walk onward into the opening landscape, absorbed by new pictures, and by thoughts fast succeeding each other, until by degrees the recollection of home was crowded out of the mind, all memory obliterated by the tyranny of the present, and we were led in triumph by nature.

These enchantments are medicinal, they sober <sup>5</sup> and heal us. These are plain pleasures, kindly and native to us. We come to our own and make friends with

<sup>1</sup> discredits our heroes: that is, makes their deeds seem less heroic than they had appeared.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> sophistication, false views.

<sup>8</sup> spells, magical charms.

<sup>4</sup> incommunicable. Explain the meaning of the word as here used.

<sup>5</sup> sober, give us serious thoughts.

matter, which the ambitious chatter of the schools <sup>1</sup> would persuade us to despise. We nestle <sup>2</sup> in nature, and draw our living, as parasites, <sup>3</sup> from her roots and grains; and we receive glances from the heavenly bodies, which call us to solitude, and foretell the remotest future. The blue zenith is the point in which romance and reality meet. I think, if we should be rapt away into all that we dream of heaven, and should converse with Gabriel <sup>4</sup> and Uriel, <sup>5</sup> the upper sky would be all that would remain of our furniture. <sup>6</sup>

It seems as if the day was not wholly profane, in which we have given heed to some natural object. The fall 7 of snowflakes in a still air, preserving to each crystal its perfect form; the blowing of sleet over a wide sheet of water, and over plains; the waving ryefield; the mimic waving of acres of houstonia,8 whose innumerable florets whiten and ripple before the eye; the reflections of trees and flowers in glassy lakes; the musical steaming odorous south wind, which converts all trees to wind-harps; the crackling and spurting of hemlock in the flames, or of pine logs, which yield glory to the walls and faces in the sitting-room,—

<sup>1</sup> the schools, philosophers and theorists. What is the figure of speech? (See Def. 8.)

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> We nestle. Explain the metaphor.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>8</sup> parasites. See Webster.

<sup>4</sup> Gabriel (a Hebrew word meaning the mighty one of God), an archangel who in the Bible appears on various occasions to communicate prophecies.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> Uriel, another of the archangels.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>6</sup> furniture, physical conditions here on earth.

<sup>7</sup> The fall, etc. Here is another long compound sentence. Tell how many members, and select such details as you deem most descriptive or picturesque.

<sup>8</sup> houstonia. What is the common name of this plant?

these are the music and pictures of the most ancient religion.

My house stands in low land, with limited outlook, and on the skirt of the village.1 But I go with my friend 2 to the shore of our little river; and with one stroke of the paddle I leave the village politics and personalities, yes, and the world of villages and personalities, behind, and pass into a delicate realm of sunset and moonlight, too bright almost for spotted man to enter without novitiate<sup>3</sup> and probation. We penetrate bodily this incredible beauty: we dip our hands in this painted element; our eyes are bathed in these lights and forms. A holiday, a villeggiatura,4 a royal revel, the proudest, most heart-rejoicing festival that valor and beauty, power and taste, ever decked and enjoyed, establishes itself on the instant. These sunset clouds, these delicately emerging 5 stars, with their private and ineffable 6 glances, signify it and proffer it. I am taught the poorness of our invention, the ugliness of towns and palaces. I am overinstructed 7 for my return. Henceforth I shall be hard to please. I can not go back to toys.

<sup>1</sup> village: that is, the village of Concord, Mass., the scene of a Revolutionary battle.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> my triend: probably that philosophic hermit of Walden Pond, Henry Thoreau, a neighbor and dear friend of Emerson's.

<sup>8</sup> novitiate (Latin novus, new), the period of probation through which 'one entering a religious order must pass.

<sup>4</sup> villeggiatura (an Italian word, from villa, a country-house), a village festival, corresponding to the French fête champêtre.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> emerging. Give a synonym.

<sup>6</sup> ineffable, literally, that may not be spoken, unspeakable.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>7</sup> am over-instructed: that is, in communion with nature, he has learned too much for ordinary life to hold its charm.

## 2.-LITERARY FORM IN POETRY.

Music and rhyme are among the earliest pleasures of the child; and, in the history of literature, poetry precedes prose. Every one may see, as he rides on the highway through an uninteresting landscape, how a little water instantly relieves the monotony: 1 no matter what objects are near it,—a gray rock, a grasspatch, an alder-bush, or a stake,—they become beautiful by being reflected. 2 It is rhyme to the eye, and explains the charm of rhyme to the ear.

We are lovers of rhyme and return, period and musical reflection.<sup>3</sup> The babe is lulled to sleep by the nurse's song. Sailors can work better for their *yoheave-o*. Soldiers can march better and fight better for the drum and trumpet.

Meter <sup>4</sup> begins with pulse-beat, and the length of lines in songs and poems is determined by the inhalation <sup>5</sup> and exhalation of the lungs. If you hum or whistle the rhythm of the common English meters, you can easily believe these meters to be organic, derived from the human pulse, <sup>6</sup> and to be therefore

<sup>1</sup> monotony (Greek monos, alone, one, and tonos, tone), sameness.

<sup>2</sup> reflected. Define.

<sup>\*</sup> reflection, echo of sound and iteration of movement.

<sup>4</sup> Meter (Greek metron, a measure), poetical measure or rhythm, dependent on number and accent of syllables.

b inhalation (Latin halare, to breathe), to draw air into the lungs, Give the derivation of "exhalation."

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>6</sup> pulse (Latin pulsus, a beating; from pellere, pulsum, to beat), the beating of the heart or blood-vessels. The phrase "derived from the human pulse" explains "organic."

not proper to 1 one nation, but to mankind. I think you will also find a charm heroic, plaintive, pathetic,2 in these cadences, and be at once set on searching for the words that can rightly fill these vacant beats.

Another form of rhyme is iterations<sup>2</sup> of phrase, as the record of the death of Sisera: -

"At her feet he bowed, he fell, he lay down: at her feet he bowed, he fell: where he bowed, there he fell down dead."

The fact is made conspicuous, nay, colossal, by this simple rhetoric.

"They shall perish, but thou shalt endure: yea, all of them shall wax old like a garment; as a vesture shalt thou change them, and they shall be changed: but thou art the same, and thy years shall have no end."

Milton delights in these iterations:—

"Though fallen on evil days, On evil days though fallen, and evil tongues." 5

"Was I deceived, or did a sable cloud Turn forth its silver lining on the night? I did not err, there does a sable cloud Turn forth its silver lining on the night."7

<sup>1</sup> not proper to: that is, not the exclusive property or possession of (Latin proprius, one's own).

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> heroic, plaintive, pathetic. Are these adjectives placed in the strict or rhetorical order? (See Definitions 13, 14.) Place them in the prose order, and determine which the examples of iterations. arrangement is the more effective.

<sup>8</sup> iterations (from Latin iter, a journey), repetitions.

<sup>4</sup> colossal (Greek kolossos, a great statue), of great size: the meaning here is very emphatic, very apparent.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> From Paradise Lost.

<sup>6</sup> Was I . . . night. Point out

<sup>7</sup> From Consus.

"A little onward lend thy guiding hand,
To these dark steps a little farther on."

Every good poem<sup>2</sup> that I know I recall by its rhythm also. Rhyme is a pretty good measure of the latitude<sup>3</sup> and opulence of a writer. If unskillful, he is at once detected by the poverty of his chimes.<sup>4</sup> A small, well-worn, sprucely-brushed vocabulary <sup>5</sup> serves him. Now try Spenser, Marlow, Chapman,<sup>6</sup> and see how wide they fly <sup>7</sup> for weapons, and how rich and lavish their profusion. In their rhythm is no manufacture, but a vortex, or musical tornado, which, falling on words and the experience of a learned mind, whirls these materials into the same grand order as planets and moons obey, and seasons, and monsoons.

There are also prose poets. Thomas Taylor,<sup>8</sup> the Platonist, for instance, is really a better man of imagination, a better poet, or perhaps I should say a better feeder to a poet, than any man between Milton and Wordsworth. Thomas Moore had the magnanimity to

bethan age, and contemporaries of Shakespeare. Spenser is the author of the "Fairy Queen;" Marlow was a dramatist (an old poet speaks of "Marlow's mighty line"); and Chapman was the earliest translator of Homer into English.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> From Samson Agonistes.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Every good poem, etc. Transpose this sentence into the direct order.

<sup>8</sup> latitude: that is, the width of his poetic resources.

<sup>4</sup> chimes. Explain the use of the word here.

b vocabulary (Latin vocabularium), stock of words. What epithets does the writer join to these words? What are metaphorical?

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>6</sup> Spenser, Marlow, Chapman. lated the works of Plate All English poets of the Eliza- of the Platonic school.

<sup>7</sup> how wide they fly. Explain the metaphor.

<sup>\*</sup> Thomas Taytor (1758-1835) an English philosopher, is known as "the Platonist," because he translated the works of Plato, and others of the Platonic school.

say, "If Burke and Bacon were not poets (measured lines not being necessary to constitute one), he did not know what poetry meant."

It would not be easy to refuse to Sir Thomas Browne's 1 "Fragment on Mummies" the claim of poetry:—

"Of their living habitations they made little account, conceiving of them but as hospitia, or inns; while they adorned the sepulchers of the dead, and planting thereon lasting bases, defied the crumbling touches of time, and the misty vaporousness of oblivion. Yet all were but Babel vanities. Time sadly overcometh all things, and is now dominant and sitteth upon a Sphinx, and looketh unto Memphis and old Thebes, while his sister Oblivion reclineth semi-somnous on a pyramid, gloriously triumphing, making puzzles of Titanian erections, and turning old glories into dreams. History sinketh beneath her cloud. The traveler as he paceth through those deserts asketh of her, 'Who builded them?' and she mumbleth something, but what it is he heareth not."

You shall not speak ideal truth in prose uncontradicted: you may in verse. The best thoughts run into the best words; imaginative and affectionate thoughts, into music and meter. We ask for food and fire, we talk of our work, our tools, and material neces-

<sup>1</sup> Sir Thomas Browne (1605–1682), a very distinguished English writer, author of Religio Medici, Vulgar Errors, and other works. His style is marked by a splendid but pedantic diction.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> semi-somnous, half asleep (Latin somnum, sleep).

<sup>8</sup> Titanian = Titanic, like the Titans: huge, colossal.

<sup>4</sup> best thoughts... best words. Note the balance of phrase.

sities, in prose, that is, without any elevation or aim at beauty; but when we rise into the world of thought, and think of these things only for what they signify, speech refines into order and harmony.

Let poetry, then, pass, if it will, into music and rhyme. That is the form which itself puts on. We do not inclose watches in wooden, but in crystal cases: 1 and rhyme 2 is the transparent frame that allows almost the pure architecture<sup>3</sup> of thought to become visible to the mental eye. Substance is much, but so are mode and form much. The poet, like a delighted boy, brings you heaps of rainbow bubbles, opaline, air-borne, spherical as the world, instead of a few drops of soap and water.4 Victor Hugo says well, "An idea steeped in verse becomes suddenly more incisive 5 and more brilliant: the iron becomes steel."

Poetry will never be a simple means, as when history or philosophy is rhymed, or laureate 6 odes on state occasions are written. Itself must be its own end, or it is nothing. The difference between poetry and stock-poetry is this, that in the latter the rhythm is given, and the sense adapted to it; while in the former

<sup>1</sup> watches . . . in crystal cases. Note the beauty of the implied comparison. What objects are compared?

<sup>2</sup> rhyme: the author means rhythm as well as rhyme. What metaphor in this sentence?

<sup>8</sup> architecture: that is, the struc-

late this metaphor into plain prose. inspired verse.

<sup>5</sup> incisive. See Webster.

<sup>6</sup> laureate: in England the sovereign appoints a poet-laureate to celebrate any important event ("state occasions") as a victory, a royal marriage, etc. Tennyson (see page 530) is the present poetlaureate.

<sup>&</sup>quot; stock-poetry: that is, poetry 4 brings you . . . water. Trans- made to order, - conventional, not

the sense dictates the rhythm. I might even say that the rhyme is there in the theme, thought, and image themselves.

Ask the fact for the form. For a verse is not a vehicle to carry a sentence, as a jewel is carried in a case: 1 the verse must be alive 2 and inseparable from its contents, as the soul of man inspires 3 and directs the body; and we measure the inspiration by the music. In reading prose, I am sensitive as soon as a sentence drags; but in poetry, as soon as one word drags.

Ever as the thought mounts the expression mounts. Indeed, the masters sometimes rise above themselves to strains which charm their readers, and which neither any competitor could outdo, nor the bard himself again equal. Keats disclosed, by certain lines in his Hyperion, this inward skill; and Coleridge showed at least his love and appetency for it. It appears in Ben Jonson's songs, in Waller's Go, lovely rose! in

<sup>1</sup> as a jewel . . . case. What is the figure?

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> must be alive. Explain this hyperbole.

<sup>8</sup> inspires, animates.

<sup>4</sup> mounts. Supply a synonym from the next sentence.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> competitor. See Webster.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>6</sup> Keats, born in 1796, and who died at the early age of twenty-five, was one of the most distinguished of the modern school of poets that marked the early part of the present century.

<sup>7</sup> Samuel Taylor Coleridge (1772-1834): a distinguished English poet and metaphysician, author of the Rime of the Ancient Mariner.

<sup>8</sup> appetency, strong natural propensity.

<sup>9</sup> Ben Jonson (1573-1637), "rare Ben Jonson," a celebrated poet and dramatist, a contemporary and friend of Shakespeare.

w Edmund Waller (1605-1687): an English poet. He was a friend and connection of Oliver Cromwell, the "Protector."

Herbert's 1 Virtue and Easter, in Lovelace's 2 lines To Althea and To Lucasta, and in Collins's 3 Ode to Evening. Perhaps this dainty style of poetry is not producible to-day, any more than a right Gothic cathedral. belonged to a time and taste which is not in the world.

# 3. - GOOD-BY, PROUD WORLD.

Good-by, proud world! I'm going home; Thou art not my friend, and I'm not thine: Long through thy weary crowds I roam; A river ark 4 on the ocean brine, Long I've been tossed like the driven foam: But now, proud world! I'm going home.

Good-by to Flattery's 5 fawning face; To Grandeur with his wise grimace; To upstart Wealth's averted 6 eye; To supple Office, low and high; To crowded halls, to court and street; To frozen hearts 7 and hasting feet;

an eminent English poet and divine. His verses are characterized by great sweetness and elevation of thought. Brother of Lord Herbert of Cherbury.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Richard Lovelace (1618-1658): an English poet, whose verses possess rare grace, simplicity, and sprightliness.

<sup>1</sup> George Herbert (1503-1632): English lyric poet; author of the odes To the Passions and To the Brave.

<sup>4</sup> a river ark. Explain the metaphor.

<sup>5</sup> Flattery's. What is the figure? (See Def. 7.) Point out in the same stanza other examples of this figure.

<sup>6</sup> averted. See Glossary.

William Collins (1720-1756): 7 frozen hearts. Explain.

To those who go, and those who come: Good-by, proud world! I'm going home.

I am going to my own hearthstone,¹
Bosomed in yon green hills alone;
A secret lodge² in a pleasant land,
Whose groves the frolic fairies planned;
Where arches green the livelong day
Echo the blackbird's roundelay,³
And vulgar feet have never trod
A spot that is sacred to thought and God.

Oh, when I am safe in my sylvan home, I tread on the pride of Greece and Rome;<sup>4</sup> And when I am stretched beneath the pines, Where the evening-star so holy shines, I laugh at the lore and the pride of man, At the sophist<sup>5</sup> schools, and the learnéd clan; For what are they all, in their high conceit, When man in the bush<sup>6</sup> with God may meet?

#### 4. - CONCORD FIGHT.

[This hymn was composed to be sung April 19, 1836, at the completion of a monument to commemorate the fight at Concord, April 19, 1775.]

<sup>1</sup> hearthstone. What is the figure of speech?

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> lodge, habitation.

<sup>\*</sup> roundelay: a simple rural strain which is short and lively.

<sup>4</sup> Greece and Rome: that is, learning and power, "the lore and pride of man."

<sup>5</sup> sophist (from Greek sophos, wise), one of a class of Grecian teachers who by fallacious but plausible reasoning puzzled inquirers after truth.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>6</sup> bush, referring to the burning bush of Scripture, out of which Moses heard God calling him.

By the rude bridge 1 that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world.<sup>2</sup>

The foe long since in silence slept;
Alike the conqueror silent sleeps;
And Time the ruined bridge has swept
Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

On this green bank, by this soft stream, We set to-day a votive stone; That memory may their deed redeem,<sup>3</sup> When, like our sires, our sons are gone.

Spirit, that made those heroes dare
To die, and leave their children free,
Bid Time and Nature gently spare
The shaft we raise to them and thee.

# 5. - THE PROBLEM.

I LIKE a church; I like a cowl; <sup>5</sup> I love a prophet of the soul;

<sup>1</sup> rude bridge. The pupil will find, in the historical account, that part of the Concord engagement was a brisk skirmish at the "rude bridge" over the Concord River. The house in which Emerson was born stands hard by the bridge, and his father, the village pastor, witnessed the combat from his study-windows.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> here once . . . world: this couplet has had a great popularity, and is one of the most familiar of "familiar quotations."

<sup>8</sup> redeem, call back.
4 the shaft: that is, the monu-

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> cow! (from Latin cucullus, a cap or hood), a monk's hood or habit. It is used by metonymy for monk.

And on my heart monastic aisles
Fall like sweet strains, or pensive smiles:
Yet not for all his faith can see
Would I that cowled churchman be.

Why should the vest<sup>2</sup> on him allure Which I could not on me endure?

Not from a vain or shallow thought
His awful Jove young Phidias 3 wrought;
Never from lips of cunning fell
The thrilling Delphic oracle; 4
Out from the heart of nature rolled
The burdens of the Bible old;
The litanies of nations came,
Like the volcano's tongue of flame,
Up from the burning core below,—
The canticles of love and woe;
The hand 5 that rounded Peter's dome,
And groined the aisles of Christian Rome,

<sup>1</sup> monastic, pertaining to a monastery.

<sup>2</sup> vest = vestment.

<sup>\*</sup> Phidias (born at Athens about 488 B.C., and died about 432) was the most illustrious of the Greek sculptors. His masterpiece was the statue of Jupiter (Jove) at Olympia. It was nearly sixty feet high, and occupied Phidias and his assistants between four and five years, — from 437 probably, to 433 B.C.

<sup>4</sup> Delphic oracle. "Delphic," relating to Delphi in Greece. Among the Greeks, an "oracle" was a prophetic answer supposed to be returned by some god to a question asked.

<sup>5</sup> the hand, etc.: that is, Michael Angelo (1474-1563), who designed the great dome that covers St. Peter's Cathedral at Rome. (For particulars as to this dome, see Fifth Reader, page 126.)

Wrought in a sad sincerity; Himself from God he could not free; He builded better than he knew;<sup>1</sup>—The conscious stone to beauty grew.

Know'st thou what wove you woodbird's nest Of leaves, and feathers from her breast? Or how the fish outbuilt her shell, Painting with morn 2 each annual 3 cell? Or how the sacred pine-tree adds To her old leaves new myriads? Such and so grew these holy piles, Whilst love and terror laid the tiles. Earth proudly wears the Parthenon,4 As the best gem upon her zone; And Morning opes 5 with haste her lids, To gaze upon the Pyramids; O'er England's abbeys bends the sky, As on its friends, with kindred eye; For, out of Thought's interior sphere, These wonders rose to upper air; And Nature gladly gave them place, Adopted them into her race, And granted them an equal date With Andes and with Ararat.

<sup>1</sup> he builded . . . knew, now a much-quoted line.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> with morn. Express the idea in your own words.

<sup>\*</sup> annual (from Latin annus, a year), yearly.

<sup>4</sup> Parthenon: the Temple of Minerva at Athens; one of the most celebrated of the Greek temples, and usually regarded as the most perfect specimen of Greek architecture.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> opes, poetic form of opens.

These temples grew as grows the grass; Art might obey, but not surpass. The passive Master lent his hand To the vast soul that o'er him planned; And the same power that reared the shrine Bestrode the tribes that knelt within. Ever the fiery Pentecost 1 Girds with one flame the countless host, Trances the heart through chanting choirs, And through the priest the mind inspires. The word unto the prophet spoken, Was writ on tables yet unbroken; The word by seers or sibyls told, In groves of oak, or fanes of gold, Still floats upon the morning wind, Still whispers to the willing mind. One accent of the Holy Ghost The heedless world hath never lost. I know what say the fathers wise, --The Book itself before me lies, Old Chrysostom, best Augustine, 3 And he who blent both in his line,5

<sup>1</sup> Pentecost (from a Greek word meaning fiftieth), a solemn festival of the Jews, so called because it was celebrated on the fiftieth day after the feast of the passover.

<sup>2</sup> Chrysostom (Greek chrusos, golden, and tomos, mouth, so named from the splendor of his eloquence):

John, bishop of Antioch, one of the most renowned of the Greek

<sup>&</sup>quot;Fathers" of the Christian Church during the early centuries of our era.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>8</sup> Augustine: that is, St. Augustine (354-430 A.D.), the greatest of the Latin "Fathers," and renowned for his many great theological works.

<sup>4</sup> blent. Give the modern form.

<sup>5</sup> in his line. Explain.

The younger Golden Lips or mines, Taylor,1 the Shakespeare of divines. His words are music in my ear, I see his cowléd portrait dear; And yet, for all his faith could see, I would not the good bishop 2 be.

# 6. - EMERSON AT HOME.

[As stated in the introduction, Emerson for many years carried on a correspondence with Thomas Carlyle. The following interesting revelation of Emerson's private life is from a letter dated at Concord, May 10, 1838.]

Why should you not embark in the Victoria steamer, and come in a fortnight to New York, and in twentyfour hours more to Concord? Your study arm-chair, fireplace, and bed, long vacant, auguring, expect you. Then you shall revise your proofs, and dictate wit and learning to the New World. Think of it in good ear-In aid of your friendliest purpose, I will set down some of the facts.

I occupy, or improve as we Yankees say, two acres only of God's earth; on which is my house, my kitchengarden, my orchard of thirty young trees, my empty

lay (1613-1667): the most eloquent | Chrysostom," because, like the of Anglican divines. He was born elder, he taught divine things in three years before Shakespeare's golden words. "Shakespeare of divines," on ac- who was bishop of Down and count of the prodigal richness of | Connor.

<sup>1</sup> Taylor: that is, Jeremy Tay- | his imagery; and the "younger

Emerson styles him the 2 good bishop: that is, Taylor,

barn. My house is now a very good one for comfort, and abounding in room. Besides my house, I have, I believe, twenty-two thousand dollars, whose income in ordinary years is six per cent. I have no other tithe or glebe except the income of my winter lectures, which was last winter eight hundred dollars.

Well, with this income, here at home, I am a rich man. I stay at home, and go abroad, at my own instance. I have food, warmth, leisure, books, friends. Go away from home, I am rich no longer. I never have a dollar to spend on a fancy. As no wise man, I suppose, ever was rich in the sense of freedom to spend, because of the inundations of claims, so neither am I, who am not wise. But at home I am rich, — rich enough for ten brothers.

My wife Lidian is an incarnation of Christianity,—I call her Asia, —and keeps my philosophy from Antinomianism; my mother, whitest, mildest, most conservative of ladies, whose only exception to her universal preference for old things is her son; my boy, a piece of love and sunshine, well worth my watching from morning to night; these, and three domestic women who cook and sew and run for us, make all my household. Here I sit and read and write, with very little system, and, as far as regards composition, with the most fragmentary result: paragraphs incompressible, each sentence an infinitely repellent particle.

In summer, with the aid of a neighbor, I manage my garden; and a week ago I set out on the west side of my house forty young pine trees to protect me or my son from the wind of January. The ornament

of the place is the occasional presence of some ten or twelve persons, good and wise, who visit us in the course of the year.

## 7.-ON THE DEATH OF HIS SON.

[From a letter to Carlyle, under date March 28, 1842.]

My dear friend, you should have had this letter and these messages by the last steamer; but when it sailed, my son, a perfect little boy of five years and three months, had ended his earthly life. You can never sympathize with me; you can never know how much of me such a young child can take away. A few weeks ago I accounted myself a very rich man, and now the poorest of all. What would it avail to tell you anecdotes of a sweet and wonderful boy, such as we solace and sadden ourselves with at home every morning and evening? From a perfect health and as happy a life and as happy influences as ever child enjoyed, he was hurried out of my arms in three short days by scarlatina.

We have two babes yet, — one girl of three years, and one girl of three months and a week, but a promise like that boy's I shall never see. How often I have pleased myself that one day I should send to you this Morning Star of mine, and stay at home so gladly behind such a representative. I dare not fathom the invisible and untold, to inquire what relations to my departed ones I yet sustain. Lidian, the poor Lidian, moans at home by day and by night. You, too, will grieve for us, afar.

## 8.-BITS OF TRAVEL.

[Among the letters to Carlyle are occasional descriptions of his visits to different parts of the United States, while on his lecture tours. The following extracts will prove of interest.]

I.

I HAVE been something of a traveler the last year, and went down the Ohio River to its mouth: walked nine miles into and nine miles out of the Mammoth Cave, in Kentucky, - walked or sailed, for we crossed small underground streams, - and lost one day's light; then steamed up the Mississippi, five days, to Galena. In the Upper Mississippi you are always in a lake with many islands. "The Far West" is the right name for these verdant deserts. On all the shores, interminable silent forest. If you land, there is prairie behind prairie, forest behind forest, sites of nations, no nations. The raw bullion of nature; what we call "moral" value not vet stamped on it. But in a thousand miles the immense material values will show twenty or fifty Californias; that a good ciphering head will make one where he is. Thus at Pittsburg, on the Ohio, the Iron City, whither, from want of railroads, few Yankees have penetrated, every acre of land has three or four bottoms; first of rich soil; then nine feet of bituminous coal; a little lower, fourteen feet of coal; then iron, or salt; salt springs, with a valuable oil called petroleum floating on their surface. Yet this acre sells for the price of any tillage acre in Massachusetts; and, in a year, the railroads will reach it, east

and west. I came home by the great Northern Lakes and Niagara.

II.

I went lately to St. Louis, and saw the Mississippi again. The powers of the river, the insatiate craving for nations of men to reap and cure its harvests, the conditions it imposes,—for it yields to no engineering,—are interesting enough. The prairie exists to yield the greatest possible quantity of adipocere. For corn makes pig, pig is the export of all the land, and you shall see the instant dependence of aristocracy and civility on the fat four-legs. Workingmen, ability to do the work of the river, abounded. Nothing higher was to be thought of.

America is incomplete. Room for us all, since it has not ended, nor given sign of ending, in bard or hero. 'Tis a wild democracy, the riot of mediocrities, and none of your selfish Italies and Englands, where an age sublimates into a genius, and the whole population is made into Paddies to feed his porcelain veins by transfusion from their brick arteries.

#### III.

California surprises with a geography, climate, vegetation, beasts, birds, fishes even, unlike ours; the land immense; the Pacific sea; steam brings the near neighborhood of Asia; and South America at your feet; the mountains reaching the altitude of Mont Blanc; the State in its six hundred miles of latitude producing all our Northern fruits, and also the fig, orange, and banana.

But the climate chiefly surprised me. The almanae

said April, but the day said June; and day after day for six weeks, uninterrupted sunshine. November and December are the rainy months. The whole country was covered with flowers, and all of them unknown to us except in greenhouses. Every bird that I know at home is represented here, but in gayer plumes.

On the plains we saw multitudes of antelopes, hares, gophers, even elks, and one pair of wolves on the plains; the grizzly bear, only in a cage. We crossed one region of the buffalo, but only saw one captive. We found Indians at every railroad station, - the squaws and pappooses begging; and the "bucks," as they wickedly call them, lounging. On our way out, we left the Pacific Railroad for twenty-four hours to visit Salt Lake; called on Brigham Young, - just seventy years old, - who received us with quiet, uncommitting courtesy, at first; a strong-built, self-possessed, sufficient man, with plain manners. He took early occasion to remark that "the one-man-power really meant allmen's-power." Our interview was peaceable enough, and rather mended my impression of the man; and, after our visit, I read in the Deseret newspaper his speech to his people on the previous Sunday. avoided religion, but was full of Franklinian good sense. In one point, he says, "Your fear of the Indians is nonsense. The Indians like the white men's food. Feed them well, and they will surely die." He is clearly a sufficient ruler, and perhaps civilizer of his kingdom of blockheads ad interim; but I found that. the San Franciscans believe that this exceptional power cannot survive Brigham.

# 9.-THOUGHT-GEMS AND APHORISMS FROM EMERSON.

Language is fossil poetry. As the limestone of the continent consists of infinite masses of the shells of animalcules, so language is made up of images, or tropes, which now, in their secondary use, have long ceased to remind us of their poetic origin.

Every man in his lifetime needs to thank his faults. Has he a defect or temper that unfits him to live in society? Thereby he is driven to entertain himself alone, and acquire habits of self-help; and thus, like the wounded oyster, he mends his shell with pearl.

A beautiful form is better than a beautiful face; a beautiful behavior is better than a beautiful form: it gives a higher pleasure than statues or pictures; it is the finest of the fine arts.

I compared notes with one of my friends who expects every thing of the universe, and is disappointed when any thing is less than the best; and I found that I begin at the other extreme, expecting nothing, and am always full of thanks for moderate goods.

A gentleman makes no noise; a lady is serene.

The martyr can not be dishonored. Every lash inflicted is a tongue of fame; every prison, a more illustrious abode; every burned book or house enlightens the world; every suppressed or expunged word reverberates through the earth from side to side.

Love, and you shall be loved.

The highest merit we ascribe to Moses, Plato, and Milton is, that they set at naught books and traditions, and spake not what men but what they thought. A man should learn to detect and watch that gleam of light which flashes across his mind from within, more than the luster of the firmament of bards and sages.

It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion; it is easy in solitude to live after our own: but the great man is he who in the midst of the crowd keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude.

The only way to have a friend is to be one. You shall not come nearer to a man by getting into his house.

The poet gives us the eminent experience only,—a god stepping from peak to peak, nor planting his foot but on a mountain.

There is a defeat that is useful.

Good manners are made up of petty sacrifices.

The world belongs to the energetic man. His will gives him new eyes. He sees expedients and means where we saw none.

Nature is sanative, refining, elevating. How cunningly she hides every wrinkle of her inconceivable antiquity under roses, and violets, and morning dew!

Every inch of the mountains is scarred by unimaginable convulsions, yet the new day is purple with the bloom of youth and love.

Every individual man has a bias which he must obey; and it is only as he feels and obeys this, that he rightly develops and attains his legitimate power in the world. He is never happy nor strong until he finds it, keeps it; learns to be at home with himself; learns to watch the delicate hints and insights that come to him, and to have entire assurance of his own mind.

Don't waste your life in doubts and fears: spend yourself on the work before you, well assured that the right performance of this hour's duties will be the best preparation for the hours or ages that follow it.

Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm. The way of life is wonderful; it is by abandonment. The great moments of history are the facilities of performance through the strength of ideas, as the works of genius and religion.

Olympian bard who sung
Divine ideas below,
Which always find us young,
And always keep us so.



# XV.—HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

### LIFE AND WORKS.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW, the most popular of American poets, was born at Portland, Maine, Feb. 27, 1807. His father, Stephen Longfellow, was a well-known jurist, and, like Bryant, he could claim descent from John Alden, the youngest of the Mayflower's Pilgrims. His youthful advantages were exceptional; and at the early age of fourteen the future poet was admitted to Bowdoin College, in Maine, in the same class with Hawthorne, Cheever, and others eminent in later life.

Graduating in 1825, Longfellow entered on the study of law in the office of his father, but was invited, a year later, to return, as professor of modern languages, to the college he had just left as a student. This appointment he accepted, with the privilege of going abroad in order to qualify himself fully for his duties. For three years he traveled extensively in Europe, afterwards teaching at Bowdoin till 1835, when he was appointed professor of modern languages and literature in Harvard University. Again he visited Europe, this time for an absence of two years, and, returning to Cambridge, held his professorship there till 1854.

From the time of his appointment at Harvard till his death, March 24, 1882, Longfellow lived, first as lodger and later as owner, in that stately old Cambridge mansion, so often pictured, and now become a shrine for latter-day pilgrims. In this house Washington had

his headquarters on taking command after Bunker Hill; and here Everett the silver-tongued orator, and Jared Sparks the historian, had dwelt before him.

Longfellow was always a great favorite with the English people. On him alone of all Americans they have conferred the honors of Westminster Abbey, beneath whose "sun-gilt pinnacles" English hands have placed a bust of the poet, a memorial and a tribute from English hearts.

Nearly all Longfellow's prose was written in early days, and it is not voluminous. It is to his poetry that his fame is due.

There are five poems of considerable length: The Spanish Student, a poem in dramatic form; The Song of Hiawatha, a legend of the American Indians; The Courtship of Miles Standish, a tale of the early Massachusetts settlement, in which John Alden, the poet's ancestor, figures conspicuously; The Golden Legend, a poem whose scene is laid in the Middle Ages; and Evangeline, the most celebrated of his longer poems. The two poems Keramos and The Hanging of the Crane were written late in life.

In the great treasury which comprises the remainder of his verse a few of the more familiar poems are, The Psalm of Life, The Rainy Day, Resignation, The Beleaguered City, Footsteps of Angels, Paul Revere's Ride, The Day is Done, The Two Angels, The Children's Hour, and The Reaper and the Flowers.

Numerous pictures have made us all familiar with the fine features and thoughtful yet tender looks of Longfellow. He was of the middle height; his carriage was erect and noble, his eye clear and expressive, revealing a great and sympathetic soul, his whole presence impressive and attractive.

The following description by Mr. Winter is pleasing and picturesque:—

"His natural dignity and grace, and the beautiful refinement of his countenance, together with his perfect taste in dress, and the exquisite simplicity of his manners, made him the absolute ideal of what a poet should be. His voice, too, was soft, sweet, and musical; and, like his face, it had the innate charm of tranquillity. His eyes were bluish gray, very bright and brave, changeable under the influence of emotion, but mostly grave, attentive, and gentle. The habitual expression of his face may be described as that of serious and tender thoughtfulness."

In his manner he was simple, unaffected, and gracious. As many of his poems attest, he was a rare lover of children. Indeed, the same genial humanity which illuminated his verse shone through all his dealings with men.

It has been well said of Longfellow, that he delivers "the gospel of good-will, set to music." He teaches the lesson of endurance, patience, and cheerfulness. He appeals to the universal affections of humanity, and expresses with the most delicate beauty thoughts which find sympathy in all minds. He idealizes real life, beautifies common things, and clothes subtle and delicate thoughts in familiar imagery.

His artistic sense is exquisite,—so much so that each of his poems is a valuable literary study. He had a

great command of beautiful diction, and equal skill in the structure of his verse. And over all that he wrote there hangs a beautiful ideal light,—the atmosphere of poetry,—which illumines his page as the sunshine does the natural landscape.

## LOWELL'S TRIBUTE TO LONGFELLOW.

[Written on Longfellow's seventieth birthday.]

I NEED not praise the sweetness of his song, Where limpid verse to limpid verse succeeds Smooth as our Charles, when, fearing lest he wrong The new-moon's mirrored skiff, he slides along, Full without noise, and whispers in his reeds.

With loving breath of all the winds his name Is blown about the world; but to his friends A sweeter secret hides behind his fame, And Love steals shyly through the loud acclaim To murmur a God bless you! and there ends.

As I muse backward up the checkered years Wherein so much was given, so much was lost, Blessings in both kinds, such as cheapen tears—But hush! this is not for profaner ears; Let them drink molten pearls, nor dream the cost.

Some suck up poison from a sorrow's core, As naught but nightshade grew upon earth's ground: Love turned all his to heart's-ease, and the more Fate tried his bastions, she found but a door Leading to sweeter manhood and more sound. Even as a wind-waved fountain's swaying shade Seems of mixed race, a gray wraith shot with sun, So through his trial faith translucent rayed Till darkness, half disnatured so, betrayed A heart of sunshine that would fain o'errun.

Surely, if skill in song the shears may stay, And of its purpose cheat the charmed abyss, If our poor life be lengthened by a lay, He shall not go, although his presence may; And the next age in praise shall double this.

Long days be his, and each as lusty-sweet As gracious natures find his song to be; May Age steal on with softly cadenced feet Falling in music, as for him were meet Whose choicest verse is not so rare as he!

## 1.- FROM MY ARM-CHAIR.

[This poem, deeply interesting to the pupils of our schools, was inscribed by the author "to the children of Cambridge (Mass.), who presented to me, on my seventy-second birthday, Feb. 27, 1879, this chair made from the wood of the Village Blacksmith's tree." This famous chestnut-tree stood in front of and overshadowed the smithy in Brattle Street, Cambridge, not far from the house in which Longfellow lived and died.]

Am I a king, that I should call my own This splendid ebon throne?<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> ebon throne. In allusion to a "Night, sable goddess, from her ebon line in Young's Night Thoughts, — throne," etc.

Or by what reason, or what right divine,<sup>1</sup> Can I proclaim it mine?

Only, perhaps, by right divine of song
It may to me belong;
Only because the spreading chestnut tree
Of old was sung by me.

Well I remember it in all its prime,<sup>2</sup>
When in the summer-time
The affluent<sup>3</sup> foliage of its branches made
A cavern of cool shade.<sup>4</sup>

There, by the blacksmith's forge, beside the street,
Its blossoms white and sweet
Enticed the bees, until it seemed alive,
And murmured like a hive.

And when the winds of autumn, with a shout,
Tossed its great arms about,
The shining chestnuts, bursting from the sheath,
Dropped to the ground beneath.

And now some fragments of its branches bare, Shaped as a stately chair, Have by my hearthstone found a home at last, And whisper <sup>5</sup> of the past.

<sup>1</sup> right divine. An allusion to the expression, "divine right of kings."

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> prime (Latin primus, first), early vigor and beauty.

<sup>8</sup> affluent, abundant.

<sup>4</sup> cavern . . . shade. What is the figure of speech?

b whisper. What is the figure of speech?

The Danish king 1 could not in all his pride Repel 2 the ocean tide;

But seated in this chair, I can in rhyme Roll back the tide of Time.<sup>3</sup>

I see again, as one in vision sees,
The blossoms and the bees,
And hear the children's voices shout and call,
And the brown chestnuts fall.

I see the smithy with its fires aglow,
I hear the bellows blow,
And the shrill hammers on the anvil beat
The iron white with heat!

And thus, dear children, have ye made for me This day a jubilee,

And to my more than threescore years and ten<sup>4</sup> Brought back my youth again.

The heart hath its own memory, like the mind, And in it are enshrined <sup>5</sup>

The precious 6 keepsakes, into which is wrought The giver's loving thought.

<sup>1</sup> Danish king. The allusion is threescore, of to King Cnut (see Fifth Reader, Longfellow born? Lesson 99).

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> repel. See Glossary.

<sup>8</sup> roll . . . Time. Explain this relics. figurative expression.

<sup>4</sup> threescore, etc. When was ongfellow born?

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> enshrined, as though put in a shrine, or receptacle for sacred relics.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>6</sup> precious. See Glossary.

Only your love and your remembrance could Give life to this dead wood. And make these branches, leafless now so long, Blossom 1 again in song.

## 2. - THE DAY IS DONE.

THE day is done, and the darkness Falls from the wings of Night, As a feather is wafted 2 downward From an eagle in his flight.

I see the lights of the village Gleam through the rain and the mist, And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me That my soul can not resist:

A feeling of sadness and longing, That is not akin<sup>3</sup> to pain, And resembles sorrow only As the mist resembles the rain.4 -

Come, read to me some poem, Some simple and heartfelt lay,5 That shall soothe this restless feeling, And banish 6 the thoughts of day.

<sup>1</sup> give life . . . Blossom. Literal | or figurative?

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> wafted (allied to wave), floated.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>8</sup> akin (a, off, and kin, race, kind), literally, of the same kind; related to, like. Note that this adjective exile, and secondarily to drive follows the noun it modifies.

<sup>4</sup> As the mist, etc. Show the appositeness of this beautiful simile.

<sup>8</sup> lay, song.

<sup>6</sup> banish, originally to put under ban, or proclamation: hence, to away.

Not from the grand old masters, Not from the bards sublime, Whose distant footsteps echo Through the corridors of Time;<sup>1</sup>

For, like strains of martial music, Their mighty thoughts suggest Life's endless toil and endeavor; And to-night I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet,
Whose songs gushed from his heart
As showers from the clouds of summer,
Or tears from the eyelids start;<sup>2</sup>

Who, through long days of labor, And nights devoid of ease, Still heard in his soul the music Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction<sup>3</sup>
That follows after prayer.

The poem of thy choice,

And lend to the rhyme of the poet

The beauty of thy voice.

<sup>1</sup> corridors of Time. What is the figure of speech?

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> As showers . . . Or tears, etc. What are these two comparisons used to illustrate?

<sup>\*</sup> the benediction. Explain the meaning of the word here. What is the figure of speech?

<sup>4</sup> the treasured volume. What is the thought?

And the night shall be filled with music, And the cares, that infest the day, Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs, And as silently steal away.<sup>1</sup>

## 3.-THE BELL OF ATRI.

[From the Tales of a Wayside Inn.]

At Atri<sup>2</sup> in Abruzzo,<sup>3</sup> a small town
Of ancient Roman date, but scant renown,—
One of those little places that have run
Half up the hill, beneath a blazing sun,
And then sat down<sup>4</sup> to rest, as if to say,
"I climb no farther upward, come what may,"—
The Re Giovanni,<sup>5</sup> now unknown to fame,
So many monarchs since have borne the name,
Had a great bell hung in the market-place
Beneath a roof, projecting<sup>6</sup> some small space,
By way of shelter from the sun and rain.
Then rode he through the streets with all his train,<sup>7</sup>
And, with the blast of trumpets loud and long,
Made proclamation, that whenever wrong

<sup>1</sup> Shall fold...away. A muchquoted couplet. It contains a metaphor and a simile: point out each, and show their appropriateness.

<sup>3</sup> Atri (pron. ä'trē), a town of Italy, anciently Hadria, the birthplace of the Roman Emperor Hadrian.

<sup>\*</sup> Abruzzo (pron. ä-brööt'so), a province of Italy.

<sup>4</sup> have run...sat down. What is the figure of speech?

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>6</sup> Re Giovanni (pron. rā jo-va'nē), . Italian for King John.

<sup>6</sup> projecting. See Glossary.

<sup>7</sup> train. Explain.

Was done to any man, he should but ring The great bell in the square, and he, the king, Would cause the syndic 1 to decide thereon. Such was the proclamation of King John.

How swift<sup>2</sup> the happy days in Atri sped,<sup>8</sup> What wrongs were righted, need not here be said. Suffice it, that, as all things must decay,4 The hempen rope at length was worn away, Unraveled 5 at the end, and strand by strand Loosened and wasted in the ringer's hand, Till one, who noted this in passing by, Mended the rope with braids of bryony, So that the leaves and tendrils of the vine Hung like a votive garland at a shrine.

By chance it happened that in Atri dwelt A knight, with spur on heel and sword in belt, Who loved to hunt the wild-boar in the woods, Who loved his falcons with their crimson hoods,7 Who loved his hounds and horses, and all sports And prodigalities 8 of camps and courts,— Loved, or had loved them; for at last, grown old, His only passion was the love of gold. He sold his horses, sold his hawks and hounds. Rented his vineyards and his garden-grounds,

<sup>1</sup> syndic, an officer of justice.

<sup>2</sup> swift=swiftly.

<sup>. \*</sup> sped, made haste.

<sup>4</sup> decay. See Webster.

<sup>5</sup> unraveled. Explain.

vow), given by vow, given as an offering.

<sup>7</sup> hoods: that is, the cloth blinders put on the hunting hawk in the early stages of the chase.

<sup>6</sup> votive (from Latin volum, a 8 prodigalities. Givea synonym.

Kept but one steed,<sup>1</sup> his favorite steed of all, To starve and shiver in a naked stall, And day by day sat brooding in his chair, Devising<sup>2</sup> plans how best to hoard and spare.<sup>3</sup>

At length he said, "What is the use or need To keep at my own cost this lazy steed, Eating his head off<sup>4</sup> in my stables here, When rents are low and provender is dear? Let him go feed upon the public ways; I want him only for the holidays." So the old steed was turned into the heat Of the long, lonely, silent, shadeless street; And wandered in suburban lanes forlorn, 5 Barked at by dogs, and torn by brier and thorn.

One afternoon, as in that sultry clime<sup>6</sup>
It is the custom in the summer-time,
With bolted doors and window-shutters closed,
The inhabitants of Atri slept or dozed;
When suddenly upon their senses fell
The loud alarum<sup>7</sup> of the accusing bell!
The syndic started from his deep repose,<sup>8</sup>
Turned on his couch, and listened, and then rose

<sup>1</sup> steed. Of what prose word is this the poetic equivalent?

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> devising, inventing.

<sup>\*</sup> spare (compare German sparen, to save), to economize.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>4</sup> Eating his head off. Explain this hyperbole.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> forlorn. What noun does this adjective modify?

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>6</sup> clime. Of what prose word is this the poetic form?

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>7</sup> alarum. Poetic form of what word?

<sup>8</sup> repose. Give a synonym.

And donned 1 his robes, and with reluctant pace Went panting forth into the market-place, Where the great bell upon its cross-beam swung Reiterating with persistent tongue, In half-articulate jargon, the old song: "Some one hath done a wrong, hath done a wrong!" But ere he reached the belfry's light arcade<sup>2</sup> He saw, or thought he saw, beneath its shade, No shape of human form of woman born. But a poor steed dejected and forlorn, Who with uplifted head and eager eye Was tugging at the vines of bryony. "Domeneddio!" scried the syndic straight, "This is the Knight of Atri's steed of state! He calls for justice, being sore 4 distressed, And pleads his cause 5 as loudly as the best."

Meanwhile from street and lane a noisy crowd Had rolled together like a summer cloud,6 And told the story of the wretched beast In five-and-twenty different ways at least, With much gesticulation 7 and appeal To heathen gods, in their excessive zeal. The knight was called and questioned: in reply Did not confess the fact, did not deny;

<sup>1</sup> donned, past tense of don, a contraction of do on, to put on. So metaphor. doff = do off, to put off.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> belfry's lightarcade. Explain.

<sup>8</sup> Domeneddio, an Italian exclamation equivalent to Good Lord!

part of speech.

<sup>5</sup> pleads his cause. Explain the

<sup>6</sup> like a summer cloud. Show the appropriateness of the compar-

<sup>7</sup> gesticulation. See Webster for sore. Explain, and name the the interesting etymology of this word.

Treated the matter as a pleasant jest, And set at naught the syndic and the rest, Maintaining in an angry undertone, That he should do what pleased him with his own. And thereupon the syndic gravely read The proclamation of the king; then said: "Pride goeth 1 forth on horseback grand and gay, But cometh back on foot, and begs its way; Fame is the fragrance of heroic deeds. Of flowers of chivalry,2 and not of weeds! These are familiar proverbs; but I fear They never yet have reached your knightly ear. What fair renown, what honor, what repute.4 Can come to you from starving this poor brute? He who serves well, and speaks not, merits more Than they who clamor loudest at the door. Therefore the law decrees that as this steed Served you in youth, henceforth you shall take heed To comfort his old age, and to provide Shelter in stall, and food and field beside."

The knight withdrew abashed; the people all Led home the steed in triumph to his stall. The king heard and approved, and laughed in glee, And cried aloud: "Right well it pleaseth me! Church-bells at best but ring us to the door; But go not in to mass: my bell doth more:

<sup>1</sup> Pride goeth. What is the figure? (See Def. 7.)

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Of flowers of chivalry. What noun does this phrase modify?

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>8</sup> proverbs. What is a proverb?

<sup>\*</sup> repute = reputation.

<sup>5</sup> abashed = abased, ashamed:

<sup>6</sup> mass. See Webster.

"It cometh into court, and pleads the cause Of creatures dumb and unknown to 1 the laws; And this shall make, in every Christian clime, The Bell of Atri famous for all time."

# 4.-THE BETROTHAL OF EVANGELINE.

[The following beautifully limned picture is from Longfellow's extended poem of Evangeline. The poem is based on an incident attending the forced expulsion, by the English, of the French settlers in Nova Scotia, in 1755. That province at this time belonged to the English, but contained many French farmers, a simple-minded, peaceful people, who wished to be neutral in the quarrels between the French and English in America. The English authorities, fearing they might side with the French, cruelly kidnapped some three thousand of these people, and scattered them through the various colonies. In the haste and confusion of sending them off, many families were separated, and some at least never came together again. The story of Evangeline is the story of such a separation.

The measure of Evangeline is the dactylic hexameter, - a measure that has never become very popular in English poetry; but Longfellow handles this difficult meter with great skill. The cæsural pause in the middle of the line should be carefully regarded. Says Mr. Scudder: "A little practice will enable one to acquire that habit of reading hexameter, which we may liken, roughly, to the climbing of a hill, resting a minute on the summit, and then descending the other side. The charm in reading Evangeline aloud is found in this gentle labor of the former half of the line, and gentle acceleration of the latter half."]

I.

Thus, at peace with God and the world, the farmer 2 of Grand-Pré®

<sup>1</sup> unknown to: that is, unno- | Evangeline, "the pride of the village." ticed by.

<sup>2</sup> the farmer: that is, Benedict Bellefontaine, "the wealthiest | a village of Nova Scotia, formerly farmer of Grand-Pré," father of called Acadia.

<sup>8</sup> Grand-Pre, or Lower Horton,

Lived on his sunny farm, and Evangeline governed his household.

Many a youth, as he knelt in the church and opened his missal,<sup>1</sup>

Fixed his eyes upon her as the saint of his deepest devotion;

Happy was he who might touch her hand or the hem of her garment!

Many a suitor came to her door, by the darkness befriended,

And, as he knocked, and waited to hear the sound of her footsteps,

Knew not which beat the louder, his heart or the knocker of iron;

Or, at the joyous feast of the patron saint of the village, Bolder grew, and pressed her hand in the dance as he whispered

Hurried words of love, that seemed a part of the music. But, among all who came, young Gabriel only was welcome;

Gabriel Lajeunesse,\* the son of Basil the blacksmith,

Who was a mighty man in the village, and honored of all men;

For, since the birth of time, throughout all ages and nations,

Has the craft of the smith been held in repute by the people.

Basil was Benedict's friend. Their children from earliest childhood

<sup>1</sup> missal, mass-book.

which beat the louder, etc. last syllable.

Note this fine touch.

<sup>\*</sup> Lajeunesse. Accent on the

<sup>4</sup> craft, manual art, trade.

Grew up together as brother and sister; and Father Felician,

Priest and pedagogue both in the village, had taught them their letters

Out of the self-same book, with the hymns of the church and the plain-song.<sup>1</sup>

But when the hymn was sung, and the daily lesson completed,

Swiftly they hurried away to the forge of Basil the blacksmith.

There at the door they stood, with wondering eyes to behold him

Take in his leathern lap the hoof of the horse as a plaything,

Nailing the shoe in its place; while near him the tire<sup>2</sup> of the cart-wheel

Lay like a fiery snake, coiled round in a circle of cinders. Oft on autumnal eves, when without in the gathering darkness

Bursting with light seemed the smithy, through every cranny and crevice,

Warm by the forge within they watched the laboring bellows,

And as its panting ceased, and the sparks expired in the ashes,

Merrily laughed, and said they were nuns going\* into the chapel.4

Oft on sledges in winter, as swift as the swoop of the eagle,

<sup>1</sup> plain-song, a monotonous recitative of the church collects, or short saying.

Drayers. 4 cha

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> tire, a band of iron use to bind the fellies of wheels.

<sup>\*</sup> nuns going, etc., — a French aying.

<sup>4</sup> chapel. See Webster for interesting derivation.

<sup>5</sup> swoop: allied to sweep.

- Down o'er the hill-side bounding, they glided away o'er the meadow.
- Oft in the barns they climbed to the populous nests on the rafters,
- Seeking with eager eyes that wondrous stone 1 which the swallow
- Brings from the shore of the sea to restore the sight of its fledglings:
- Lucky was he who found that stone in the nest of the swallow!
- Thus passed a few swift years, and they no longer were children.
- He was a valiant 2 youth, and his face, like the face of the morning.
- Gladdened the earth with its light, and ripened thought into action.
- She was a woman now, with the heart and hopes of a woman.
- "Sunshine of Saint Eulalie" was she called; for that was the sunshine
- Which, as the farmers believed, would load their orchards with apples;
- She, too, would bring to her husband's house delight and abundance.
- Filling it full of love, and the ruddy faces of children.
- 1 that wondrous stone, etc. It | was one of the Norman-French su- be strong), literally vigorous of perstitions, that, if one of a swal- | body, and hence courageous, heroic. low's young is blind, the mother seeks on the shore of the ocean a day is the 12th of February. An certain little stone, with which she old Norman proverb runs thus: restores its sight. He who found | "If the sun smiles on Saint Eulasuch a stone in a swallow's nest lie's day, there will be plenty of was accounted fortunate indeed, as apples, and cider enough." This it was a remedy for many ills.
  - 2 valiant (from Latin valere, to
  - 8 Saint Eulalie. St. Eulalie's explains the allusion that follows.

### II.

In-doors, warm by the wide-mouthed fireplace, idly the farmer

Sat in his elbow-chair, and watched how the flames and the smoke-wreaths

Struggled together like foes in a burning city. Behind him,

Nodding and mocking along the wall, with gestures fantastic,

Darted his own huge shadow, and vanished away into darkness.

Faces, clumsily carved in oak, on the back of his arm-chair Laughed in the flickering light, and the pewter plates on the dresser

Caught and reflected the flame, as shields of armies the sunshine.

Fragments of song the old man sang, and carols<sup>2</sup> of Christmas,

Such as at home, in the olden time, his fathers before him Sang in their Norman orchards and bright Burgundian vineyards.

Close at her father's side was the gentle Evangeline seated, Spinning flax for the loom, that stood in the corner behind her.

Silent a while were its treadles,4 at rest was its diligent shuttle,

While the monotonous drone of the wheel, like the drone of a bagpipe,

<sup>1</sup> like foes. What is the figure formed from Burgundy, a province of speech?

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> carols (Latin chorus), literally a dance song, and hence a song of joy.

<sup>8</sup> Burgundian, an adjective feet.

<sup>4</sup> treadles (allied to tread), the parts of a loom moved by the

- Followed the old man's song, and united the fragments together.
- As in a church, when the chant of the choir at intervals
- Footfalls are heard in the aisles, or words of the priest at the altar.
- So, in each pause of the song, with measured motion the clock clicked.1
  - Thus as they sat, there were footsteps heard, and, suddenly lifted.
- Sounded the wooden latch, and the door swung back on its hinges.
- Benedict knew by the hobnailed 2 shoes it was Basil the blacksmith,
- And by her beating heart 8 Evangeline knew who was with him.
- "Welcome!" the farmer exclaimed, as their footsteps paused on the threshold,—
- "Welcome, Basil, my friend! Come take thy place on the settle 4
- Close by the chimney-side, which is always empty without thee;5
- Take from the shelf overhead thy pipe and the box of tobacco;

1 measured . . . clicked. Note | in the second person singular ("thee," "thy" "thou," etc.), is explained by the fact that the use of this form is among the French an indication of endearment. To tutoyer (to thee-thou) a person, one must be an intimate friend. (It is

the alliterations.

<sup>2</sup> hobnailed, the soles strengthened with strong-headed nails.

<sup>8</sup> her beating heart. A fine touch of nature.

<sup>4</sup> settle, a high-backed bench.

<sup>5</sup> thee. The use of the pronoun also used towards inferiors.)

Never so much thyself art thou as when through the curling

Smoke of the pipe or the forge thy friendly and jovial<sup>1</sup> face gleams

Round and red as the harvest moon through the mist of the marshes."

Then, with a smile of content,2 thus answered Basil the blacksmith.

Taking with easy air the accustomed seat by the fireside: --

"Benedict Bellefontaine, thou hast ever thy jest and thy ballad!

Ever in cheerfulest mood art thou, when others are filled with

Gloomy forebodings of ill, and see only ruin before them.

Happy art thou, as if every day thou hadst picked up a horseshoe."4

Pausing a moment, to take the pipe that Evangeline brought him,

And with a coal from the embers had lighted, he slowly continued: —

"René Leblanc<sup>5</sup> will be here anon, with his papers and inkhorn.6

Shall we not then be glad, and rejoice in the joy of our children?"

As apart by the window she stood, with her hand in her lover's.

teresting etymology of this word.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> content = contentment.

<sup>8</sup> air. Give a synonym.

<sup>4</sup> as if . . . horseshoe. Explain. early times made of horn.

<sup>1</sup> jovial. See Webster for the in- | Why is the comparison felicitous here?

<sup>5</sup> René Leblanc, the notary.

<sup>6</sup> inkhorn. Inkstands were in

Blushing Evangeline heard the words that her father had spoken,

And, as they died on his lips, the worthy notary entered.

Bent, like a laboring oar that toils in the surf of the ocean.

Bent, but not broken, by age was the form of the notarypublic;1

Shocks of vellow hair, like the silken floss of the maize. hung

Over his shoulders; his forehead was high; and glasses with horn bows

Sat astride on his nose, with a look of wisdom supernal.2 Father of twenty children was he, and more than a hundred Children's children rode on his knee, and heard his great watch tick.

Four long years in the times of the war had he languished a captive,

Suffering much in an old French fort as the friend of the English.

Now, though warier grown, without all guile or suspicion, Ripe in wisdom was he, but patient, and simple, and childlike.

He was beloved by all, and most of all by the children; For he told them tales of the Loup-garou in the forest, And of the goblin that came in the night to water the horses.

<sup>1</sup> Bent . . . notary - public. Transpose into the prose order. What is the simile?

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> supernal, lofty, supreme.

connected with the old adjective to the Old-English were-wolf (wer, ware, cautious. (Compare aware.) man).

<sup>4</sup> Loup-garou, a man who, according to a superstition of the Middle Ages, walked the night in the guise of a wolf, that he might 8 warier, from wary, which is devour children. It corresponds

- And of the white Létiche,1 the ghost of a child who unchristened
- Died, and was doomed to haunt unseen the chambers of children:
- And how on Christmas Eve the oxen talked in the stable,2 And how the fever was cured by a spider shut up in a nutshell.
- And of the marvelous powers of four-leaved clover and horseshoes.
- With whatsoever else was writ in the lore of the village.

## III.

Then Evangeline lighted the brazen lamp on the table, Filled, till it overflowed, the pewter tankard with homebrewed

- Nut-brown ale, that was famed for its strength in the village of Grand-Pré:
- While from his pocket 5 the notary drew his papers and inkhorn,
- Wrote with a steady hand the date and the age of the parties.
- Naming the dower of the bride in flocks of sheep and in cattle.
- Orderly all things proceeded, and duly and well were completed,

<sup>1</sup> white Letiche. It is conjectured that the white, fleet ermine gave rise to this superstition.

<sup>2</sup> oxen . . . stable. "A belief still lingers among the peasantry of England, as well as on the Continent, that at midnight on Christ- phrase. mas Eve, the cattle in the stalls 5 pocket, diminutive of pcke, a fell down on their knees in adora- little pouch.

tion of the infant Saviour, as the old legend says was done in the stable at Bethlehem." - SCUDDER.

<sup>3</sup> cured by a spider. Another popular superstition.

<sup>4</sup> writ in the lore. Explain the

And the great seal of the law was set like a sun on the margin.

Then from his leathern pouch the farmer threw on the table

Three times the old man's fee in solid pieces of silver;

And the notary rising, and blessing the bride and the bridegroom,1

Lifted aloft the tankard of ale, and drank to their welfare. Wiping the foam from his lip, he solemnly bowed and departed,

While in silence the others sat and mused by the fireside. Till Evangeline brought the draught-board 2 out of its corner.

Soon was the game begun. In friendly contention the old men

Laughed at each lucky hit, or unsuccessful maneuver,4 Laughed when a man was crowned, or a breach was made in the king-row.

Meanwhile apart, in the twilight gloom of a window's embrasure.

Sat the lovers, and whispered together, beholding the moon rise

Over the pallid sea and the silvery mist of the meadows. Silently one by one, in the infinite meadows of heaven, Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels.6

<sup>1</sup> bridegroom. This word is a corruption of the Anglo-Saxon interesting etymology. bryd-guma; guma = man.

<sup>2</sup> draught-board, checker-board. The word "draught" is derived from the circumstance of drawing the "men" from one square to another.

<sup>8</sup> contention, rivalry.

<sup>4</sup> maneuver. See Webster for an

<sup>5</sup> Laughed . . . king-row. These terms require no explanation to any one who has played the game of checkers - and who has not?

<sup>6</sup> Blossomed . . . angels. Discover what is felicitous in this beautiful image.

Thus was the evening passed. Anon the bell from the belfry

Rang out the hour of nine, the village curfew, and straightway

Rose the guests, and departed; and silence reigned in the household.

Many a farewell word and sweet good-night on the doorstep

Lingered long in Evangeline's heart, and filled it with gladness.

Carefully then were covered the embers that glowed on the hearth-stone,

And on the oaken stairs resounded the tread of the farmer. Soon with a soundless step the foot of Evangeline followed. Up the staircase moved a luminous space in the darkness,

Lighted less by the lamp than the shining face of the maiden.

Silent she passed the hall, and entered the door of her chamber.

Simple that chamber was, with its curtains of white, and its clothes-press

Ample and high, on whose spacious<sup>2</sup> shelves were carefully folded

Linen and woolen stuffs, by the hand of Evangeline woven. This was the precious dower she would bring to her husband in marriage,

Better 4 than flocks and herds, being proofs of her skill as a housewife.

<sup>1</sup> curfew (from French courir, to cover, and feu, fire), the nightfall bell of old times in England, —a signal to extinguish lights, cover fires, and retire to rest.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> spacious. Give a synonym.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>8</sup> precious (from Latin pretium, price), of great price or value.

<sup>4</sup> better. What does this word modify?

- Soon she extinguished her lamp, for the mellow and radiant moonlight
- Streamed through the windows, and lighted the room, till the heart of the maiden
- Swelled and obeyed its power, like the tremulous tides of the ocean.
- Ah! she was fair, exceeding fair to behold, as she stood with
- Naked snow-white feet on the gleaming floor of her chamber!
- Little she dreamed that below, among the trees of the orchard,
- Waited her lover and watched for the gleam of her lamp and her shadow.
- Yet were her thoughts of him, and at times a feeling of sadness
- Passed o'er her soul, as the sailing shade of clouds in the moonlight
- Flitted across the floor and darkened the room for a moment.
- And, as she gazed from the window, she saw serenely the moon pass
- Forth from the folds of a cloud, and one star follow her footsteps,
- As out of Abraham's tent young Ishmael wandered with Hagar!

# XV. - JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

### LIFE AND WORKS.

\*There is Whittier, whose swelling and vehement heart Strains the strait-breasted drab of the Quaker apart, And reveals the live Man, still supreme and erect Underneath the bemummying wrappers of sect. There was ne'er a man born who had more of the swing Of the true lyric bard."—Lowell.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER, the poet of humanity and freedom, was born in the same year with his brother bard Longfellow, 1807 (December 17), on his father's farm not far from Haverhill, Massachusetts. The Whittiers belonged to the Society of Friends; and in his Snow-Bound the "Quaker poet" has given us a beautiful picture of his youthful days,—of his father, mother, sisters, and their peaceful home-life in the winter time, when "the housemates sat around the radiant fireplace."

In his boyhood and youth, Whittier's life was that of a farmer's son. In summer he worked on the Merrimack farm; in winter he made shoes,—for in those days almost every rural household had a shop where the men and boys worked at shoemaking during the long "snow-bound" season when there was little to be done out of doors.

The lad John Greenleaf enjoyed whatever advantage was afforded by the district school of those days. There was little to read but the Bible, "Pilgrim's Progress," the almanac, and the weekly newspaper.

Yet the boy's poetic fancy was early stirred; and listening to the provincial traditions and legends, recounted by his elders at the fireside, he began to put his thoughts into numbers when yet very young.

When about eighteen years of age, Whittier sent a piece of verse to the Newburyport "Free Press," of which William Lloyd Garrison, the earliest champion of the anti-slavery cause, was the editor. Garrison looked up his contributor, and encouraged him with praise and counsel. From that time we see the poet working upward in the old-fashioned way. His district-school training was supplemented by a year or more at the Haverhill Academy, and by a winter's practice as a teacher himself.

In 1829 we find Whittier editing a tariff paper in Boston. Before his twenty-fifth birthday he had experienced the vicissitudes of old-time journalism, changing from one desk to another, at Haverhill, Boston, and Hartford; still pursuing literature; ere long somewhat known as a poet and sketch writer, and near the close of this period issuing his first book,—the Legends of New England, in prose and verse. In this volume he showed a deep interest in the welfare of the Indians, of whom some still lingered in the region where the poet was born.

And now the mission of his life came upon him. In 1831 Garrison had begun "The Liberator." Hatred of slavery was Whittier's heritage as a Quaker; a "swelling and vehement heart" was his heritage as a man. Thus moved, he threw his whole soul into the cause that Garrison was championing, and became the

psalmist of the new movement. He began to pour forth those *Voices of Freedom* which, like Luther's words, were "half battles,"—shafts of song tipped with flame.

After eight or nine years of this stormy service,—during which he wrote anti-slavery pamphlets, edited the *Pennsylvania Freeman*, and faced mobs at Boston, Plymouth, and Philadelphia,—Whittier took up his abode in Amesbury, in his native county. Here he resided for nearly forty years, sending forth copiously both prose and verse. For the last few years he has lived at Danvers, Massachusetts.

Though, as we have seen, Whittier's earliest efforts were put forth in the storm and stress of a great conflict, thus drawing on himself bitter hatred, yet, as the years went by, his humane and fervent motives came to be understood even by his opponents, while the sweetness of his rural lyrics and idyls testified for him as a poet. Later on, the hermitage at Amesbury became the resort of many pilgrims who felt towards the Quaker poet the sentiment which Longfellow has expressed in the fine lines:—

"O thou, whose daily life anticipates

The world to come, and in whose thought and word

The spiritual world preponderates,

Hermit of Amesbury! thou too hast heard

Voices and melodies from beyond the gates,

And speakest only when thy soul is stirred."

Whittier's appearance shows little of what people sometimes look for in a poet. Yet his is a strikingly

interesting face; the fire of the deep-set eyes (an inheritance perhaps of that Huguenot blood of which he had a strain), contrasting with the benign expression of the mouth,—"that firm serenity," as Stedman finely puts it, "which by transmitted habitude dwells upon the lips of the sons and daughters of peace."

Whittier has never married, but has made his home with relations and friends. In the summer he used to be fond of visiting the beaches that stretch along the coast of Massachusetts and New Hampshire, or journeying into the White Mountains, one of whose peaks has been named in his honor.

Whittier's prose, apart from his political writing, is mainly comprised in his Legends of New England, Margaret Smith's Journal, Supernaturalism in New England, and in his biographies of notable Quakers. In prose he writes with a true and direct hand, though without the felicities of Hawthorne, Holmes, or Lowell.

His poetical works are voluminous, and only a few of the chief collections need here be named. These are: The Voices of Freedom (1849), Songs of Labor (1850), Home Ballads and Poems (1860), In War Time and Other Poems (1863), Snow-Bound (1866), The Tent on the Beach (1867), and Mabel Martin (1874).

Whittier is often called the most "thoroughly American" of our poets; but a more discriminating judgment has styled him "the poet of New England." His genius drew its nourishment from her soil; his pages are the mirror of her outward nature, and the strong utterance of her inward life. He has painted with unequaled fidelity New England landscapes, and told

New England legends with rarest skill. Burroughs says of Snow-Bound, that it is the "most faithful picture of our Northern winter that has yet been put into poetry;" and Stedman calls it "a worthy successor to The Deserted Village and The Cotter's Saturday Night."

But our poet was more than a maker of idyls and pastorals. The "cry of the human" never failed to move him, and it is in celebrating deeds of heroism and renunciation that he attains his loftiest flights. The genius of Whittier, so saturated with the moral sentiment, is Hebrew, - is Biblical. In this respect he affiliates with Wordsworth, and, farther back, with Milton.

## 1.-THREE FAMILY PORTRAITS.

[These "Three Family Portraits" are taken from Snow-Bound: they reveal the poet's tender regard for domestic life, and finely portray the simple experiences of the friends of his boyhood days.]

### MOTHER.

Our mother, while she turned her wheel Or run the new-knit stocking-heel, Told how the Indian hordes came down At midnight on Cocheco 1 town. And how her own great-uncle bore His cruel scalp-mark to fourscore. Recalling, in her fitting phrase, So rich and picturesque<sup>2</sup> and free

<sup>1</sup> Cocheco town: that is, Dover, | toresco, like what is in a picture), N.H.

representing with the clearness ap-

<sup>2</sup> picturesque (from Italian pit- propriate to a picture.

(The common unrhymed poetry 1 Of simple life and country ways), The story of her early days, -She made us welcome to her home: Old hearths grew wide to give us room: We stole with her a frightened look At the gray wizard's conjuring-book,3 The fame whereof went far and wide Through all the simple country-side; We heard the hawks at twilight play. The boat-horn on Piscataqua,4 The loon's weird laughter 5 far away; We fished her little trout-brook, knew What flowers in wood and meadow grew, What sunny hillsides autumn-brown She climbed to shake the ripe nuts down, Saw where in sheltered cove and bay The ducks' black squadron anchored lay.6 And heard the wild-geese calling loud Beneath the gray November cloud.

## UNCLE.

Our uncle, innocent of books,<sup>7</sup>
Was rich in lore<sup>8</sup> of fields and brooks,—

<sup>1</sup> unrhymed poetry. Explain. With what noun is "poetry" in apposition?

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> welcome to her home: that is, the mother introduced the children to her own girlhood home.

<sup>\*</sup> wisard's conjuring - book.

Probably a well-thumbed "fortune-teller."

<sup>4</sup> Piscataqua. Locate.

b weird laughter. What felicity in the epithet "weird"?

<sup>6</sup> ducks'...lay. Show the picturesqueness of this expression.

<sup>7</sup> innocent of books. Explain.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>8</sup> lore (from the same root as learn), learning, knowledge, wisdom.

The ancient teachers, never dumb, Of Nature's unhoused lyceum.1 In moons and tides and weather wise. He read the clouds as prophecies, And foul or fair could well divine,2 By many an occult 3 hint and sign, Holding the cunning-warded 4 keys To all the woodcraft mysteries: Himself to Nature's heart so near That all her voices in his ear. Of beast or bird, had meanings clear, Like Apollonius of old, Who knew the tales the sparrows told, Or Hermes,6 who interpreted What the sage cranes of Nilus 7 said; A simple, guileless, childlike man, Content to live where life began: Strong only on his native grounds, The little world of sights and sounds Whose girdle was the parish bounds,

<sup>1</sup> lyceum. For rhythm's sake the poet places the accent on the first syllable, but properly it is on the penult.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> divine, foretell.

<sup>\*</sup> occult (from Latin oc for ob, and calere, to hide), hidden, secret.

<sup>4</sup> warded. A "ward" is a projecting ridge of metal in the interior of a lock, to prevent the use of any key which has not a corresponding notch for passing it. Explain the metaphor "cunning-warded keys." | 7 Milus, the Nile.

<sup>•</sup> Apollonius: that is, Apollonius of Tyana, in Cappadocia, who lived in the time of Christ, and was a follower of the mystical philosopher Pythagoras. He was versed in all Oriental lore, and the people believed him to have the power of working miracles.

<sup>6</sup> Hermes: that is, Hermes Trismegistus, a celebrated Egyptian priest and philosopher, of the first century A.D.

Whereof his fondly partial pride The common features magnified, As Surrey hills to mountains grew In White of Selborne's loving view.— He told how teal and loon he shot. And how the eagle's eggs he got, The feats on pond and river done, The prodigies<sup>2</sup> of rod and gun; Till, warming with the tales he told, Forgotten was the outside cold, The bitter wind unheeded blew. From ripening corn the pigeons flew, The partridge drummed i' the wood, the mink Went fishing down the river-brink. In fields with bean or clover gay, The woodchuck, like a hermit grav.

Peered from the doorway of his cell;8 The muskrat plied the mason's trade, And tier by tier his mud-walls laid: And from the shagbark overhead The grizzled squirrel dropped his shell.

#### SISTER.

As one who held herself a part Of all she saw, and let her heart

1 White of Selborne: that is, | and beasts of the district in which

Gilbert White (1720-1793), the he lived. author of a famous book entitled Natural History of Selborne, England - in which are many minute and | the felicity of this simile. charming descriptions of the birds 4 held, deemed, considered.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> prodigies, wonderful exploits.

<sup>8</sup> hermit gray . . . cell. Show

Against the household bosom lean,<sup>1</sup> Upon the motley-braided mat<sup>2</sup> Our youngest and our dearest sat, Lifting her large, sweet, asking eyes,

Now bathed within the fadeless green And holy peace of Paradise.<sup>8</sup> Oh, looking from some heavenly hill, Or from the shade of saintly palms,

Or silver reach of river calms, Do those large eyes behold me still? With me one little year ago:— The chill weight of the winter snow

For months upon her grave has lain; And now, when summer south-winds blow,

And brier and harebell bloom again,
I tread the pleasant paths we trod,
I see the violet-sprinkled sod
Whereon she leaned, too frail and weak
The hillside flowers she loved to seek,<sup>5</sup>
Yet following me where'er I went,
With dark eyes full of love's content.
The birds are glad; the brier-rose fills
The air with sweetness; all the hills
Stretch green to June's unclouded sky;
But still I wait with ear and eye
For something gone which should be nigh,

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> and let . . . lean. Explain.
<sup>2</sup> motley-braided mat. Explain.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>8</sup> Now bathed . . . Paradise. What fact is thus beautifully implied? See Webster for the derivation of "Paradise,"

<sup>4</sup> reach, a straight portion of a stream, as from one bend to another.

<sup>5</sup> too trail . . . to seek: that is, "too frail and weak to seek for the hillside flowers which she loved."

A loss in all familiar things, In flower that blooms, and bird that sings. And yet, dear heart! remembering thee, Am I not richer than of old? Safe in thy immortality, What change can reach the wealth I hold? What chance can mar the pearl and gold Thy love hath left in trust with me? And while in life's late afternoon,2 Where cool and long the shadows grow, I walk to meet the night that soon Shall shape and shadow overflow, I can not feel that thou art far, Since near at need the angels are; And when the sunset gates unbar.8 Shall I not see thee waiting stand, And, white against the evening star, The welcome of thy beckoning hand?

# 2.-THE GENIUS OF THE WEST.

[Whittier wrote this fine poem on the occasion of "receiving an eagle's quill from Lake Superior." Its general purpose is to celebrate the breadth, freedom, and opportunity afforded by the Great West.]

ALL day the darkness and the cold Upon my heart have lain,4

<sup>1</sup> the wealth: that is, the wealth of his sister's remembered affection.

<sup>2</sup> life's late afternoon. What idea underlies this metaphor?

<sup>8</sup> when the sunset gates unbar. Explain this beautifully tender expression.

<sup>4</sup> All day . . . lain. Change this couplet to the prose order.

Like shadows on the winter sky, Like frost upon the pane;

But now my torpid 1 fancy wakes, And, on thy 2 eagle's plume, Rides forth like Sindbad on his bird, Or witch upon her broom!

Below me roar<sup>3</sup> the rocking pines,
Before me spreads the lake
Whose long and solemn-sounding waves
Against the sunset break.

I hear the wild rice-eater<sup>4</sup> thresh
The grain he has not sown;<sup>5</sup>
I see, with flashing scythe of fire,<sup>6</sup>
The prairie harvest mown.

I hear the far-off voyager's horn; I see the Yankee's trail,— His foot on every mountain-pass, On every stream his sail.<sup>7</sup>

By forest, lake, and waterfall, I see his peddler show;

<sup>1</sup> torpid (Latin torpidus, stiff), benumbed.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> thy, in reference to the sender of the quill.

<sup>\*</sup> Below me roar, etc. This and similar expressions in the succeeding stanzas (as "I hear," "I see," etc.), are examples of the figure of speech called vision.

<sup>\*</sup> rice-eater, the rice-bird, so named from its depredations in rice-fields; the recd-bird. In New England it is called the boboling.

<sup>5</sup> thresh the grain, etc. Explain.

<sup>6</sup> scythe of fire, etc. A prairiefire.

<sup>7</sup> his sail. What figure?

The mighty mingling with the mean, The lofty with the low.

He's whittling by St. Mary's Falls,1 Upon his loaded wain; He's measuring o'er the Pictured Rocks,<sup>2</sup> With eager eyes of gain.

I hear the mattock 3 in the mine. The ax-stroke in the dell, The clamor from the Indian lodge, The Jesuit chapel bell.4

I see the swarthy trappers come From Mississippi's springs; And war-chiefs with their painted brows, And crests of eagle-wings.

Behind the scared squaw's birch canoe The steamer smokes and raves: And city lots are staked 5 for sale Above old Indian graves.

I hear the tread of pioneers Of nations yet to be; The first low wash of waves, where soon Shall roll a human sea.

<sup>1</sup> St. Mary's Falls. Where are they?

<sup>2</sup> the Pictured Rocks. do you know about them?

<sup>\*</sup> mattock, a pickaxe with broad | ing to Christianize the Indians. ends.

<sup>4</sup> Jesuit chapel bell, in allusion to the mission stations established What in early times, in the Far West, by French Jesuit missionaries, seek-

<sup>5</sup> staked, marked off.

The rudiments of empire here Are plastic yet and warm;
The chaos of a mighty world
Is rounding into form!

Each rude and jostling fragment soon
Its fitting place shall find,—
The raw material of a state,
Its muscle and its mind.<sup>3</sup>

And, westering <sup>4</sup> still, the star <sup>5</sup> which leads The New World in its train Has tipped with fire the icy spears Of many a mountain-chain.

The snowy cones of Oregon<sup>6</sup>
Are kindling on its way;
And California's golden sands
Gleam brighter in its ray!

Then blessings on thy eagle-quill,
As, wandering far and wide,
I thank thee for this twilight dream
And Fancy's airy ride!

<sup>1</sup> rudiments, rough elements. How is the thought expressed in the first two lines of this stanza varied in the last two?

<sup>2</sup> chaos. Explain.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>8</sup> Its muscle and its mind. Turn these figurative terms into plain words.

<sup>4</sup> westering, moving westward. The word is used by Milton.

b the star. An allusion to Bishop Berkeley's line, "Westward the course of empire takes its way;" generally misquoted, "Westward the star of empire," etc.

<sup>6</sup> snowy cones of Oregon. In allusion to the snow-clad peaks in the Cascade region, as Mount Hood, Mount Jefferson, etc., all of which are extinct volcanoes.

Yet, welcomer than regal<sup>1</sup> plumes Which Western trappers find, Thy free and pleasant thoughts, chance sown. Like feathers on the wind.

Thy symbol be the mountain-bird, Whose glistening quill I hold; Thy home the ample air 2 of hope. And memory's sunset gold!

In thee let joy with duty join, And strength unite with love. The eagle's pinions folding round The warm heart of the dove!

So, when in darkness sleeps the vale Where still the blind bird clings, The sunshine of the upper sky Shall glitter on thy wings!

# 3. - THE CIFT OF TRITEMIUS.

TRITEMIUS of Herbipolis, one day, While kneeling at the altar's foot to pray, Alone with God, as was his pious choice, Heard from without a miserable voice.4

king) = royal, from French roi, a king.

<sup>2</sup> ample air. Compare Milton: "an ampler ether, a serener air."

<sup>8</sup> Tritemius, or Trithemius (1462- | 4 miserable voice. Explain.

<sup>1</sup> regal (from Latin rex, regis, a | 1516), a distinguished theologian. was abbot, or head, of the monastery of Herbipolis, - the Latinized name of the modern Wurzburg, in Germany.

A sound which seemed of all sad things to tell, As of a lost soul crying out of hell.

Thereat the Abbot paused: the chain whereby 1 His thoughts went upward broken by that cry; And, looking from the casement, saw below A wretched woman, with gray hair a-flow, And withered hands held up to him, who cried For alms as one who might not be denied.

She cried, "For the dear love of Him who gave His life for ours, my child from bondage save, -My beautiful, brave first-born, chained with slaves In the Moor's galley, where the sun-smit waves Lap the white walls of Tunis!"2—"What I can. I give," Tritemius said, —"my prayers." — "O man Of God!" she cried, for grief had made her bold, "Mock me not thus; I ask not prayers, but gold. Words will not serve me, alms alone suffice: Even while I speak, perchance, my first-born dies."

"Woman!" Tritemius answered, "from our door None go unfed; hence are we always poor: A single soldo<sup>3</sup> is our only store. Thou hast our prayers: what can we give thee more?"

of the Barbary States were for States history relating to this fact. many centuries in the habit of | 8 soldo, a small coin.

<sup>1</sup> the chain whereby, etc. Ex-| making captives of Christians at sea, and reducing them to slavery. <sup>2</sup> Moors . . . Tunis. The Moors Recall some incidents in United

"Give me," she said, "the silver candlesticks On either side of the great crucifix. God well may spare them on his errands sped,<sup>1</sup> Or he can give you golden ones instead."

Then spake Tritemius: "Even as thy word, Woman, so be it! (Our most gracious Lord, Who loveth mercy more than sacrifice, Pardon me if a human soul I prize Above the gifts upon his altar piled!) Take what thou askest, and redeem thy child."

But his hand trembled as the holy alms<sup>2</sup>
He placed within the beggar's eager palms;
And as she vanished down the linden shade,<sup>8</sup>
He bowed his head, and for forgiveness prayed.

So the day passed; and when the twilight came He woke to find the chapel all aflame, And, dumb with grateful wonder, to behold Upon the altar candlesticks of gold!

## 4. - ABRAHAM DAVENPORT.

In the old days (a custom laid aside With breeches <sup>4</sup> and cocked hats) the people sent Their wisest men to make the public laws.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> sped, sent quickly forth.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> holy alms. Explain.

<sup>8</sup> the linden shade: that is, the walk shaded by linden trees.

<sup>4</sup> breeches: that is, knee-breeches.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> In the old days . . . laws. Explain this quiet piece of satire.

And so, from a brown homestead, where the Sound <sup>1</sup> Drinks the small tribute of the Mianas, Waved over by the woods of Rippowams, And hallowed by pure lives and tranquil deaths, Stamford sent up to the councils of the State Wisdom and grace in Abraham Davenport.

'Twas on a May-day of the far old year Seventeen hundred eighty,<sup>2</sup> that there fell Over the bloom and sweet life of the spring, Over the fresh earth and the heaven of noon, A horror of great darkness, like the night In day of which the Norland sagas tell,—
The Twilight of the Gods.<sup>3</sup> The low-hung sky

and looked calmly over the night. But at last, during one sunrise, a wolf came, and began to howl at the sun. The sun did not seem to heed him, but walked majestically up the sky to her midday point; then the wolf began to run after her, and chased her down the sky again to the low west. There the sun opened her bright eye wide and turned round at bay; but the wolf came close up to her, and opened his mouth, and swallowed her up. The earth shuddered, and the moon rose. Another wolf was waiting for the moon, with wide jaws open; and while yet pale and young he too was devoured. The earth shuddered again; it was covered with cold and dark-Confusion rioted in the ness.

<sup>1</sup> Sound: that is, Long Island changed, rejoiced in the sunshine,

<sup>2 &#</sup>x27;Twas...eighty. The exact date was the 12th of May, 1780. "On that day," say the historians, "a remarkable darkness overspread all New England. In some sections persons could not read common printed matter in the open air; barn-yard fowls went to roost, and cattle sought their accustomed evening resorts; houses were lighted with candles, and nearly all out-of-doors work was suspended. The cause of the darkness has never been ascertained."

<sup>\*</sup>Northern sagas are meant the prose and poetic lore of the Northmen (Norsemen), and in one of these occurs the following legend respecting the Twilight of the Gods:

"Odin watched the seasons as they darkness."

Was black with ominous clouds, save where its rim Was fringed with a dull glow, like that which climbs The crater's sides from the red hell below. Birds ceased to sing, and all the barn-yard fowls Roosted; the cattle at the pasture bars Lowed, and looked homeward; bats on leathern wings Flitted abroad; the sounds of labor died; Men prayed, and women wept; all ears grew sharp To hear the doom-blast of the trumpet shatter The black sky, that the dreadful face of Christ Might look from the rent clouds, not as he looked A loving guest at Bethany,1 but stern As Justice and inexorable Law.

Meanwhile in the old State House,<sup>2</sup> dim as ghosts, Sat the lawgivers of Connecticut, Trembling beneath their legislative robes. "It is the Lord's Great Day! Let us adjourn," 4 Some said; and then, as if with one accord, All eyes were turned to Abraham Davenport. He rose, slow cleaving with his steady voice The intolerable hush. "This well may be The Day of Judgment which the world awaits; But, be it so or not, I only know My present duty, and my Lord's command To occupy till he come.<sup>5</sup> So at the post

the reference?

<sup>2</sup> State House. At Hartford.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>8</sup> Lord's Great Day. Explain the expression.

<sup>4</sup> adjourn (ad, to, and French I come"?

<sup>1</sup> guest at Bethany. What is | jour, day), to postpone till another day.

<sup>5</sup> occupy, etc. In what part of the New Testament does there occur the injunction, "Occupy till

Where he hath sent me in his providence, I choose, for one, to meet him face to face, -No faithless servant frightened from my task, But ready when the Lord of the harvest calls; And therefore, with all reverence, I would say, Let God do his work, we will see to ours. Bring in the candles." And they brought them in.

Then by the flaring lights the Speaker read. Albeit with husky voice and shaking hands, An act to amend an act to regulate The shad and alewive 1 fisheries. Whereupon Wisely and well spake Abraham Davenport, Straight to the question, with no figures of speech Save the ten Arab signs,2 yet not without The shrewd dry humor natural to the man; His awe-struck colleagues listening all the while. Between the pauses of his argument, To hear the thunder of the wrath of God Break from the hollow trumpet of the cloud.

And there he stands in memory to this day, Erect, self-poised, a rugged face, half seen Against the background of unnatural dark. A witness to the ages as they pass, That simple duty hath no place for fear.

<sup>1</sup> alewive (a corruption of the Indian name aloof), a species of very striking picture. What is the herring.

<sup>2</sup> the ten Arab signs. Give the signification.

<sup>8</sup> And there he stands, etc. A moral that the poet draws? Of what is Abraham Davenport "a witness"?

#### 5. - MAUD MULLER.

MAUD MULLER, on a summer's day, Raked the meadow sweet with hay.

Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth Of simple beauty and rustic health.

Singing she wrought, and her merry glee The mock-bird echoed from his tree.

But when she glanced to the far-off town, White from its hill-slope looking down,

The sweet song died, and a vague unrest And a nameless longing filled her breast,—

A wish, that she hardly dared to own, For something better than she had known.

The Judge rode slowly down the lane, Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane.

He drew his bridle in the shade Of the apple-trees to greet the maid,

And ask a draught from the spring that flowed Through the meadow, across the road.

She stooped where the cool spring bubbled up, And filled for him her small tin cup,

And blushed as she gave it, looking down On her feet so bare, and her tattered gown. "Thanks!" said the Judge: "a sweeter draught From a fairer hand was never quaffed."

He spoke of the grass and flowers and trees, Of the singing birds and the humming bees;

Then talked of the haying, and wondered whether The cloud in the west would bring foul weather.

And Maud forgot her brier-torn gown, And her graceful ankles bare and brown,

And listened, while a pleased surprise Looked from her long-lashed hazel eyes.

At last, like one who for delay Seeks a vain excuse, he rode away.

Maud Muller looked and sighed: "Ah me! That I the Judge's bride might be!

He would dress me up in silks so fine, And praise and toast me at his wine.

My father should wear a broadcloth coat, My brother should sail a painted boat.

I'd dress my mother so grand and gay, And the baby should have a new toy each day.

And I'd feed the hungry, and clothe the poor, And all should bless me who left our door."

The Judge looked back as he climbed the hill, And saw Maud Muller standing still:

"A form more fair, a face more sweet, Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet.

And her modest answer and graceful air Show her wise and good as she is fair.

Would she were mine, and I to-day, Like her, a harvester of hay!

No doubtful balance of rights and wrongs, Nor weary lawyers with endless tongues,

But low of cattle and song of birds, And health and quiet and loving words."

But he thought of his sister, proud and cold, And his mother, vain of her rank and gold.

So, closing his heart, the Judge rode on, And Maud was left in the field alone.

But the lawyers smiled that afternoon, When he hummed in court an old love-tune;

And the young girl mused beside the well, Till the rain on the unraked clover fell.

He wedded a wife of richest dower, Who lived for fashion, as he for power.

Yet oft, in his marble hearth's bright glow, He watched a picture come and go;

And sweet Maud Muller's hazel eyes Looked out in their innocent surprise. Oft, when the wine in his glass was red, He longed for the wayside well instead;

And closed his eyes on his garnished rooms, To dream of meadows and clover blooms;

And the proud man sighed with a secret pain,—"Ah, that I were free again!

Free as when I rode that day Where the barefoot maiden raked the hay."

She wedded a man unlearned and poor, And many children played round her door.

But care and sorrow, and childbirth pain, Left their traces on heart and brain.

And oft, when the summer's sun shone hot On the new-mown hay in the meadow iot,

And she heard the little spring-brook fall Over the road-side, through the wall,

In the shade of the apple-tree again She saw a rider draw his rein,

And, gazing down with timid grace, She felt his pleased eyes read her face.

Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls Stretched away into stately halls;

The weary wheel to a spinet turned, The tallow candle an astral burned; And for him who sat by the chimney lug, Dozing and grumbling o'er pipe and mug,

A manly form at her side she saw, And joy was duty, and love was law.

Then she took up her burden of life again, Saying only, "It might have been."

Alas for maiden, alas for Judge, For rich repiner and household drudge!

God pity them both! and pity us all, Who vainly the dreams of youth recall;

For of all sad words of tongue or pen, The saddest are these: "It might have been!"

Ah, well! for us all some sweet hope lies Deeply buried from human eyes;

And in the hereafter angels may Roll the stone from its grave away.



### XVI. — EDGAR ALLAN POE.

#### LIFE AND WORKS.

"He was great in his genius, unhappy in his life, wretched in his death. But in his fame he is immortal."

Such are the words inscribed on the bronze and marble memorial of Edgar Allan Poe, set up in the New York Museum of Art in the spring of 1885,—thirty-six years after the body of him whom it commemorates had found a nameless grave in a Baltimore churchyard. They outline for us the career of a being of strange endowments, whose personality remains lastingly striking, and whose career is profoundly affecting and instructive.

Edgar Poe was born in Boston, Jan. 19, 1809. His father David Poe, was the son of a distinguished officer in the Revolutionary army, and was educated for the bar; but becoming enamored of a beautiful actress he married her, abandoned his profession, and went himself on the stage. Poe has referred to his mother, Elizabeth Arnold, as "a woman who, although well born, hesitated not to consecrate to the drama her brief career of genius and beauty."

In a few years the youthful couple died of consumption (within a very short time of each other), leaving three young children entirely destitute. Edgar, the second child, was a remarkably bright and beautiful boy, and at the age of six was adopted by Mr. John Allan, a wealthy citizen of Richmond, from whom he

received his middle name, Allan. He was educated with great care, and at the age of seven was taken by Mr. and Mrs. Allan to England, and placed in a school at Stoke-Newington, a suburb of London, where he remained five or six years.

Edgar Allan was then recalled by his adopted father to the Richmond home, where under private tutors he pursued his studies for three or four years. He was sent (1826) to the University of Virginia, where he passed his eighteenth year. He excelled in his studies, and was always at the head of his class; but he became deeply involved in debt, through his strong passion for gaming, and had to leave the university at the close of the year.

In 1829 Poe published at Baltimore a volume of poems under the title of Al Aaroof, Tamerlane, and Minor Poems. It attracted no attention, and is pronounced by his biographer, the poet Stoddard, "not a remarkable production for a young gentleman of twenty." Afterwards Poe, who, when it suited his purpose, could play fast and loose with dates, tried to make the public believe that the poems were written when he was only fifteen.

Soon after this first poetical venture, Poe, through the influence of Mr. Allan, was admitted to a cadetship at West Point. But he neglected his studies,—having probably tired of the prospect of the military career,—and indulged in such excesses that (March, 1831) he was cashiered.

Returning then to Mr. Allan's home at Richmond, he soon behaved in such a manner that that gentleman closed his doors against him. And so at the age of twenty-two the friendless poet was fain to turn for a livelihood to the common but too often sterile resource of literature.

In his first venture, however, Poe was fortunate. In 1833, the publisher of a literary journal at Baltimore having offered a prize of a hundred dollars for a tale in prose, and the same for a poem, Poe became a competitor, and won both prizes. This opened to him an engagement as editor of the Southern Literary Messenger at Richmond. In his editorial duties he labored for some time with industry, writing many tales and reviews, marked by genius and critical skill; but at length his old habits returned, and after a debauch he quarreled with the proprietor, and had to seek employment elsewhere. While in Richmond Poe married his cousin, Virginia Clem, "a beautiful and saintly creature," who was as destitute as himself, and who died of consumption the year before Poe's own sad end.

Removing to New York in 1837, Poe lived precariously by writing for the periodicals. Two years later he went to Philadelphia, where he edited, first the Gentleman's Magazine, and afterwards Graham's Magazine. While in Philadelphia he published a collection of his best stories, with the title Tales of the Arabesque and Grotesque (1840), which increased his now high reputation.

Poe's next move was a return to New York, where he contributed to the periodicals. In the American Review, published in that city, there appeared (February, 1845) a poem named "The Raven," and signed Quarles.

It paid Poe, who proved to be its author, the sum of ten dollars; but it carried his name to the four corners of the earth, and made him a great celebrity in New York society, where he was often seen.

Though Poe was now famous, and though he was by habit industrious, the rewards of literature were at this time so meager that he was wretchedly poor; and after the failure of the *Broadway Journal*, a literary magazine in which he embarked (1846), he was reduced to such straits that public appeals for pecuniary aid were made in his behalf by the newspapers.

At this time Poe was living in a small cottage at Fordham, a suburb of New York, where it was his melancholy office to watch over his dying wife. He was in extreme poverty, and the state of his household is thus described by a friend: "There was no clothing on the bed—which was only straw—but a snow-white spread and sheets. Virginia [his wife] lay on the straw bed, wrapped in her husband's great-coat, with a large tortoise-shell cat in her arms. These were her only means of warmth, except that Poe held her hands, and her mother her feet."

After his wife's death, Poe seems to have become reckless. His heart was broken. While in Baltimore (on his way from Richmond, where he had gone on a visit, to New York) he died, Oct. 7, 1849, in his forty-first year. The circumstances of his "taking-off" were very, very sad.

Like all strong personalities, Poe has been the subject of much discussion. His first biographer, Griswold, turned the attention of the world towards his

faults and failings. These were many: however, it is now recognized that they have been greatly exaggerated. With the fatal gift of genius, Poe had a temperament of varied moods, and in his fits of melancholy—which at times bordered on madness—he sought the delusive "nepenthe" of opium and alcohol. It seems that his nature, sensitive as it was to æsthetic beauty in all its forms, lacked somewhat of moral sensibility. It is the old story - illustrated before by Coleridge, and Lamb, and many others - of great powers allied to a weak will. He could not free himself from inherited qualities, and went down,—a great though broken life. Yet it would be a cold heart that could read without sympathy the story of this noble, misguided man, -himself the "unhappy master, whom unmerciful disaster followed fast and followed faster." till the melancholy end of his earthly career.

Leaving his moral character to be judged by those fitted to judge, we are free to consider, without prejudice or prepossession, his place in literature. This is unique. Poe's fame undoubtedly rests on fewer works than that of any other writer of equal renown. Though his writing is considerable in amount, it is most uneven in value. His philosophy—a sphere in which he thought to take high flights—may best be described as bosh. His literary criticism is so colored by personal prejudice as to be valueless save for the bright occasional utterances of his rare æsthetic instinct. But his stories and poems belong to a class apart, and these are his titles to enduring fame.

As a writer of tales, Poe was a great and original

master. His art was to take a single motive, and develop that and its belongings in a manner that can be described only by the word exquisite. The Gold Bug, The Murders in the Rue Morgue, The Fall of the House of Usher, and William Wilson, are good exemplifications of what may be called the Poe art,—an art in which he had no predecessor, and (though with many imitators) no successor. These high inventions of genius and art he wrote in hours stolen from poverty and despair.

It is matter of regret that we can not here exhibit Poe in his brightest work by presenting one of these tales; but there is not space to give one in its completeness, and no extract would be satisfactory.

As a poet Poe's fame rests on three or four pieces. The Raven, Annabel Lee, and The Haunted Palace are perhaps the most characteristic of his poetic productions. The Raven is, of course, his masterpiece. It belongs to the small class of poems that are never attributed to any but their authors, and which contain the divine essence of their creators.

Poe's grave in Baltimore was unmarked until, in 1875, the teachers of that city erected a stone to his memory. In May, 1885, a memorial tablet of him was placed in what should be called "Poets' Corner," in the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New-York City. So Time, which avenges every thing, places our poet where he belongs. He suffered for his frailties: we are the heirs of his genius. His image is to us that of one on a vessel far out at sea,—alone on the deck,—in a dark tempestuous night, illumined at intervals by a flash of lightning.

#### 1-THE RAVEN.

[In reproducing The Raven we would call the teacher's attention to the fact that the poem is followed by Poe's subtle piece of analysis entitled The Philosophy of Composition, in which he sets forth in a most interesting manner the processes by which The Raven was evolved. It is recommended that the poem be read first, then the analysis, and then the poem again.]

ONCE upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,

Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore,— While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping, As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber-door. "Tis some visitor," I muttered, "tapping at my chamber-

door, --

Only this, and nothing more."

Ah! distinctly I remember, it was in the bleak December, And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.

Eagerly I wished the morrow: vainly I had sought to borrow From my books surcease of sorrow,—sorrow for the lost Lenore;

For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore,

Nameless here forevermore.

And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple curtain Thrilled me — filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before; So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating, "Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber-door, — Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber-door;

This it is, and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger: hesitating then no longer, "Sir," said I, "or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore; But the fact is, I was napping, and so gently you came rapping, And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber-door, That I scarce was sure I heard you"— Here I opened wide the door:

Darkness there, and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there, wondering, fearing,

Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before:

But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token, And the only word there spoken was the whispered word "Lenore?"

This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word "LENORE!"

Merely this, and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning, Soon again I heard a tapping, something louder than before. "Surely," said I, "surely that is something at my window-lattice; Let me see then what thereat is, and this mystery explore,— Let my heart be still a moment, and this mystery explore: 'Tis the wind, and nothing more."

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter.

In there stepped a stately Raven of the saintly days of yore. Not the least obeisance made he, not a minute stopped or stayed he,

But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamberdoor:

Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my chamber-door. — Perched and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling, By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore, "Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said, "art sure no craven:

Ghastly, grim, and ancient Raven, wandering from the Nightly shore,

Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's Plutonian shore!"

Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

Much I marveled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly, Though its answer little meaning, little relevancy bore;

For we can not help agreeing that no living human being

Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamberdoor,—

Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber-door,

With such name as "Nevermore."

But the Raven, sitting lonely on that placid bust, spoke only That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour. Nothing further then he uttered, not a feather then he fluttered, Till I scarcely more than muttered, "Other friends have flown before:

On the morrow he will leave me, as my Hopes have flown before!"

Then the bird said, "Nevermore."

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken, "Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only stock and store, Caught from some unhappy master, whom unmerciful disaster Followed fast, and followed faster, till his songs one burden bore,

Till the dirges of his hope that melancholy burden bore,
Of — Never — Nevermore!"

But the Raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling, Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird, and bust, and door:

Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore—What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore—

Meant in croaking "Nevermore!"

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
To the fowl, whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core:
This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining
On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamp-light gloated o'er;
But whose velvet violet lining, with the lamp-light gloating o'er,

She shall press—ah! nevermore.

Then methought the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer

Swung by seraphim, whose footfalls tinkled on the tufted floor. "Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent thee, by these angels he hath sent thee,

Respite—respite and nepenthe, from thy memories of Lenore! Quaff, oh quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget this lost Lenore!"

Quoth the Rayen. "Nevermore!"

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!

Whether tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore.

Desolate, yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted,
On this home by horror haunted,—tell me truly, I implore,
Is there—is there balm in Gilead? tell me—tell me, I
implore!"

Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore!"

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!

By that heaven that bends above us, by that God we both adore.

Tell this soul, with sorrow laden, if, within the distant Aidenn, It shall clasp a sainted maiden, whom the angels name Lenore,—

Clasp a rare and radiant maiden, whom the angels name Lenore."

Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore!"

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!" I shrieked, upstarting.

"Get thee back into the tempest and the Night's Plutonian shore:

Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy souI hath spoken.

Leave my loneliness unbroken, quit the bust above my door: Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!"

Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore!"

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting. On the pallid bust of Pallas, just above my chamber-door; And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,

And the lamp-light o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor:

And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor

Shall be lifted - NEVERMORE!

### 2. - THE PHILOSOPHY OF COMPOSITION.

I HAVE often thought how interesting a magazine paper might be written by any author who would that is to say, who could - detail, step by step, the processes by which any one of his compositions attained its ultimate point of completion. Why such a paper has never been given to the world, I am much at a loss to say; but perhaps the authorial vanity has had more to do with the omission than any one other cause. Most writers - poets in especial - prefer having it understood that they compose by a species of fine frenzy, an ecstatic intuition; and would positively shudder at letting the public take a peep behind the scenes, at the elaborate and vacillating crudities of thought, at the true purposes seized only at the last moment, at the innumerable glimpses of idea that arrived not at the maturity of full view, at the fully matured fancies discarded in despair as unmanageable, at the cautious selections and rejections, at the painful erasures and interpolations, - in a word, at the wheels and pinions, the tackle for scene-shifting, the step-ladders and demontraps, the cock's feathers, the red paint and the black patches, which, in ninety-nine cases out of the hundred, constitute the properties of the literary histrio.

I am aware, on the other hand, that the case is by no means common, in which an author is at all in condition to retrace the steps by which his conclusions have been attained. In general, suggestions, having arisen pell-mell, are pursued and forgotten in a similar manner.

For my own part, I have neither sympathy with the repugnance alluded to, nor, at any time, the least difficulty in recalling to mind the progressive steps of any of my compositions; and since the interest of an analysis, or reconstruction, such as I have considered a desideratum, is quite independent of any real or fancied interest in the thing analyzed, it will not be regarded as a breach of decorum on my part to show the modus operandi by which some one of my own works was put. I select "The Raven," as most generally together. It is my design to render it manifest that no one point in its composition is referable either to accident or intuition, - that the work proceeded step by step to its completion, with the precision and rigid consequence of a mathematical problem.

The initial consideration was that of extent. literary work is too long to be read at one sitting, we must be content to dispense with the immensely important effect derivable from unity of impression; for, if two sittings be required, the affairs of the world interfere, and every thing like totality is at once destroyed. But since, ceteris paribus, no poet can afford to dispense with any thing that may advance his design, it but remains to be seen whether there is, in extent, any advantage to counterbalance the loss of unity which attends it. Here I say No, at once. What we term a long poem is, in fact, merely a succession of brief ones; that is to say, of brief poetical effects. It is needless to demonstrate that a poem is such, only inasmuch as it intensely excites, by elevating, the soul; and all intense excitements are, through a psychal necessity,

brief. For this reason, at least one-half of the *Paradise Lost* is essentially prose,—a succession of poetical excitements interspersed, *inevitably*, with corresponding depressions; the whole being deprived, through the extremeness of its length, of the vastly important artistic element, totality or unity of effect.

It appears evident, then, that there is a distinct limit, as regards length, to all works of literary art,—the limit of a single sitting; and that although in certain classes of prose composition, such as Robinson Orusoe (demanding no unity), this limit may be advantageously overpassed, it can never properly be overpassed in a poem. Within this limit, the extent of a poem may be made to bear mathematical relation to its merit; in other words, to the excitement or elevation—again, in other words, to the degree of the true poetical effect—which it is capable of inducing: for it is clear that the brevity must be in direct ratio of the intensity of the intended effect. This, with one proviso,—that a certain degree of duration is absolutely requisite for the production of any effect at all.

Holding in view these considerations, as well as that degree of excitement which I deemed not above the popular while not below the critical taste, I reached at once what I conceived the proper length for my intended poem,—a length of about one hundred lines. It is, in fact, a hundred and eight.

My next thought concerned the choice of an impression, or effect, to be conveyed; and here I may as well observe, that, throughout the construction, I kept steadily in view the design of rendering the work

universally appreciable. I should be carried too far out of my immediate topic, were I to demonstrate a point upon which I have repeatedly insisted, and which, with the poetical, stands not in the slightest need of demonstration,—the point, I mean, that beauty is the sole legitimate province of the poem. A few words, however, in elucidation of my real meaning, which some of my friends have evinced a disposition to misrepresent.

That pleasure which is at once the most intense, the most elevating, and the most pure, is, I believe, found in the contemplation of the beautiful. When, indeed, men speak of beauty, they mean precisely not a quality, as is supposed, but an effect; they refer, in short, just to that intense and pure elevation of soulnot of intellect, or of heart - upon which I have commented, and which is experienced in consequence of contemplating "the beautiful." Now, I designate beauty as the province of the poem, merely because it is an obvious rule of art, that effects should be made to spring from direct causes, - that objects should be attained through means best adapted for their attainment; no one as yet having been weak enough to deny that the peculiar elevation alluded to is most readily attained in the poem. Now the object truth, or the satisfaction of the intellect, and the object passion, or the excitement of the heart, are, although attainable to a certain extent in poetry, far more readily attainable in prose. Truth, in fact, demands a precision, and Passion a homeliness (the truly passionate will comprehend me), which are absolutely antagonistic to that beauty which I maintain is the excitement, or

pleasurable elevation, of the soul. It by no means follows from any thing here said, that passion, or even truth, may not be introduced, and even profitably introduced, into a poem; for they may serve in elucidation, or aid the general effect, as do discords in music, by contrast: but the true artist will always contrive, first, to tone them into proper subservience to the predominant aim, and, secondly, to inveil them, as far as possible, in that beauty which is the atmosphere and the essence of the poem.

Regarding, then, beauty as my province, my next question referred to the *tone* of its highest manifestation; and all experience has shown that this tone is one of *sadness*. Beauty of whatever kind, in its supreme development, invariably excites the sensitive soul to tears. Melancholy is thus the most legitimate of all the poetical tones.

The length, the province, and the tone being thus determined, I betook myself to ordinary induction, with the view of obtaining some artistic piquancy which might serve me as a keynote in the construction of the poem,—some pivot upon which the whole structure might turn. In carefully thinking over all the usual artistic effects,—or more properly points, in the theatrical sense,—I did not fail to perceive immediately that no one had been so universally employed as that of the refrain. The universality of its employment sufficed to assure me of its intrinsic value, and spared me the necessity of submitting it to analysis. I considered it, however, with regard to its susceptibility of improvement, and soon saw it to be in a primitive condition.

As commonly used, the refrain, or burden, not only is limited to lyric verse, but depends for its impression upon the force of monotone, both in sound and thought. The pleasure is deduced solely from the sense of identity,—of repetition. I resolved to diversify and so heighten the effect by adhering in general to the monotone of sound, while I continually varied that of thought; that is to say, I determined to produce continuously novel effects by the variation of the application of the refrain,—the refrain itself remaining, for the most part, unvaried.

These points being settled, I next bethought me of the nature of my refrain. Since its application was to be repeatedly varied, it was clear that the refrain itself must be brief; for there would have been an insurmountable difficulty in frequent variations of application in any sentence of length. In proportion to the brevity of the sentence, would, of course, be the facility of the variation. This led me at once to a single word as the best refrain.

The question now arose as to the *character* of the word. Having made up my mind to a *refrain*, the division of the poem into stanzas was, of course, a corollary; the *refrain* forming the close to each stanza. That such a close, to have force, must be sonorous and susceptible of protracted emphasis, admitted no doubt; and these considerations inevitably led me to the long o as the most sonorous vowel, in connection with r as the most producible consonant.

The sound of the refrain being thus determined, it became necessary to select a word embodying this

sound, and at the same time in the fullest possible keeping with that melancholy which I had predetermined as the tone of the poem. In such a search it would have been absolutely impossible to overlook the word "nevermore." In fact, it was the very first which presented itself.

The next desideratum was a pretext for the continuous use of the one word "nevermore." In observing the difficulty which I at once found in inventing a sufficiently plausible reason for its continuous repetition, I did not fail to perceive that this difficulty arose solely from the pre-assumption that the word was to be so continuously or monotonously spoken by a human being; I did not fail to perceive, in short, that the difficulty lay in the reconciliation of this monotony with the exercise of reason on the part of the creature repeating the word. Here, then, immediately arose the idea of a non-reasoning creature capable of speech; and, very naturally, a parrot, in the first instance, suggested itself, but was superseded forthwith by a raven, as equally capable of speech, and infinitely more in keeping with the intended tone.

I had now gone so far as the conception of a raven,—the bird of ill omen,—monotonously repeating the one word, "nevermore," at the conclusion of each stanza, in a poem of melancholy tone, and in length about one hundred lines. Now, never losing sight of the object supremeness, or perfection at all points, I asked myself, "Of all melancholy topics, what, according to the universal understanding of mankind, is the most melancholy?" Death, was the obvious reply.

"And when," I said, "is this most melancholy of topics most poetical?" From what I have already explained at some length, the answer here also is obvious: "When it most closely allies itself to beauty: the death, then, of a beautiful woman, is, unquestionably, the most poetical topic in the world; and equally is it beyond doubt that the lips best suited for such topic are those of a bereaved lover."

I had now to combine the two ideas, of a lover lamenting his deceased mistress, and a raven continuously repeating the word "Nevermore,"-I had to combine these, bearing in mind my design of varying, at every turn, the application of the word repeated. But the only intelligible mode of such combination is that of imagining the raven employing the word in answer to the queries of the lover. And here it was that I saw at once the opportunity afforded for the effect on which I had been depending; that is to say, the effect of the variation of application. I saw that I could make the first query propounded by the lover, the first query to which the raven should reply "Nevermore," - that I could make this first query a commonplace one; the second less so; the third still less, and so on, — until at length the lover, startled from his original nonchalance by the melancholy character of the word itself, by its frequent repetition, and by a consideration of the ominous reputation of the fowl that uttered it, is at length excited to superstition, and wildly propounds queries of a far different character,queries whose solution he has passionately at heart; propounds them half in superstition, and half in that

species of despair which delights in self-torture; propounds them not altogether because he believes in the prophetic or demoniac character of the bird (which, reason assures him, is merely repeating a lesson learned by rote), but because he experiences a frenzied pleasure in so modeling his questions as to receive from the expected "Nevermore" the most delicious because the most intolerable of sorrow. Perceiving the opportunity thus afforded me,—or, more strictly, thus forced upon me in the progress of the construction,—I first established in mind the climax, or concluding query,—that query to which "Nevermore" should be in the last place an answer; that query in reply to which this word "Nevermore" should involve the utmost conceivable amount of sorrow and despair.

Here then the poem may be said to have its beginning,—at the end, where all works of art should begin; for it was here, at this point of my preconsideration, that I first put pen to paper in the composition of the stanza:—

"Prophet," said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!

By that heaven that bends above us, by that God we both adore, Tell this soul, with sorrow laden, if, within the distant Aidenn, It shall clasp a sainted maiden, whom the angels name Lenore.—

Clasp a rare and raidant maiden, whom the angels name Lenore."

Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore!"

I composed this stanza, at this point, first that, by establishing the climax, I might the better vary and

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graduate, as regards seriousness and importance, the preceding queries of the lover; and, secondly, that I might definitely settle the rhythm, the meter, and the length and general arrangement of the stanza,—as well as graduate the stanzas which were to precede, so that none of them might surpass this in rhythmical effect. Had I been able, in the subsequent composition, to construct more vigorous stanzas, I should without scruple have purposely enfeebled them, so as not to interfere with the climacteric effect.

And here I may as well say a few words of the versification. My first object (as usual) was originality. The extent to which this has been neglected, in versification, is one of the most unaccountable things in the world. Admitting that there is little possibility of variety in mere rhythm, it is still clear that the possible varieties of meter and stanza are absolutely infinite. And yet, for centuries, no man, in verse, has ever done, or ever seemed to think of doing, an original thing. The fact is, that originality (unless in minds of very unusual force) is by no means a matter, as some suppose, of impulse or intuition. In general, to be found, it must be elaborately sought, and, although a positive merit of the highest class, demands in its attainment less of invention than negation.

Of course I pretend to no originality in either the rhythm or meter of "The Raven." The feet employed throughout (trochees) consist of a long syllable followed by a short. The first line of the stanza consists of eight of these feet; the second, of seven and a half (in effect two-thirds); the third, of eight; the fourth, of seven

and a half; the fifth, the same; the sixth, three and a half. Now, each of these lines, taken individually, has been employed before; and what originality "The Raven" has is in their combination into stanza. Nothing even remotely approaching this combination has ever been attempted. The effect of this originality of combination is aided by other unusual and some altogether novel effects, arising from an extension of the application of the principles of rhyme and alliteration.

The next point to be considered was the mode of bringing together the lover and the raven; and the first branch of this consideration was the *locale*. For this the most natural suggestion might seem to be a forest, or the fields; but it has always appeared to me that a close *circumscription of space* is absolutely necessary to the effect of insulated incident: it has the force of a frame to a picture. It has an indisputable moral power in keeping concentrated the attention, and, of course, must not be confounded with mere unity of place.

I determined, then, to place the lover in his chamber,—in a chamber rendered sacred to him by memories of her who had frequented it. The room is represented as richly furnished; this in mere pursuance of the ideas I have already explained on the subject of beauty, as the sole true poetical thesis.

The locale being thus determined, I had now to introduce the bird; and the thought of introducing him through the window was inevitable. The idea of making the lover suppose, in the first instance, that the flapping of the wings of the bird against the shutter is a "tapping" at the door, originated in a wish to

increase by prolonging the reader's curiosity, and in a desire to admit the incidental effect arising from the lover's throwing open the door, finding all dark, and thence adopting the half-fancy that it was the spirit of his mistress that knocked.

I made the night tempestuous, first, to account for the raven's seeking admission, and secondly for the effect of contrast with the (physical) serenity within the chamber.

I made the bird alight on the bust of Pallas, also for the effect of contrast between the marble and the plumage, it being understood that the bust was absolutely *suggested* by the bird; the bust of *Pallas* being chosen, first, as most in keeping with the scholarship of the lover, and secondly, for the sonorousness of the word Pallas itself.

About the middle of the poem, also, I have availed myself of the force of contrast, with a view of deepening the ultimate impression. For example, an air of the fantastic, approaching as nearly to the ludicrous as was admissible, is given to the raven's entrance. He comes in "with many a flirt and flutter."

Not the least obeisance made he, not a minute stopped or stayed he,

But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber-door.

In the two stanzas which follow, the design is more obviously carried out:—

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling, By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,

"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said, "art sure no craven;

Ghastly, grim, and ancient Raven, wandering from the Nightly shore,

Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's Plutonian shore!"

Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore!"

Much I marveled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly, Though its answer little meaning, little relevancy bore; For we can not help agreeing that no living human being Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber-door,—Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber-door, With such name as "Nevermore!"

The effect of the dénoûment being thus provided for, I immediately drop the fantastic for a tone of the most profound seriousness; this tone commencing in the stanza directly following the one last quoted, with the line,—

But the Raven, sitting lonely on that placid bust, spoke only, etc.

From this epoch the lover no longer jests, no longer sees any thing even of the fantastic in the raven's demeanor. He speaks of him as a "grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore," and feels the "fiery eyes" burning into his "bosom's core." This revolution of thought, or fancy, on the lover's part, is intended to induce a similar one on the part of the reader,—to bring the mind into a proper frame for the dénoûment, which is now brought about as rapidly and as directly as possible.

With the dénoûment proper, — with the raven's reply, "Nevermore," to the lover's final demand if he shall meet his mistress in another world, — the poem in its obvious phase, that of a simple narrative, may be said to have its completion. So far, every thing is within the limits of the accountable, - of the real. A raven, having learned by rote the single word "Nevermore," and having escaped from the custody of its owner, is driven at midnight, through the violence of a storm, to seek admission at a window from which a light still gleams,—the chamber-window of a student, occupied half in poring over a volume, half in dreaming of a beloved mistress deceased. The casement being thrown open at the fluttering of the bird's wings, the bird itself perches on the most convenient seat out of the immediate reach of the student, who, amused by the incident and the oddity of the visitor's demeanor, demands of it, in jest and without looking for a reply, its name. The raven addressed, answers with its customary word, "Nevermore,"-a word which finds immediate echo in the melancholy heart of the student, who, giving utterance aloud to certain thoughts suggested by the occasion, is again startled by the fowl's repetition of "Nevermore." The student now guesses the state of the case, but is impelled, as I have before explained, by the human thirst for self-torture, and in part by superstition, to propound such queries to the bird as will bring him, the lover, the most of the luxury of sorrow, through the anticipated answer, "Nevermore." With the indulgence, to the extreme, of this self-torture, the narration, in what I have termed its first or

obvious phase, has a natural termination, and so far there has been no overstepping of the limits of the real.

But in subjects so handled, however skillfully, or with however vivid an array of incident, there is always a certain hardness or nakedness, which repels the artistical eye. Two things are invariably required,—first, some amount of complexity, or, more properly, adaptation; and, secondly, some amount of suggestiveness,—some under-current, however indefinite, of meaning. It is this latter, in especial, which imparts to a work of art so much of that richness (to borrow from colloquy a forcible term) which we are too fond of confounding with the ideal. It is the excess of the suggested meaning, it is the rendering this the upper instead of the under current of the theme, which turns into prose (and that of the very flattest kind) the so-called poetry of the so-called transcendentalists.

Holding these opinions, I added the two concluding stanzas of the poem; their suggestiveness being thus made to pervade all the narrative which has preceded them. The undercurrent of meaning is rendered first apparent in the lines—

"Take thy beak from out my hear!, and take thy form from off my door!"

Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore!"

It will be observed that the words, "from out my heart," involve the first metaphorical expression in the poem. They, with the answer, "Nevermore," dispose the mind to seek a moral in all that has been previously narrated. The reader begins now to regard the

raven as emblematical; but it is not until the very last line of the very last stanza, that the intention of making him emblematical of mournful and never-ending remembrance is permitted distinctly to be seen:—

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting,
On the pallid bust of Pallas, just above my chamber-door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is
dreaming,

And the lamp-light o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor:

And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor Shall be lifted — NEVERMORE!

#### 3.-ANNABEL LEE.

Ir was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived whom you may know
By the name of Annabel Lee;
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child, and she was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea;
But we loved with a love that was more than love,—
I and my Annabel Lee,
With a love that the wingéd seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that long ago, In this kingdom by the sea, A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful Annabel Lee;
So that her high-born kinsman came,
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulcher
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in heaven,
Went envying her and me;
Yes! that was the reason (as all men know,
In this kingdom by the sea)
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we,—
Of many far wiser than we;
And neither the angels in heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.

For the moon never beams, without bringing me dreams

Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;

And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright eyes Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;

And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side Of my darling, my darling, my life and my bride, In the sepulcher there by the sea, In her tomb by the sounding sea.

# 4.-THE HAUNTED PALACE.

In the greenest of our valleys
By good angels tenanted,
Once a fair and stately palace—
Radiant palace—reared its head.
In the monarch Thought's dominion,
It stood there;
Never seraph spread a pinion
Over fabric half so fair.

Banners yellow, glorious, golden,
On its roof did float and flow;
(This—all this—was in the olden
Time long ago;)
And every gentle air that dallied,
In that sweet day,
Along the ramparts plumed and pallid,
A wingéd odor went away.

Wanderers in that happy valley,
Through two luminous windows, saw
Spirits moving musically,
To a lute's well-tuned law,
Round about a throne where, sitting
(Porphyrogene!)
In state his glory well befitting,
The ruler of the realm was seen.

And all with pearl and ruby glowing Was the fair palace door,

Through which came flowing, flowing, flowing And sparkling evermore,

A troop of Echoes whose sweet duty

A troop of Echoes, whose sweet duty Was but to sing,

In voices of surpassing beauty,
The wit and wisdom of their king.

But evil things, in robes of sorrow,
Assailed the monarch's high estate.

(Ah, let us mourn! for never morrow
Shall dawn upon him desolate!)

And round about his home the glory
That blushed and bloomed
Is but a dim-remembered story
Of the old time entombed.

And travelers now, within that valley,
Through the red-litten windows see
Vast forms, that move fantastically
To a discordant melody;
While, like a ghastly rapid river,
Through the pale door
A hideous throng rush out for ever,
And laugh—but smile no more.



# XVII.—OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

#### LIFE AND WORKS.

"Know Old Cambridge? Hope you do. Born there? Don't say so! I was too: Born in a house with a gambrel roof,— Standing still, if you must have proof."

YES, it was in the old gambrel-roofed house looking out on the College Green that the Reverend Doctor Abiel Holmes—pastor of the First Church in Cambridge, Massachusetts, but of wider fame as author of the American Annals—had born to him the son, Oliver Wendell, who was to shed new luster on the name, and take rank as the brightest of American poets and essayists. His birth-date is August 29, 1809.

There still remains the copy of the old-time almanac in which Abiel Holmes made, opposite the date August 29 (1809), the significant marginal entry, son b. This was the time when our grandsires used to dry their ink-tracings by a shake of the sand-box; and, curiously enough, the shining grains that Parson Holmes shook over his four-letter record of the birth of a son remain still, uneffaced and sparkling, after nearly four-score years. The self-same lasting quality shows itself in the work of our poet, whose early art is to-day as fresh in favor as though he were "at matins instead of evensong."

After the required "fitting," young Holmes entered and passed through Harvard College (graduation year 1829), with good profit of scholarship. He must have taken very kindly to his alma mater, for he has been Harvard's best laureate for half a century.

While still in college, Holmes began writing verses; and some of his best-known early pieces, as The Specter Pig, Evening: by a Tailor, The Dorchester Giant, etc., were contributed to a students' paper named "The Collegian." The titles of these pieces indicate that the comic and satiric vein lay uppermost in the young poet's mind; and the mirth-loving spirit which they reveal did not bode over-well for success in the ministry, for which calling Holmes's reverend father had designed him. Neither did it promise very strict allegiance to the law, the study of which he took up after graduation. He soon, however, abandoned Coke and Blackstone, thus robbing the bar of a rare "convulser of juries," and began preparing himself for the medical profession, towards which he felt strong attraction. After some years of study both at home and in medical schools abroad, he became Doctor Holmes in 1836. He was chosen professor of anatomy and physiology in Dartmouth College in 1838, and nine years later was called to the same chair at Harvard. From this last position he resigned in 1882, having instructed and delighted successive classes for five and thirty years.

With the duties of his chair and his private practice it may be inferred that Holmes has been all his life a busy man; and it is proof of the strength of his literary bent that he has been able so long and so successfully to carry on authorship while engrossed in the cares of his profession,—that Dr. Holmes the physician has never lost sight of Dr. Holmes the scholar, the wit, the

humorist. But, indeed, he was born to be a physician of mental "blues" as well as of bodily ailments, and for two generations has been the most successful practitioner of the "laughter cure" of whom we have record in the annals of fun or physic.

Holmes's first collection of poetry appeared in 1836, the year in which he was made Doctor. It showed that he was master of other strains than the comic,—
' of lyric eloquence such as broke out in—

"Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!"

and of most musical pathos, as exemplified in *The Last Leaf*. The latter poem, it may be remarked, was always a great favorite with Abraham Lincoln (in whom was a vein of sadness that the minor key of this piece deeply touched), and he never tired of repeating the stanza,—

"The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has pressed
In their bloom;
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb."

During the twenty-one years between 1836 and 1857 Holmes was a prolific composer. He attempted no sustained flight of an epic or dramatic character, finding full and free expression of what was within him in the short poem. These numerous pieces divide themselves, as to form, into two classes,—first, lyrics, and secondly, poetic essays in couplet verse. In purpose they are very varied,—lighter lyrics that may be

sung, metrical essays composed for special eccasions, exquisite society-verse, racy and festive ballads, pieces of sheer humor, tender and delicate limnings of character, and lastly — such is the range of our poet — poems of deepest purpose, with a lofty imaginative flight.

Holmes had reached the age of forty-eight, and it was fairly supposable that his literary capacity had been gauged, when he forced the public to take new count of his "stock" by putting forth the most taking serial in prose that had appeared in America. When the Atlantic Monthly was established in 1857, Professor Lowell, who was asked to be its editor, consented on condition that Dr. Holmes should be a regular contributor. The Professor knew his man; for, a decade before, he had written in his Fable for the Critics,—

"There's Holmes, who is matchless among you for wit;
A Leyden-jar, always full-charged, from which flit
The electrical tingles of hit after hit.
His are just the fine hands, too, to weave you a lyric
Full of fancy, fun, feeling, or spiced with satiric
In so kindly a measure that nobody knows
What to do but just join in the laugh, friends and foes."

All this the Doctor justified when he began, in the papers entitled *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*, those "electrical tingles of hit after hit" that each month delighted all intelligent readers, and insured the fortune of the *Atlantic*. The next year he followed up the happy invention by a series on a similar plan, entitled *The Professor at the Breakfast Table*; and later he com-

pleted the series by the delightful symposium called The Poet at the Breakfast Table.

These three works are a trilogy, forming an artistic whole. The scene of each is the same,—a boarding-house table, where the author (whether called "Autocrat," "Professor," or "Poet") holds an intellectual tourney. "In these books," Dr. Holmes tells us, "I have unburdened myself of what I was born to say. Many things that I have said in my riper years have been aching in my soul since I was a mere child." It was a rich and varied burden of which he had to deliver himself,—exuberance of wit and gayety, the full ripened fruitage of thought, and the tender outpourings of a gentle heart.

Two of Holmes's prose works are novels,—Elsie Venner and The Guardian Angel. Though these books do not fail, and could not fail, to show the hand of a master of literary expression, they will, in all probability, not hold a permanent place in fiction, for eminent success in which, the author was not equipped with the essentials of constructive power.

To the prose works of Holmes must also be added various papers, monographs, and books on medical and scientific subjects, which show remarkable skill in the lucid exposition of subjects usually deemed dry.

Dr. Holmes is small of stature, and may be likened to the pocket edition of a classic rather than to the folio tome; but it is a pocket edition of a rarest treasure. Wit and humor lurk in his fine, expressive eyes; and if the lines of his mouth show gleams of that satiric power which he brings to the exposure of shams

and cant, his ever-ready, genial smile announces that he is no mere cynic. As a table-talker, he shines preeminent, and his privileged companions tell wondrous things of those nights and suppers of the gods, where the Autocrat fairly coruscated wit and fun, and "sport that wrinkled Care derides."

As a reader of his own verse he is also admirable, and his fellow-poet Stedman gives us this interesting description of him in that character:—

"The beauty of Holmes's poems takes on increase by the manner in which the author suits his action to his word. The youth who has heard this last of the recitationists deliver one of his poems will recall, in future years, the fire and spirit of a veteran whose heart was in his work, who reads a stanza with the poetic inflection that no elocutionist can equal, who with it gives you so much of himself,—the sparkling eye, the twinkling byplay of the mouth, the nervous frame on tiptoe in chase of imagery unleashed and coursing. Such a poet lifts the glow and fancy of the moment into the region of art, but of the art which must be enacted to bring out its full effect, and in which no actor save the artist himself can satisfactorily essay the single rôle."

As a stylist, both in prose and verse, Holmes is characterized by marked originality and individuality. In the *Autocrat*, *Professor*, and *Poet* series he has given us "a new contribution to the forms of literary art," in which he has shown himself equally master of wit, irony, and sentiment. His style is a model of flexibility, incisiveness, brilliancy, and grace. He has

"tingling hits and rollicking fun" that recall Sydney Smith, mirthful satire unequaled except by Hood, and simple pathos drawn from the same inner fountains that bubbled up in Burns and Béranger.

In an interesting letter to the school-children of Cincinnati, written in November, 1880 (on the occasion of their celebration of his seventy-first birthday), the poet tells us how he would be judged.

"You are doing me great honor by committing some of my lines to memory, and bringing me so kindly into remembrance. I began writing and printing my poems at an age when many are far advanced in wisdom, but I was boyish and immature. And so it happens that some productions of mine got established in my books which I look upon now as green fruit, which had better been left ungathered. After all, it sometimes happens that youthful readers find a certain pleasure in writings which their authors find themselves to have outgrown, and shake their gray heads over as if they ought to have written like old men when they were boys. So, if any of you can laugh over any of my early verses, unbutton your small jackets, and indulge in that pleasing convulsion to your hearts' content. But I sincerely hope that you will find something better in my pages; and if you will remember me by The Chambered Nautilus, or The Promise, or The Living Temple, your memories will be a monument I shall think more of than of any of bronze or marble."

Taking the poet at his word, we begin our Holmes extracts with the three poems named.

#### 1-THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS.

["The Chambered Nautilus" is one of the charming lyrics introduced by Holmes into The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table. "I will read you a few lines," says the Autocrat, "suggested by looking at a section of one of those chambered shells to which is given the name of Pearly We need not trouble ourselves about the distinction between this and the Paper Nautilus, the Argonauta of the ancients. The name applied to both shows that each has long been compared to a ship: as you may see more fully in Webster's Dictionary, or the 'Encyclopedia,' to which he refers. If you will look into Roget's Bridgewater Treatise, you will find a figure of one of these shells, and a section of it. The last will show you the series of enlarging compartments successively dwelt in by the animal that inhabits the shell, which is built in a widening spiral. Can you find no lesson in this?"

This is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,1 Sails the unshadowed main, -The venturous bark that flings On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings In gulfs enchanted,2 where the Siren 8 sings, And coral reefs lie bare.

Where the cold sea-maids4 rise to sun their streaming hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl; Wrecked is the ship of pearl! And every chambered cell,

<sup>1</sup> feign, make believe.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> In gulfs enchanted, etc. nautilus is found in the warm waters of the Mediterranean Sea, the Indian Ocean, and the Gulf of Mexico.

<sup>8</sup> Siren, one of three (or two) damsels fabled by the classic poets ogy, the nercides, or sea-nymphs.

to have dwelt near the island of Capreæ in the Mediterranean, and to have sung with such sweetness that they who sailed by forgot their country, and died in an ecstasy of delight.

<sup>4</sup> sea-maids, in Grecian mythol-

Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
Before thee lies revealed,—
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed!

Year after year beheld the silent toil

That spread his lustrous coil;<sup>2</sup>

Still, as the spiral grew,

He left the past year's dwelling for the new,

Stole with soft step its shining archway through,

Built up its idle door,

Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old

no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message<sup>8</sup> brought by thee,
Child of the wandering sea,
Cast from her lap, forlorn!
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
Than ever Triton<sup>4</sup> blew from wreathed horn!
While on mine ear it rings,
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice
that sings:—

<sup>1</sup> Its webs... unsealed. To understand this stanza, it should be borne in mind that the poet has before him a specimen of the nautilus, cut into sections and so revealing its inner structure.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> coil, the convolutions of the shell,—the "spiral" spoken of in the next line.

<sup>\*</sup> the heavenly message: that

<sup>1</sup> Its webs... unsealed. To is, the lesson taught by the habits aderstand this stanza, it should be of this animal. The lesson is found in the last stanza.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>4</sup> Triton, a fabled sea demigod, the son of Neptune and Venus, and the trumpeter of Neptune. Holmes has here in mind a line of Wordsworth's,—

<sup>&</sup>quot;Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horu."

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul, As the swift seasons roll! Leave thy low-vaulted past!1 Let each new temple, nobler than the last, Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast. Till thou at length art free, Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!

### 2. - THE PROMISE.2

[This poem was written on the occasion of a fair held for some benevolent purpose.]

Not charity 8 we ask, Nor yet thy gift refuse;4 Please thy light fancy with the easy task Only to look and choose.

The little-heeded toy That wins thy treasured gold May be the dearest memory, holiest joy, Of coming years untold.

> Heaven rains on every heart, But there its showers divide,

plain the metaphor.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> The promise. The "promise" scharity, literally love, but here here referred to is that spoken of meaning alms-giving. in the last stanza. Quote from the 4 refuse. See Glossary.

<sup>1</sup> thy low-vaulted past. Ex- | New Testament the words in which Jesus clothes this promise.

The drops of mercy choosing as they part The dark or glowing side.1

One kindly deed may turn The fountain of thy soul To love's sweet day-star, that shall o'er thee burn Long as its currents roll!

The pleasures thou hast planned,— Where shall their memory be When the white angel with the freezing hand? Shall sit and watch by thee?

Living, thou dost not live, If mercy's spring run dry; What Heaven has lent thee wilt thou freely give,8 Dying, thou shalt not die!

HE promised even so! To thee His lips repeat,— Behold, the tears that soothed4 thy sister's woe Have washed thy Master's feet!

## 3.-THE LIVING TEMPLE.

Not in the world of light alone, Where God has built his blazing throne,

<sup>1</sup> Heaven rains . . . side. Ex- | 8 wilt thou freely give = if thou press in your own words.

<sup>2</sup> the white angel, etc. What is stanza into the prose order. meant by this figurative expression? 4 soothed. Give a synonym.

wilt freely give. Transpose this

Nor yet alone in earth below, With belted seas that come and go, And endless isles of sunlit green, Is all thy Maker's glory seen: Look in upon thy wondrous frame,— Eternal wisdom still the same!

The smooth, soft air with pulse-like waves Flows murmuring through its hidden caves, Whose streams of brightening purple rush, Fired with a new and livelier blush, While all their burden of decay The ebbing current steals away, And red with Nature's flame they start From the warm fountains of the heart.

No rest that throbbing slave and ask, For ever quivering o'er his task, While far and wide a crimson jet Leaps forth to fill the woven net burning life divides, The flood of burning life divides, Then, kindling each decaying part, Creeps back to find the throbbing heart.

But warmed with that unchanging flame Behold the outward moving frame,

<sup>1</sup> its hidden caves, the lungs.

<sup>2</sup> brightening purple...blush: that is, the arterial blood oxygenated by the air.

<sup>\*</sup> The ebbing current, the veins.

<sup>4</sup> that throbbing slave. The heart.

<sup>5</sup> the woven net, etc. Explain.

Its living marbles 1 jointed strong
With glistening band and silvery thong,
And linked to reason's guiding reins
By myriad rings in trembling chains,
Each graven with the threaded zone
Which claims it as the Master's own.

See how you beam of seeming white
Is braided out of seven-hued light,<sup>2</sup>
Yet in those lucid globes no ray
By any chance shall break astray.
Hark how the rolling surge of sound,
Arches and spirals circling round,
Wakes the hushed spirit through thine ear
With music it is heaven to hear.

Then mark the cloven sphere that holds All thought in its mysterious folds;<sup>4</sup>
That feels sensation's faintest thrill,
And flashes forth the sovereign will;
Think on the stormy world that dwells
Locked in its dim and clustering cells!
The lightning gleams of power it sheds
Along its hollow glassy threads!<sup>5</sup>

is, the bony framework, and more specially the spinal column. Explain what is meant by "glistening band" and "silvery thong."

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> seeming white . . . light. White reflects to the eyes all the rays of the spectrum combined.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>8</sup> lucid globes: that is, the eyes. | Explain.

<sup>4</sup> the cloven sphere... folds. By this figurative expression is meant, of course, the brain, which is "cloven" or divided by the longitudinal fissure into two hemispheres, irregularly marked by convolutions ("folds").

<sup>6</sup> its hollow glassy threads. Explain.

O Father! grant thy love divine
To make these mystic temples thine!
When wasting age and wearying strife
Have sapped the leaning walls of life,<sup>1</sup>
When darkness gathers over all,
And the last tottering pillars fall,
Take the poor dust thy mercy warms,
And mold it into heavenly forms!

#### 4. - THE DEACON'S MASTERPIECE.

Have you heard of the wonderful one-hoss shay,<sup>2</sup> That was built in such a logical way <sup>3</sup> It ran a hundred years to a day,
And then, of a sudden, it— Ah, but stay,
I'll tell you what happened without delay,
Scaring the parson into fits,
Frightening people out of their wits,—
Have you ever heard of that, I say?

Seventeen hundred and fifty-five.

Georgius Secundus 4 was then alive, —
Snuffy old drone from the German hive.5

have sapped... life. Show the appropriateness of the image. How is the same metaphor continued?

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> one-hoss shay. Change from the dialect to the normal form.

<sup>\*</sup> logical way. Why a "logical" way, is explained in stanza 4.

<sup>4</sup> Georgius Secundus. Latin for George the Second, king of England from 1727 to 1760.

b Snuffy...hive. On what is this forcible metaphor founded? The epithet "snuffy" refers to the king's fondness for snuff, a trait noted by the historians. The explanation of the reference to the "German hive" is found in the fact that George II. was son of George I., the first of the Hanoverian line of English sovereigns.

That was the year when Lisbon-town Saw the earth open and gulp her down,1 And Braddock's army was done so brown,2 Left without a scalp to its crown. It was on the terrible Earthquake-day That the Deacon finished the one-hoss shav.8

Now, in building of chaises, I tell you what, There is always somewhere a weakest spot,— In hub, tire, felloe, in spring or thill, In panel, or crossbar, or floor, or sill, In screw, bolt, thoroughbrace, - lurking still Find it somewhere you must and will,-Above or below, or within or without,-And that's the reason, beyond a doubt, A chaise breaks down, but doesn't wear out.

But the Deacon swore (as deacons do, With an "I dew vum," or an "I tell yeou"), He would build one shav to beat the taown 'n' the keounty 'n' all the kentry raoun'; It should be so built that it couldn't break daown. -"Fur," said the Deacon, "'t's mighty plain Thut the weakes' place mus' stan' the strain;

<sup>1</sup> Lispon-town . . . down. the great earthquake of Lisbon (Nov. 1, 1755), about forty thousand persons lost their lives, and most of the city was destroyed.

Braddock's . . . brown. Braddock's defeat took place July 9, vulsions of nature and the shock 1755. Explain the metaphor "done of armies.

In | so brown." Would this colloquialism be suitable in a serious poem?

<sup>8</sup> It was . . . shay. Note the droll effect produced by making the completion of the "one-hoss shay" coincident in time with con-

'n' the way t' fix it, uz I maintain,
Is only jest
T' make that place uz strong uz the rest."

So the Deacon inquired of the village folk Where he could find the strongest oak, That couldn't be split nor bent nor broke, -That was for spokes and floor and sills: He sent for lancewood to make the thills: The crossbars were ash, from the straightest trees; The panels of white-wood, that cuts like cheese, But lasts like iron for things like these; The hubs of logs from the "settler's ellum,"— Last of its timber, - they couldn't sell 'em, Never an ax had seen their chips, And the wedges flew from between their lips, Their blunt ends frizzled like celery-tips; Step and prop-iron, bolt and screw, Spring, tire, axle, and linchpin too, Steel of the finest, bright and blue; Thoroughbrace bison-skin, thick and wide: Boot, top, dasher, from tough old hide Found in the pit when the tanner died. That was the way he "put her through."-"There!" said the Deacon, "naow she'll dew."

Do! I tell you, I rather guess She was a wonder, and nothing less! Colts grew horses, beards turned gray, Deacon and deaconess dropped away, Children and grandchildren — where were they? But there stood the stout old one-hoss shay As fresh as on Lisbon-earthquake-day!

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED; —it came and found The Deacon's masterpiece¹ strong and sound. Eighteen hundred increased by ten;—
"Hahnsum kerridge" they called it then. Eighteen hundred and twenty came;—
Running as usual; much the same.
Thirty and forty at last arrive,
And then came fifty, and FIFTY-FIVE.
Little of all we value here
Wakes on the morn of its hundredth year
Without both feeling and looking queer.
In fact, there's nothing that keeps its youth,
So far as I know, but a tree and truth.²
(This is a moral that runs at large;³
Take it. — You're welcome. — No extra charge.)

FIRST OF NOVEMBER,—the Earthquake-day.—There are traces of age in the one-hoss shay, A general flavor of mild decay, But nothing local, as one may say.

There couldn't be—for the Deacon's art Had made it so like in every part

That there wasn't a chance for one to start.

<sup>1</sup> masterpiece, literally, a piece observe this impressive maxim done by a master; any thing made ("moral").

\* that runs at large. Explain

<sup>2</sup> there's nothing . . . truth: the metaphor.

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You see, of course, if you're not a dunce, How it went to pieces all at once, —
All at once, and nothing first, —
Just as bubbles do when they burst.<sup>2</sup>

End of the wonderful one-hoss shay. Logic is logic. That's all I say.

#### 5. - THE LAST LEAF.

[The following pleasant reference to this poem is made by Whittier in an essay on Holmes's poetry: "That unique compound of humor and pathos, The Last Leaf, shows that Holmes possesses power,—the power of touching the deeper chords of the heart, and of calling forth tears as well as smiles." Then, quoting the third and fourth stanzas, he asks, "Who does not feel the power of this simple picture of the old man?"]

I saw him once before,
As he passed by the door,
And again
The pavement stones resound,
As he totters o'er the ground
With his cane.

They say that in his prime,<sup>3</sup>
Ere the pruning-knife of Time
Cut him down,<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> dunce. See Webster for the curious derivation of this word.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Just as bubbles, etc. What is the figure of speech?

<sup>\*</sup> prime(Latin primus, first), early manhood.

<sup>4</sup> the pruning-knife...down. What is the figure of speech?

Not a better man was found By the crier 1 on his round Through the town.

But now he walks the streets,
And he looks at all he meets
Sad and wan;
And he shakes his feeble head,
That it seems as if he said,—
"They are gone."

The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has pressed
In their bloom;
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb.<sup>2</sup>

My grandmamma has said—
Poor old lady, she is dead
Long ago—
That he had a Roman nose,
And his cheek was like a rose 3
In the snow.

But now his nose is thin, And it rests upon his chin Like a staff;

the crier: that is, the town-crier of olden times.

The mossy marbles . . . tomb.

like a rose, etc. What figure?

And a crook is in his back, And a melancholy crack In his laugh.

I know it is a sin For me to sit and grin At him here: But the old three-cornered hat. And the breeches, and all that, Are so queer!

And if I should live to be The last leaf upon the tree In the spring, Let them smile, as I do now, At the old forsaken bough Where I cling.

# 6.-"THE BOYS."

[This brilliantly sparkling poem commemorates a festal meeting of the Harvard class to which Dr. Holmes belonged (the class of 1829), long after the graduates had ceased to be "boys," - in which condition, however, the poet insists on keeping them. The sly humor and drollery of the piece will be readily appreciated.]

Has there any old fellow got mixed with the boys? If there has, take him out, without making a noise. Hang the Almanac's cheat and the Catalogue's spite!1 Old Time 2 is a liar! We're twenty 8 to-night!

<sup>1</sup> the Catalogue's spite: that is, | the telltale college catalogue which | What suffix in "liar"? records the birth-date of the graduates.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Time. Note the personification.

<sup>8</sup> twenty: that is, twenty years of age.

We're twenty! We're twenty! Who says we are more? He's tipsy,—young jackanapes!<sup>1</sup>—show him the door! "Gray temples at twenty?"—Yes! white if we please: Where the snowflakes falls thickest, there's nothing can freeze!

Was it snowing I spoke of? Excuse the mistake! Look close,—you will see not a sign of a flake! We want some new garlands for those we have shed,—And these are white roses<sup>2</sup> in place of the red.

We've a trick, we young fellows, you may have been told,

Of talking (in public) as if we were old:—
That boy we call "Doctor," and this we call "Judge;"
It's a neat little fiction,—of course it's all fudge.

That fellow's the "Speaker,"—the one on the right; "Mr. Mayor," my young one, how are you to-night? That's our "Member of Congress," we say when we chaff; 4

There's the "Reverend" What's his name?—don't make me laugh.

That boy with the grave mathematical look Made believe he had written a wonderful book,

<sup>1</sup> jackanapes (from jack, a saucy chap, and ape), an impertment fellow.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> these are white roses. Explain.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>8</sup> fudge (colloquialism), a madeup story; nonsense.

Ex- to chaft (a corruption of the verb, to chafe, to vex), to make fun of, or ridicule, by light idle language.

And the ROYAL SOCIETY thought it was true! So they chose him right in,—a good joke it was too!

There's a boy, we pretend, with a three-decker brain,<sup>1</sup> That could harness a team with a logical chain; When he spoke for our manhood in syllabled fire. We called him "The Justice," but now he's "The Squire."

And there's a nice youngster of excellent pith.2— Fate tried to conceal him 8 by naming him Smith;4 But he shouted a song for the brave and the free,-Just read on his medal, "My country," "of thee!"

You hear that boy laughing?—You think he's all fun:

But the angels laugh, too, at the good he has done; The children laugh loud as they troop to his call, And the poor man that knows him laughs loudest of all!

Yes, we're boys, — always playing with tongue or with pen;

And I sometimes have asked, Shall we ever be men? Shall we always be youthful, and laughing, and gay, Till the last dear companion drops smiling away?

metaphor.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> pith, mental vigor.

<sup>\*</sup> tried to conceal him. What is the joke?

<sup>1</sup> with a three-decker brain. | Smith (born in Boston in 1808), a Explain this forcibly descriptive classmate of Dr. Holmes, and author of numerous hymns and lyrics, among which are, "My country, 'tis of thee," "Yes, my native land, I love thee," and 4 Smith. Dr. Samuel Francis "The morning light is breaking."

Then here's to our boyhood, its gold and its gray!<sup>1</sup> The stars of its winter, the dews of its May! And when we have done with our life-lasting toys,<sup>2</sup> Dear Father, take care of thy children, The Boys!<sup>3</sup>

## 7. - PROSE BRILLIANTS FROM HOLMES.

THE wider the intellect, the larger and simpler the expressions in which its knowledge is embodied.

Beware of rash criticisms: the rough and stringent fruit you condemn may be an autumn or a winter pear, and that which you picked up beneath the same bough in August may have been only its worm-eaten windfalls.

What a man wants to do, in talking with a stranger, is to get and to give as much of the best and most real life that belongs to the two talkers as the time will let him.

Talk about those subjects you have had long in your mind, and listen to what others say about subjects you have studied but recently. Knowledge and timber shouldn't be much used till they are seasoned.

How we all like the spurting up of a fountain, seemingly against the law that makes water everywhere

<sup>1</sup> its gold and its gray. Explain.
2 our life-lasting toys. Give the meaning of this metaphor.
8 Dear Father... Boys, Note how the poet rises from the playful tone to this lofty and solemn strain.

slide, roll, leap, tumble headlong, to get as low as the earth will let it! That is genius. But what is this transient upward movement, which gives us the glitter and the rainbow, to that unsleeping, all-present force of gravity, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever (if the universe be eternal),—the great outspread hand of God himself, forcing all things down into their places, and keeping them there? Such, in smaller proportion, is the force of character to the fitful movements of genius, as they are or have been linked to each other in many a household, where one name was historic, and the other—let me say the nobler—unknown, save by some faint reflected ray, borrowed from its lustrous companion.

The grandest objects of sense and thought are common to all climates and civilizations. The sky, the woods, the waters, the storms, life, death, love, the hope and vision of eternity,—these are images that write themselves in poetry in every soul which has any thing of the divine gift.

I know nothing in English or any other literature more admirable than that sentiment of Sir Thomas Browne, "Every man truly lives, so long as he acts his nature, or some way makes good the faculties of himself." I find the great thing in this world is not so much where we stand, as in what direction we are moving. To reach the port of heaven, we must sail sometimes with the wind and sometimes against it,—but we must sail, and not drift, nor lie at anchor.

A thought is often original, though you have uttered it a hundred times. It has come to you over a new route, by a new and express train of associations.

The more we study the body and the mind, the more we find both to be governed, not by but according to laws, such as we observe in the larger universe.

Don't flatter yourselves that friendship authorizes you to say disagreeable things to your intimates. On the contrary, the nearer you come into relation with a person, the more necessary do tact and courtesy become. Except in cases of necessity, which are rare, leave your friend to learn unpleasant truths from his enemies: they are ready enough to tell them. Goodbreeding never forgets that amour-propre is universal. When you read the story of the Archbishop and Gil Blas, you may laugh, if you will, at the poor old man's delusion; but don't forget that the youth was the greater fool of the two, and that his master served such a booby rightly in turning him out of doors.

At thirty we are all trying to cut our names in big letters upon the walls of this tenement of life; twenty years later we have carved it, or shut up our jack-knives. Then we are ready to help others, and care less to hinder any, because nobody's elbows are in our way.

One-story intellects, two-story intellects, three-story intellects with skylights. All fact-collectors, who have no aim beyond their facts, are one-story men. Two-

story men compare, reason, generalize, using the labors of the fact-collectors as well as their own. Three-story men idealize, imagine, predict; their best illumination comes from above, through the skylight. There are minds with large ground-floors, that can store an infinite amount of knowledge; some librarians, for instance, who know enough of books to help other people, without being able to make much other use of their knowledge, have intellects of this class. Your great working lawyer has two spacious stories; his mind is clear, because his mental floors are large, and he has room to arrange his thoughts so that he can get at them, - facts below, principles above, and all in ordered series. Poets are often narrow below, incapable of clear statement, and with small power of consecutive reasoning, but full of light, if sometimes rather bare of furniture, in the attics.

Truth is tough. It will not break, like a bubble, at a touch: nay, you may kick it about all day, like a football, and it will be round and full at evening.

Whatever comes from the brain carries the hue of the place it came from, and whatever comes from the heart carries the heat and color of its birthplace.



## XVIII. — ALFRED TENNYSON.

#### LIFE AND WORKS.

When the generation of singers represented by such divergent types of genius as Scott, Byron, and Wordsworth had died out,—we may loosely mark the period by making it coincide with the beginning of Victoria's reign (1838),—there arose a new school of poets differing widely from the potent race of bards who had stirred the souls of men during the first third of our century. These "Victorian poets," as they have been named, though unlike in many respects, have one common characteristic,—the exquisite refinement of art which they carry into their poetic treatment.

The earliest of this modern school of singers, and still in many regards its head master, is Alfred Tennyson, the most musical of what Leigh Hunt calls "a nest of nightingales."

Alfred, the third son of the Rev. George Clayton Tennyson, D.D., was born in the parsonage of Somersby (in Lincolnshire), England, in the year 1810. His early education was received at the school of his native town, and he passed a happy boyhood.

Like Pope, Tennyson "lisped in numbers." His first verses were written upon a slate which his brother Charles put into his hand, also giving him a subject,—the flowers in the garden. The slate was brought to the elder brother all covered with blank-verse. "Yes, you can write," said Charles, giving Alfred back the slate.

Later on, his grandfather asked him to write an elegy on his grandmother, who had recently died. When it was written, the old gentleman put ten shillings into the boy's hand, and said,—

"There, that is the first money you have ever earned by your poetry, and, take my word for it, it will be the last." The grandfather was neither a prophet, nor the son of a prophet, for the poet has earned many thousands of pounds by his poetry.

For his higher education young Tennyson was sent to Trinity College, Cambridge, where, in 1829, he gained the chancellor's medal for a prize poem in blank-verse, on "Timbuctoo." Two years before this, Alfred and his elder brother Charles had given out anonymously a small volume entitled *Poems by Two Brothers*. In the opinion of Coleridge, those signed "C. T." gave promise of a rising poet, while those signed "A. T." did not.

In 1830 Tennyson published his own first volume. It was full of promise, but was received by the critics with coldness or censure: so that Tennyson could not say with Byron that he "awoke one morning and found himself famous." "He held his peace," says Taine; "for ten years no one saw his name in a review: but when he appeared again before the public, his books had made their way alone and under the surface, and he passed at once for the greatest poet of his country."

Taine in this statement has reference to the volume which Tennyson published in 1842. It contained such poems as *Ulysses*, *Morte d'Arthur*, *Godiva*, and *Locksley Hall*; and it certainly raised him above all other living

English poets except Wordsworth. His fame was further heightened by his next two poems,— The Princess (1847) and In Memoriam (1850). The latter was a tribute to the memory of his college chum, Arthur Henry Hallam, son of the historian, and betrothed to the poet's sister Emily. It has been pronounced the most memorable of Tennyson's works, and the best-sustained poem of the kind in all literature.

In the following year (1851) he was raised to the dignity of poet-laureate, succeeding Wordsworth in that office. Yet it is an evidence of the slow growth of our poet's fame, that when in 1850 Queen Victoria told her prime minister, Sir Robert Peel, that she desired Tennyson to be made poet-laureate, the minister confessed that he had never read a line of this poet's works. However, he read *Ulysses*, and then acknowledged that the new poet had the right to be England's laureate.

It is related, that, after his appointment to the office of laureate, Tennyson, before his presentation to the Queen, secured the same court suit—clothes, buckles, stockings, and sword—which his predecessor Wordsworth had worn when similarly honored. It had been a hard squeeze to get Wordsworth into "small-clothes," but by pulling and hauling it had been done; and Tennyson, himself not a small man, was fortunate in having had his suit well stretched by the author of The Excursion.

In 1855 Tennyson published *Maud*, a sort of parlor "Hamlet;" and four years later, *The Idyls of the King*. The *Idyls* are based on the legends of the Celtic King

Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table, which were collected by Sir Thomas Malory in the fifteenth century. Tennyson closely follows Malory's footsteps in his incidents, but wholly changes the morals of his characters. This work greatly increased the laureate's fame, and those who do not esteem *In Memoriam* the loftiest expression of his genius give the palm to the *Idyls*.

Since the publication of *Enoch Arden* (1864), the writings of Tennyson have shown a falling-off in his poetic powers; and his dramas — *Queen Mary* (1875) and *Harold* (1876) — are considered failures.

But if Tennyson's laurels have shown signs of withering in later years, he has gained what our British friends regard as proud pre-eminence in worldly station. In the last month of 1883, Queen Victoria elevated Tennyson to the peerage, with the title of baron, and a seat in the House of Lords. This is a unique distinction; for, while there have been poet peers before Tennyson, no other poet has ever been made a peer solely as a recognition of his literary work. About the time of his appointment to the laureate-ship, Tennyson married, and soon after fixed his residence at Farringford, in the Isle of Wight. Here he remained till 1869, when he removed to Petersfield, Hampshire.

Tennyson is a man of large stature, dark in complexion, with a full beard and abundant hair. His habits are simple and independent. Like many poets, he loves nature and books more than human nature, and shuns the eye of the public. Carlyle, writing to Emer-

son, draws the following interesting and characteristic portrait of Tennyson when about forty years of age:—

"Alfred is one of the few British or Foreign figures who are and remain beautiful to me, —a true human soul, to whom your own soul can say brother! One of the finest-looking men in the world. A great shock of rough, dusty-dark hair, bright-laughing hazel eyes; massive aquiline face, most massive yet most delicate, of sallow-brown complexion, almost Indian-looking; clothes cynically loose, free and easy. His voice is musical metallic, — fit for loud laughter and piercing wail, and all that may lie between; speech and speculation free and plenteous. I do not meet, in these late decades, such company over a pipe."

In the subjects adapted to his genius, Tennyson shows himself as true a poet as ever lived. He is master of all the secrets of poetic art. In his intercourse with nature he has caught, as have few painters or musicians, its varied colors and its plaintive key. The words, thoughts, and music in which he clothes the softer passions of the heart have a delicacy and subtilty that have often been imitated but never equaled. The palaces framed in beauty, the picturesque land-scapes, the portraits of fair women and gentle heroes, which stand out like cameos from his long canvas, are the flower of centuries of aristocratic English life, and breathe the luxury of an exquisite though artificial civilization.

Tennyson's place in the literature of the English language, whatever may be its relation to that of the acknowledged masters of song, is sure to be high and permanent.

#### 1.-SONG-GEMS FROM THE PRINCESS.

[Tennyson's *Princess* is "a medley,"—but a medley in which is a rare mingling of philosophic thought with sweetest interludes of song. The following four lyrics are from this poem.]

#### 1. - THE BUCLE-SONG.

The splendor falls on castle walls

And snowy summits old in story;
The long light shakes across the lakes,

And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!
O sweet and far from cliff and scar
The horns of Elf-land<sup>2</sup> faintly blowing!
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying:
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying,

O love, they die in yon rich sky,

They faint on hill or field or river;

Our echoes roll from soul to soul,

And grow for ever and for ever.

Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying;

And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Blow . . . dying. Point out 2 Ell-land, the land of the elves, examples of iteration. or fairies.

## 2.- HOME THEY BROUGHT HER WARRIOR.

Home they brought her warrior dead:
She nor swooned, nor uttered cry;
All her maidens, watching, said,
"She must weep or she will die."

Then they praised him, soft and low, Called him worthy to be loved, Truest friend and noblest foe: Yet she neither spoke nor moved.

Stole a maiden from her place,
Lightly to the warrior stept,<sup>1</sup>
Took the face-cloth from the face:
Yet she neither moved nor wept.

Rose a nurse of ninety years,
Set his child upon her knee:
Like summer tempest 2 came her tears—
"Sweet my child, I live for thee."

## 3. - TEARS, IDLE TEARS,

Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean, Tears from the depth of some divine despair Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes, In looking on the happy autumn-fields, And thinking of the days that are no more.

<sup>1</sup> Stole . . . stept. Change to the prose arrangement of words. | 2 Like summer tempest. What is the figure of speech?

Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail That brings our friends up from the under-world,<sup>1</sup> Sad as the last which reddens over one That sinks with all we love below the verge; So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

Ah! sad and strange as in dark summer dawns The earliest pipe<sup>2</sup> of half-awakened birds To dying ears, when unto dying eyes The casement slowly grows a glimmering square; So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

Dear as remembered kisses after death, And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feigned On lips that are for others; deep as love, Deep as first love, and wild with all regret; O death in life, the days that are no more!

#### 4. - A LULLABY.

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea!
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon, and blow,
Blow him again to me;
While my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> up...under-world. Explain. | <sup>8</sup> Sweet and low, etc. Note <sup>2</sup> pipe, note. | the musical effect of the repetition.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Father will come to thee soon;
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
Father will come to thee soon;
Father will come to his babe in the nest,
Silver sails all out of the west
Under the silver moon:
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

#### 2. - ULY88E8.

[Ulysses was one of the principal Greek heroes of the Trojan war, and his exploits are celebrated by Homer in the *Odyssey*. In these noble lines, our poet represents Ulysses as the type of all aspiring souls.]

It little profits, that, an idle king,
By this still hearth, among these barren crags,¹
Matched with an aged wife,² I mete and dole
Unequal laws unto a savage race,
That hoard and sleep and feed, and know not me.
I can not rest from travel: I will drink
Life to the lees.³ All times I have enjoyed
Greatly, have suffered greatly, both with those
That loved me, and alone: on shore, and when
Through scudding drifts the rainy Hyades⁴
Vexed⁵ the dim sea. I am become a name;
For, always roaming with a hungry heart,
Much have I seen and known,—cities of men,

<sup>1</sup> these barren crags. Meaning the Grecian island of Ithaca, of which Ulysses was king.

<sup>2</sup> an aged wife, Penelope.

<sup>\*</sup> drink . . . lees. Explain.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>4</sup> Hyades, a cluster of five stars in the constellation Taurus.

<sup>5</sup> vexed. What is the figure?

And manners, climates, councils, governments (Myself not least, but honored of them all),-And drunk delight of battle with my peers Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy. I am a part of all that I have met; Yet all experience is an arch 1 wherethrough Gleams that untraveled world whose margin fades For ever and for ever when I move. How dull it is to pause, to make an end, To rust unburnished, not to shine in use! As though to breathe were life. Life piled on life Were all too little, and of one to me Little remains; but every hour is saved. From that eternal silence 2 - something more, A bringer of new things; and vile it were For some three suns to store and hoard myself, And this gray spirit 3 yearning in desire To follow knowledge, like a sinking star, Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.

This is my son, mine own Telemachus, To whom I leave the scepter and the isle,—Well-loved of me, discerning to fulfill This labor, by slow prudence<sup>4</sup> to make mild A rugged people, and through soft degrees Subdue them to the useful and the good. Most blameless is he, centered in the sphere<sup>5</sup> Of common duties, decent not to fail

<sup>1</sup> is an arch, etc. Observe this fine metaphor.

<sup>2</sup> that eternal silence, death.

<sup>\*</sup> gray spirit. Explain.

<sup>4</sup> by slow prudence, etc., is explanatory of "this labor."

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> centered . . . sphere, confined to, devoted to.

In offices of tenderness, and pay
Meet adoration to my household gods
When I am gone. He works his work, I mine.
There lies the port; the vessel puffs her sail;
There gloom the dark broad seas. My mariners,
Souls that have toiled and wrought and thought with
me.

That ever with a frolic welcome took The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed Free hearts, free foreheads, you and I are old. Old age hath yet his honor and his toil. Death closes all; but something ere the end, Some work of noble note, may yet be done, Not unbecoming men that strove with gods. The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks; The long day wanes; the slow moon climbs; the deep Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends, Tis not too late to seek a newer world. Push off, and, sitting well in order, smite The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths Of all the western stars, until I die. It may be that the gulfs will wash us down; It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles, And see the great Achilles, whom we knew. Though much is taken, much abides; and though We are not now that strength which in old days Moved earth and heaven, that which we are, we are: One equal temper of heroic hearts, Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

# 3. - BREAK, BREAK!

Break, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the fisherman's boy,
That he shouts with his sister at play!
O well for the sailor lad,
That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on

To their haven 1 under the hill;

But O for the touch of a vanished hand,

And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.

# 4.-THE NEW YEAR.

[From In Memoriam. See introductory sketch.]

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light;
The year is dying<sup>2</sup> in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> haven. Give a synonym. | <sup>2</sup> is dying, etc. Explain.

Ring out the old, ring in the new; Ring, happy bells, across the snow; The year is going, let him 1 go; Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind <sup>2</sup>
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor;
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel<sup>3</sup> in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood, The civic slander and the spite; Ring in the love of truth and right; Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease; Ring out the narrowing lust of gold; Ring out the thousand wars of old; Ring in the thousand years of peace.

<sup>1</sup> him. Note the personification.

<sup>2</sup> saps the mind. What is the figure?

<sup>\*</sup> minstrel, bard.

<sup>4</sup> thousand years of peace, the millennium.

Ring in the valiant man and free,

The larger heart, the kindlier hand;

Ring out the darkness of the land;

Ring in the Christ that is to be.

### 5. - CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

[The following spirited lyric commemorates a famous exploit of a portion of the British army during one of the most famous actions of the Crimean War. It will be noted that the galloping dactylic movement of the verse is specially suited to the description of the action.]

Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.
"Forward, the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns!" he said:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

"Forward, the Light Brigade!"
Was there a man dismayed?2
Not though the soldiers knew
Some one had blundered!
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die:—
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

<sup>1</sup> the guns: that is, the batteries of the Russians.

<sup>2</sup> dismayed. Give a synonym.
8 Not, etc. Supply the ellipsis.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them,
Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode, and well;
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell,
Rode the six hundred.

Flashed all their sabers bare,
Flashed as they turned in air,
Sabering the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wondered:
Plunged in the battery-smoke,
Right through the line they broke;
Cossack and Russian
Reeled from the saber-stroke,
Shattered and sundered.
Then they rode back — but not,
Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well

Came through the jaws of Death, Back from the mouth of Hell, All that was left of them,— Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade!
Oh, the wild charge they made!
All the world wondered.
Honor the charge they made!
Honor the Light Brigade,
Noble six hundred!

## 6.-THE EAGLE.

#### FRACMENT.

He clasps the crag with hookéd hands; Close to the sun in lonely lands, Ringed with the azure world, he stands.

The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls; He watches from his mountain walls, And like a thunderbolt he falls.



# XIX. - WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

#### LIFE AND WORKS.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY was born July 18, 1811, at Calcutta, where his father resided as a civil servant of the British East India Company. His mother was Anne Becher, whose father was also in the Company's service. She married early, and was only nineteen when her son William Makepeace was born.

He was brought a child from India, and was sent early to the famous Charter House School in London. A schoolfellow speaks of him at this time as "a pretty, gentle, and rather timid boy." Though he had afterwards a scholarlike knowledge of Latin, he did not attain distinction in the school. With the boys who knew him, Thackeray was popular; but he had no skill in games, or taste for them. While still a school-boy he became known for his skill in making verses, chiefly parodies. One of these was a parody on a poem of L. E. L.'s, about "Violets, dark blue violets." Thackeray's version was "Cabbages, bright green cabbages," and his classmates thought it very witty.

When eighteen years of age (1829), Thackeray was sent to Trinity College, Cambridge. A little periodical called *The Snob* was, during that year, brought out in Cambridge, and Thackeray took a hand in editing it. Tennyson was at this time in his last year at Trinity; and it will be remembered, that, in our sketch of the poet, it was mentioned that Tennyson that year won the chancellor's medal for a prize poem on "Timbuc-

too." In *The Snob*, Thackeray published some burlesque lines on the prize subject. In two of the stanzas there is fairly good fun; as,—

"In Africa—a quarter of the world—
Men's skins are black; their hair is crisped and curled;
And somewhere there, unknown to public view,
A mighty city lies, called Timbuctoo.

I see her tribes the hill of glory mount, And sell their sugars on their own account; While round her throne the prostrate nations come, Sue for her rice, and barter for her rum."

After a year's study at Cambridge, Thackeray was withdrawn from college; and he spent the next two years at Weimar and in Paris, studying drawing, it being the desire of his heart to become an artist.

Though he never learned to draw in the technical sense, he acquired a peculiar talent for making effective sketches. Later on, he illustrated his own books; and these plates, while very incorrect as delineations, are excellent as illustrations.

Dickens has informed us that he first met Thackeray in 1835, on which occasion the young artist aspirant, looking, no doubt, after profitable employment, "proposed to become the illustrator of my earliest book." It is singular that such should have been the first interview between the two great novelists. The offer was rejected by "Boz."

When Thackeray came of age (1832), he inherited a considerable fortune; but in a year or two it all passed through his hands, partly from the failure of an India

bank, partly from losses incurred in trying to establish a newspaper in which he was concerned, partly from losses—at cards.

Thus early thrown on his own resources, he was fain to take up literature as a profession. His first regular employment was on *Fraser's Magazine*, in which he wrote under the invented name of Michael Angelo Titmarsh. Such sketches as *The Great Hoggarty Diamond* revealed at once the hand of a great master. Yet Thackeray met but small appreciation at the time (1837–38) when Dickens, one year his junior, had taken the public by storm with *Pickwick* and *Oliver Twist*. Thackeray's fame was of slow growth, and in these early years he had to suffer coldness and rebuffs that sorely tried his sensitive soul.

In 1837 Thackeray married Isabella, daughter of Colonel Matthew Shawe; and from this union came three daughters. His married life was grievously unhappy, but this was in no wise due to human fault. Says his biographer, Anthony Trollope,—

"His wife became ill, and her mind failed her. There was a period during which he would not believe that her illness was more than illness; and then he clung to her, and waited on her with an assiduity of affection which only made his task the more painful to him. At last it became evident that she should live in the companionship of some one with whom her life might be altogether quiet, and she has since been domiciled with a lady with whom she has been happy. Thus she was, after but a few years of married life, taken away from him, and he became, as it were, a widower till the end of his days."

About 1841 began Thackeray's connection with the famous London Punch. In "a good day for himself, the journal, and the world, Thackeray found Punch," said his friend Shirley Brooks, afterwards editor of the paper. His active connection with the famous repository of humor, fun, and satire lasted during the twelve years from 1841 to 1853; that is, from his thirtieth to his forty-second year. Much of Thackeray's best work appeared in its pages. In Punch he found an appreciative hearer and a liberal paymaster.

In the mean time he began (1846) to publish, in numbers ("parts" we call them), the novel of *Vanity Fair*. It was brought out in twenty-four numbers, and was completed in 1848. Then it was, that, at the age of thirty-seven, Thackeray first achieved for himself name and fame. He became at once one of the recognized stars of the literary heaven of the day.

Pendennis, Esmond, and The Newcomes followed Vanity Fair; not very quickly, indeed, always at an interval of two years, — in 1850, 1852, and 1854.

This ought to have been a very happy period in Thackeray's life. All the good things that he had coveted,—success, the rewards of success, popularity, the love of a small circle of friends,—he had amply won. But over it all hung the melancholy shadow of his wife's malady. Add to this, his own health was shattered; a severe fever that attacked him in 1849 left him liable to spasms that were most depressing in their effects. Thus, at the height of his fame, he was left without either home or health.

It is in the new character of a lecturer that Thack-

eray next appears. He was moved to enter this field (against the advice of many friends) by the hope that he might thus provide a sum of money for the future sustenance of his children. Having prepared with great care a series of lectures on *The English Humorists* of the Eighteenth Century, he first delivered the course in London in 1851, and afterwards in most of the leading cities of England. He then came to the United States, and during the winter of 1852–53 delivered his lectures to large audiences in most of our principal cities.

Having enjoyed his success in the first attempt to lecture, he, three years afterwards, prepared a second series, on *The Four Georges*, which he delivered both in England and the United States. Though Thackeray had none of those wonderful gifts of elocution which made it such a pleasure to listen to Dickens, he read well enough to interest his audiences in his deeply interesting matter. At any rate, the lectures were successful. A large sum of money was made—and was *kept*.

On his return from his first trip to the United States, Thackeray published *The Newcomes*, one of the greatest of his works. This was followed by *The Virginians* (1857–59).

In 1859 Thackeray undertook the last great work of his life,—the editorship of the newly started Cornhill Magazine. The fame of the editor made this periodical a marked success from the beginning. Thackeray contributed to it every month one of the charming articles known as the Roundabout Papers. He also published in it his novels of Lovel the Widower, and The Adven-

tures of Philip. He was writing for it a new novel, Denis Duval, at the time that death overtook him.

Thackeray died on the day before Christmas, 1863, very suddenly and unattended, in his bed, early in the morning, in the fifty-third year of his life. Dickens tells us that the last written words of the unfinished novel of *Denis Duval* were, "And my heart throbbed with an exquisite bliss." And the great yet most friendly rival adds the touching words: "God grant that on that Christmas Eve, when he laid his head back on his pillow, and threw up his arms as he had been wont to do when very weary, some consciousness of duty done, and Christian hope throughout life humbly cherished, may have caused his own heart so to throb when he passed away to his Redeemer's rest!"

Thackeray was an imposing figure of a man,—in height six feet four, powerfully built, erect in his gait, and with a countenance peculiarly expressive, and capable of much dignity. His massive head was thickly covered with hair, which, long before his death, became silvery white. His nose had been broken in a school fight, while he was quite a little boy, by another little boy at the Charter House.

By many Thackeray is spoken of as a cynic. But, whatever of cynical there may be in his writings, as a man he was the reverse of a cynic. All the evidence goes to show that he was really one of the most softhearted of human beings, sweet as charity itself, who went about the world dropping pearls, doing good, and never willfully inflicting a wound. Hear what Dickens has to say:—

"My long acquaintance with him is marked in my remembrance of him by many occasions when he was supremely humorous, when he was irresistibly extravagant, when he was softened and serious, when he was charming with children. But by none do I recall him more tenderly than by two or three that start out of the crowd, when he unexpectedly presented himself in my room, announcing how that some passage in a certain book had made him cry yesterday, and how that he had come to dinner, 'because he couldn't help it,' and must talk such passage over. No one can ever have seen him more genial, natural, cordial, fresh, and honestly impulsive than I have seen him at those times. No one can be surer than I of the greatness and goodness of the heart that then disclosed itself."

Various opinions are entertained as to the relative place of Thackeray among the novelists of the nineteenth century; but no one denies that he ranks among the masters, and it is held by many capable critics that he is the greatest delineator of character since Fielding. It was his aim to represent men and women as they are, with that mixture of good and evil and of strength and foible which is to be found in their characters; but it was also his constant endeavor so to represent human nature that his readers should learn to love what is good, and to hate what is evil. He is one of the healthiest writers since the days of Scott.

In point of style, Thackeray was a very great master, and his novels deserve the most careful study as inimitable models of pure and beautiful English.

## 1.-CHARITY AND HUMOR.

#### FIRST READING.

SEVERAL charitable ladies of this city, to some of whom I am under great personal obligation, having thought that a lecture of mine would advance a benevolent end<sup>2</sup> which they had in view, I have preferred, in place of delivering a discourse which many of my hearers no doubt know already, upon a subject merely literary or biographical, to put together a few thoughts, which may serve as a supplement to the former lectures, if you like, and which have this, at least, in common with the kind purpose which assembles you here, -that they rise out of the same occasion, and treat of charity.

Besides contributing to our stock of happiness, to our harmless laughter and amusement, to our scorn for falsehood and pretension, to our righteous hatred of hypocrisy, to our education in the perception of truth, our love of honesty, our knowledge of life, and shrewd guidance through the world, have not our humorous writers, our gay and kind week-day preachers, done much in support of that holy cause which has assembled you in this place, and which you are all abetting? - the cause of love and charity; the cause of the poor, the weak, and the unhappy; the sweet mission of love and tenderness, and peace and good-will toward men.

<sup>1</sup> this city: that is, New York, where he had just delivered his onymous expression. course of lectures on The English Humorists.

<sup>2</sup> benevolent end. Give a syn-

<sup>8</sup> abetting, aiding, forwarding. See Glossary.

That same theme which is urged upon you by the eloquence and example of good men to whom you are delighted listeners on sabbath days is taught in his way, and according to his power, by the humorous writer, the commentator on every-day life and manners. And as you are here assembled for a charitable purpose, giving your contributions at the door to benefit deserving people who need them without, I like to hope and think that the men of our calling have done something in aid of the cause of charity, and have helped with kind words and kind thoughts, at least, to confer happiness and to do good.

If the humorous writers claim to be week-day preachers, have they conferred any benefit by their sermons? Are people happier, better, better disposed to their neighbors, more inclined to do works of kindness, to love, forbear, forgive, pity, after reading in Addison, in Steele, in Fielding, in Goldsmith, in Hood, in Dickens? I hope and believe so, and fancy, that, in writing, they are also acting charitably; contributing,

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Addison. See biographical sketch, page 105.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Steele. Sir Richard Steele (1671-1729), a schoolmate and friend of Addison. He originated *The Spectator*, to which he contributed essays second only to Addison's in point of merit.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>8</sup> Fielding. Henry Fielding (1707-1754) was the first to show by example the great power of the novel as a moral influence in society.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>4</sup> Goldsmith. Oliver Goldsmith, a native of Ireland (1728-1774), one of the most genial souls and charming writers that ever lived, is best known as a novelist by his Vicar of Wakefield.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> Hood. Thomas Hood (1798–1854) the prince of English comic humorists, and author of several famous poems, as the "Song of the Shirt" and the "Bridge of Sighs," marked by the profoundest pathos and sympathy with the suffering.

with the means which Heaven supplies them, to forward the end which brings you, too, together. A love of the human species is a very vague and indefinite kind of virtue, sitting very easily on a man, not confining his actions at all, shining in print, or exploding in paragraphs; after which efforts of benevolence, the philanthropist is sometimes said to go home, and be no better than his neighbors.

Tartuffe<sup>1</sup> and Joseph Surface,<sup>2</sup> Stiggins and Chadband,3 who are always preaching fine sentiments, and are no more virtuous than hundreds of those whom they denounce and whom they cheat, are fair objects of mistrust and satire; but their hypocrisy (the homage, according to the old saying, which vice pays to virtue) has this of good in it, - that its fruits are good. A man may preach good morals, though he may be himself but a lax practitioner; a Pharisee may put pieces of gold into the charity-plate out of mere hypocrisy and ostentation: but the bad man's gold feeds the widow and fatherless as well as the good man's. The butcher and baker must needs look, not to motives, but to money, in return for their wares. I am not going to hint that we of the literary calling resemble Monsieur Tartuffe or Monsieur Stiggins; though there may be such men in our body, as there are in all.

A literary man of the humoristic turn is pretty sure

<sup>1</sup> Tartuffe, the name of a hypo-character in Sheridan's comedy, critical priest who is one of the characters in a comedy of the cele-characters in a comedy of the cele-

brated French dramatist Molière.

2 Surface. Joseph Surface, a of hypocritical piety.

to be of a philanthropic nature; to have a great sensibility; to be easily moved to pain or pleasure; keenly to appreciate the varieties of temper of people round about him, and sympathize in their laughter, love, amusement, tears. Such a man is philanthropic, manloving, by nature, as another is irascible or red-haired or six feet high. And so I would arrogate no particu lar merit to literary men for the possession of this faculty of doing good, which some of them enjoy. It costs a gentleman no sacrifice to be benevolent on paper; and the luxury of indulging in the most beautiful and brilliant sentiments never makes any man a penny the poorer. A literary man is no better than another, as far as my experience goes; and a man writing a book, no better and no worse than one who keeps accounts in a ledger, or follows any other occupation.

Let us, however, give him credit for the good, at least, which he is the means of doing, as we give credit to a man with a million for the hundred which he puts into the plate at a charity-sermon. He never misses them: he has made them in a moment, by a lucky speculation; and parts with them, knowing that he has an almost endless balance at his bank, whence he can call for more. But, in esteeming the benefaction, we are grateful to the benefactor too, somewhat. And so of men of genius, richly endowed, and lavish in parting with their mind's wealth; we may view them at least kindly and favorably, and be thankful for the bounty of which Providence has made them the dispensers.

I have said myself somewhere, I do not know with

what correctness (for definitions never are complete), that humor is wit and love: I am sure, at any rate, that the best humor is that which contains most humanity, -that which is flavored throughout with tenderness This love does not demand constant and kindness. utterance or actual expression: as a good father, in conversation with his children or wife, is not perpetually embracing them, or making protestations of his love; as a lover in the society of his mistress is not, at least as far as I am led to believe, for ever squeezing her hand, or sighing in her ear, "My soul's darling, I adore vou!" He shows his love by his conduct, by his fidelity, by his watchful desire to make the beloved person happy. It lightens from his eyes when she appears, though he may not speak it; it fills his heart when she is present or absent; influences all his words and actions; suffuses his whole being. It sets the father cheerily to work through the long day; supports him through the tedious labor of the weary absence or journey; and sends him happy home again, yearning towards the wife and children. This kind of love is not a spasm, but a life. It fondles and caresses at due seasons, no doubt; but the fond heart is always beating fondly and truly, though the wife is not sitting hand in hand with him, or the children hugging at his knee.

And so with a loving humor. I think it is a genial writer's habit of being; it is the kind, gentle spirit's way of looking out on the world,—that sweet friendliness which fills his heart and his style. You recognize it, even though there may not be a single point of wit or a single pathetic touch in the page, though you may

not be called upon to salute his genius by a laugh or a tear. That collision of ideas which provokes the one or the other must be occasional. They must be like papa's embraces, which I spoke of anon, who only delivers them now and then, and can not be expected to go on kissing the children all night. And so the writer's jokes and sentiment, his ebullitions of feeling, his outbreaks of high spirits, must not be too frequent. One tires of a page of which every sentence sparkles with points; of a sentimentalist who is always pumping the tears from his eyes or your own. One suspects the genuineness of the tear, the naturalness of the humor; these ought to be true and manly in a man, as every thing else in his life should be manly and true; and he loses his dignity by laughing or weeping out of place or too often.

When the Rev. Laurence Sterne<sup>1</sup> begins to sentimentalize over the carriage in Monsieur Dessein's 2 courtyard, and pretends to squeeze a tear out of a rickety old shandrydan; when presently he encounters the dead donkey on his road to Paris, and snivels over that asinine corpse, - I say, "Away, you driveling quack! do not palm off these grimaces of grief upon simple folks who know no better, and cry, misled by your hypocrisy." Tears are sacred. The tributes of kind hearts to misfortune, the mites which gentle souls drop

<sup>1</sup> Rev. Laurence Sterne (1713-1768), a celebrated English humor- "The Sentimental Journey." ist and sentimentalist. His two chief works are "Tristram Shandy" and "The Sentimental Journey."

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Monsieur Dessein figures in

<sup>8</sup> shandrydan, a species of carriage in use in England during the eighteenth century.

into the collections made for God's poor and unhappy, are not to be tricked out of them by a whimpering hypocrite handing round a begging-box for your compassion, and asking your pity for a lie. When that same man tells me of Lefèvre's illness and Uncle Toby's 1 charity, of the noble at Rennes coming home and reclaiming his sword, I thank him for the generous emotion, which, springing genuinely from his own heart, has caused mine to admire benevolence, and sympathize with honor, and to feel love and kindness and pity.

If I do not love Swift (as, thank God! I do not, however immensely I may admire him), it is because I revolt from the man who placards himself as a professional hater of his own kind; because he chisels his savage indignation on his tombstone,2 as if to perpetuate his protest against being born of our race, - the suffering, the weak, the erring, the wicked, if you will, but still the friendly, the loving children of God our Father; it is because, as I read through Swift's dark volumes, I never find the aspect of nature seems to delight him, the smiles of children to please him, the sight of wedded love to soothe him.

I do not remember in any line of his writing a passing allusion to a natural scene of beauty. When he speaks about the families of his comrades and brotherclergymen, it is to assail them with gibes and scorn,

in "Tristram Shandy."

wrote his own epitaph. It is in Lat- no longer lacerate" his heart.

<sup>1</sup> Lefevre ... Uncle Toby figure | in, and full of bitterness, proclaiming that he now lies "where infurichisels . . . tombstone. Swift ate indignation [sava indignatio] can

and to laugh at them brutally for being fathers and for being poor. He does mention, in the Journal to Stella, a sick child, to be sure, a child of Lady Masham, that was ill of the small-pox; but then it is to confound the brat for being ill, and the mother for attending to it when she should have been busy about a court intrigue in which the Dean was deeply engaged. In treating of the good the humorists have done, of the love and kindness they have taught and left behind them, it is not of this one I dare speak. Heaven help the lonely misanthrope! be kind to that multitude of sins, with so little charity to cover them.

Being so gay, so bright, so popular, such a grand seigneur, Congreve was kind to those about him, generous to his dependants, serviceable to his friends. Society does not like a man so long as it likes Congreve, unless he is likable: it finds out a quack very soon; it scorns a poltroon or a curmudgeon. We may be certain that this man was brave, good-tempered, and liberal. So, very likely, is Monsieur Pirouette, of whom we spoke: he cuts his capers, he grins, bows, and dances to his fiddle. In private he may have a hundred virtues: in public he teaches dancing. His business is cotillons, not ethics.

As much may be said of those charming and lazy epicureans, Gay and Prior,—sweet lyric singers, comrades of Anacreon, and disciples of love and the bottle. "Is there any moral shut within the bosom of a rose?" sings our great Tennyson. Does a nightingale preach

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>8</sup> Stella. The real name of this long correspondence in the form of lady, with whom Swift kept up a la Journal, was Esther Johnson.

from a bough, or a lark from his cloud? Not knowingly; yet we may be grateful, and love larks and roses, and the flower-crowned minstrels too, who laugh and who sing.

### SECOND READING.

Of Addison's contributions to the charity of the world, I have spoken before in trying to depict that noble figure; and say now, as then, that we should thank him as one of the greatest benefactors of that vast and immeasurably spreading family which speaks our common tongue. Wherever it is spoken, there is no man that does not feel and understand and use the noble English word "gentleman." And there is no man that teaches us to be gentlemen better than Joseph Addison, - gentle in our bearing through life; gentle and courteous to our neighbor; gentle in dealing with his follies and weaknesses; gentle in treating his opposition; deferential to the old; kindly to the poor and those below us in degree (for people above us and below us we must find, in whatever hemisphere we dwell, whether kings or presidents govern us); and in no republic or monarchy that I know of is a citizen exempt from the tax of befriending poverty and weakness, of respecting age, and of honoring his father and mother.

It has just been whispered to me, — I have not been three months in the country, and of course can not venture to express an opinion of my own, — that, in regard to paying this latter tax of respect and honor to age, some very few of the republican youths are occasionally a little remiss. I have heard of young sons of freedom publishing their Declaration of Independence before they could well spell it, and cutting the connection between father and mother before they had learned to shave. My own time of life having been stated by various enlightened organs of public opinion at almost any figure from forty-five to sixty, I cheerfully own that I belong to the Fogy interest, and ask leave to rank in, and plead for, that respectable class.

Now, a gentleman can but be a gentleman, in Broadway or the backwoods, in Pall Mall or California; and where and whenever he lives, thousands of miles away in the wilderness, or hundreds of years hence, I am sure that reading the writings of this true gentleman. this true Christian, this noble Joseph Addison, must do him good. He may take Sir Roger de Coverley 2 to the diggings with him, and learn to be gentle and good-humored and urbane and friendly in the midst of that struggle in which his life is engaged. I take leave to say that the most brilliant youth of this city may read over this delightful memorial of a bygone age, of fashions long passed away, of manners long since changed and modified, of noble gentlemen, and a great and a brilliant and polished society, and find in it much to charm and polish, to refine and instruct him, - a courteousness which can be out of place at no time and under no flag; a politeness and simplicity; a truthful manhood; a gentle respect and deference

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Pall Mall, a noted street in <sup>2</sup> Sir Roger de Coverley. See London.

which may be kept as the unbought grace of life, and cheap defense of mankind, long after its old artificial distinctions, after periwigs and small-swords, and ruffles and red-heeled shoes, and titles and stars and garters, have passed away.

I will tell you when I have been put in mind of two of the finest gentlemen books bring us any mention of, -I mean our books (not books of history, but books of humor); I will tell you when I have been put in mind of the courteous gallantry of the noble knight Sir Roger de Coverley of Coverley Manor, of the noble hidalgo Don Quixote<sup>1</sup> of La Mancha: here in your own omnibus-carriages and railway-cars, when I have seen a woman step in, handsome or not, welldressed or not, and a workman in hobnail shoes, or a dandy in the height of the fashion, rise up and give her his place. I think Mr. Spectator, with his short face, if he had seen such a deed of courtesy, would have smiled a sweet smile to the doer of that gentleman-like action, and have made him a low bow from under his great periwig, and have gone home and written a pretty paper about him.

I am sure Dick Steele would have hailed him, were he dandy or mechanic, and asked him to a tavern to share a bottle, or perhaps half a dozen. Mind, I do not set down the five last flasks to Dick's score for virtue, and look upon them as works of the most questionable supererogation.

<sup>1</sup> hidalgo Don Quixote. "Hidalgo" is a title of a Spanish noble. The character referred to is of

Steele, as a literary benefactor to the world's charity, must rank very high indeed, not merely from his givings, which were abundant, but because his endowments are prodigiously increased in value since he bequeathed them, as the revenues of the lands bequeathed to our Foundling Hospital at London, by honest Captain Coram, its founder, are immensely enhanced by the houses since built upon them. Steele was the founder of sentimental writing in English; and how the land has been since occupied! and what hundreds of us have laid out gardens and built up tenements on Steele's ground! Before his time, readers or hearers were never called upon to cry, except at a tragedy; and compassion was not expected to express itself otherwise than in blank verse, or for personages much lower in rank than a dethroned monarch, or a widowed or a jilted empress.

He stepped off the high-heeled cothurnus, and came down into common life; he held out his great hearty arms, and embraced us all; he had a bow for all women, a kiss for all children, a shake of the hand for all men, high or low; he showed us heaven's sun shining every day on quiet homes, — not gilded palace-roofs only, or court possessions, or heroic warriors fighting for princesses and pitched battles. He took away comedy from behind the fine lady's alcove, or the screen where the libertine was watching her. He ended all that wretched business of wives jeering at their husbands; of rakes laughing wives, and husbands too, to scorn. That miserable, rouged, tawdry, sparkling, hollow-

<sup>1</sup> cothurnus, or cothurn, a kind | performance of tragedy; a busof high shoe anciently used in the kin.

hearted comedy of the Restoration fled before him, and, like the wicked spirit in the fairy-books, shrank, as Steele let the daylight in, and shrieked and shuddered and vanished. The stage of humorists has been common life ever since Steele's and Addison's time,—the joys and griefs, the aversions and sympathies, the laughter and tears, of nature.

And here, coming off the stage, and throwing aside the motley habit or satiric disguise in which he had before entertained you, mingling with the world, and wearing the same coat as his neighbors, the humorist's service became straightway immensely more available, his means of doing good infinitely multiplied, his success, and the esteem in which he was held, proportionately increased. It requires an effort of which all minds are not capable, to understand Don Quixote; children and common people still read Gulliver for the story merely. Many more persons are sickened by Jonathan Wyld 1 than can comprehend the satire of it. Each of the great men who wrote those books was speaking from behind the satiric mask I anon2 mentioned. Its distortions appall<sup>3</sup> many simple spectators; its settled sneer or laugh is unintelligible to thousands who have not the wit to interpret the meaning of the visored satirist preaching from within.

Many a man was at fault about Jonathan Wyld's greatness, who could feel and relish Allworthy's goodness in Tom Jones, and Dr. Harrison's in Amelia, and

<sup>1</sup> Jonathan Wyld, a novel by 2 anon. See Glossary.
Fielding. 8 appall. Give a synonym.

dear Parson Adams, and Joseph Andrews.<sup>1</sup> We love to read — we may grow ever so old, but we love to read of them still — of love and beauty, of frankness and bravery and generosity. We hate hypocrites and cowards; we long to defend oppressed innocence, and to soothe and succor gentle women and children; we are glad when vice is foiled, and rascals punished; we lend a foot to kick Blifil down stairs; and, as we attend the brave bridegroom to his wedding on the happy marriage-day, we ask the groomsman's privilege to salute the blushing cheek of Sophia.

A lax morality in many a vital point I own in Fielding; but a great hearty sympathy and benevolence, a great kindness for the poor, a great gentleness and pity for the unfortunate, a great love for the pure and good,—these are among the contributions to the charity of the world with which this erring but noble creature endowed it.

As for Goldsmith, if the youngest and most unlettered person here has not been happy with the family at Wakefield; has not rejoiced when Olivia returned, and been thankful for her forgiveness and restoration; has not laughed with delighted good-humor over Moses' gross of green spectacles; has not loved with all his heart the good vicar,<sup>2</sup> and that kind spirit which created these charming figures, and devised the beneficent fiction which speaks to us so tenderly,—what call is there for me to speak? In this place, and on this occasion,

<sup>1</sup> Tom Jones, Amelia, and Joseph 2 vicar. What is the distinction Andrews are three of Fielding's greatest novels.

2 vicar. What is the distinction between a parson and a "vicar"? See Webster.

remembering these men, I claim from you your sympathy for the good they have done, and for the sweet charity which they have bestowed on the world.

As for the charities of Mr. Dickens, multiplied kindnesses which he has conferred upon us all, upon our children, upon people educated and uneducated, upon the myriads here and at home who speak our common tongue, - have not you, have not I, all of us, reason to be thankful to this kind friend, who soothed and charmed so many hours; brought pleasure and sweet laughter to so many homes; made such multitudes of children happy; endowed us with such a sweet store of gracious thoughts, fair fancies, soft sympathies, hearty enjoyments? There are creations of Mr. Dickens's which seem to me to rank as personal benefits, - figures so delightful, that one feels happier and better for knowing them, as one does for being brought into the society of very good men and women. The atmosphere in which these people live is wholesome to breathe in; you feel that to be allowed to speak to them is a personal kindness; you come away better for your contact with them; your hands seem cleaner from having the privilege of shaking theirs.

Was there ever a better charity-sermon preached in the world than Dickens's Christmas Carol? I believe it occasioned immense hospitality throughout England; was the means of lighting up hundreds of kind fires at Christmas-time; caused a wonderful outpouring of Christmas good-feeling, of Christmas punch-brewing, an awful slaughter of Christmas turkeys, and roasting and basting of Christmas beef. As for this man's love

of children, that amiable organ at the back of his honest head must be perfectly monstrous. All children ought to love him. I know two that do, and read his books ten times for once that they peruse the dismal preachments of their father. I know one, who, when she is happy, reads Nicholas Nickleby; when she is unhappy, reads Nicholas Nickleby; when she is in bed, reads Nicholas Nickleby; when she has nothing to do, reads Nicholas Nickleby; and when she has finished the book. reads Nicholas Nickleby over again. This candid young critic at ten years of age said, "I like Mr. Dickens's books much better than your books, papa;" and frequently expressed her desire that the latter author should write a book like one of Mr. Dickens's books. Who can? Every man must say his own thoughts, in his own voice, in his own way: lucky is he who has such a charming gift of nature as this, which brings all the children in the world trooping to him, and being fond of him!

I remember when that famous Nicholas Nickleby came out, seeing a letter from a pedagogue in the North of England, which, dismal as it was, was immensely comical. "Mr. Dickens's ill-advised publication," wrote the poor schoolmaster, "has passed like a whirlwind over the schools of the North." He was a proprietor of a cheap school: Dotheboys Hall was a cheap school. There are many such establishments in the Northern counties. Parents were ashamed, that never were ashamed before, until the kind satirist laughed at them; relatives were frightened; scores of little scholars were taken away; poor schoolmasters had to shut

their shops up; every pedagogue was voted a Squeers (and many suffered, no doubt, unjustly): but afterwards schoolboys' backs were not so much caned; schoolboys' meat was less tough, and more plentiful; and schoolboys' milk was not so sky-blue. What a kind light of benevolence it is that plays round Crummles and the Phenomenon, and all those poor theater-people, in that charming book! What a humor! and what a good humor! I coincide with the youthful critic whose opinion has just been mentioned, and own to a family admiration for *Nicholas Nickleby*.

One might go on, though the task would be endless and needless, chronicling the names of kind folks with whom this kind genius has made us familiar. Who does not love the Marchioness and Mr. Richard Swiveller? Who does not sympathize, not only with Oliver Twist, but his admirable young friend the Artful Dodger? Who has not the inestimable advantage of possessing a Mrs. Nickleby in his own family? Who does not bless Sairey Gamp, and wonder at Mrs. Harris? Who does not venerate the chief of that illustrious family, who, being stricken by misfortune, wisely and greatly turned his attention to "coals,"—the accomplished, the epicurean, the dirty, the delightful Micawber?

I may quarrel with Mr. Dickens's art a thousand and a thousand times: I delight and wonder at his genius; I recognize in it—I speak with awe and reverence—a commission from that Divine Beneficence, whose blessed task we know it will one day be to wipe every tear from every eye. Thankfully I take my share of

the feast of love and kindness which this gentle and generous and charitable soul has contributed to the happiness of the world. I take and enjoy my share, and say a benediction for the meal.

# 2. - THE BACHELOR'S CANE-BOTTOMED CHAIR.

In tattered old slippers that toast at the bars, And a ragged old jacket perfumed with cigars, Away from the world and its toils and its cares, I've a snug little kingdom up four pair of stairs.

To mount to this realm is a toil, to be sure, But the fire there is bright, and the air rather pure; And the view I behold on a sunshiny day Is grand through the chimney-pots over the way.

This snug little chamber is crammed in all nooks,
With worthless old knick-knacks and silly old books,
And foolish old odds and foolish old ends,
Cracked bargains from brokers, cheap keepsakes from
friends.

Old armor, prints, pictures, pipes, china (all cracked), Old rickety tables, and chairs broken-backed,—
A twopenny treasury, wondrous to see:
What matter? 'tis pleasant to you, friend, and me.

No better divan need the Sultan require Than the creaking old sofa that basks by the fire; And 'tis wonderful, surely, what music you get From the rickety, ramshackle, wheezy spinet. That praying-rug came from a Turcoman's camp; By Tiber once twinkled that brazen old lamp; A Mameluke fierce yonder dagger has drawn—'Tis a murderous knife to toast muffins upon.

Long, long through the hours, and the night and the chimes,

Here we talk of old books, and old friends, and old times;

As we sit in a fog made of rich Latakie, This chamber is pleasant to you, friend, and me.

But of all the cheap treasures that garnish my nest, There's one that I love and I cherish the best; For the finest of couches that's padded with hair I never would change thee, my cane-bottomed chair.

'Tis a bandy-legged, high-shouldered, worm-eaten seat, With a creaking old back, and twisted old feet; But since the fair morning when Fanny sat there, I bless thee and love thee, old cane-bottomed chair.

If chairs have but feeling in holding such charms,

A thrill must have passed through your withered old

arms?

I looked, and I longed, and I wished in despair; I wished myself turned to a cane-bottomed chair.

It was but a moment she sat in this place; She'd a scarf on her neck, and a smile on her face,— A smile on her face, and a rose in her hair; And she sat there and bloomed in my cane-bottomed chair. And so I have valued my chair ever since, Like the shrine of a saint, or the throne of a prince; Saint Fanny, my patroness sweet I declare, The queen of my heart and my cane-bottomed chair.

When the candles burn low, and the company's gone, In the silence of night as I sit here alone,—
I sit here alone, but we yet are a pair;
My Fanny I see in my cane-bottomed chair.

She comes from the past, and revisits my room; She looks as she then did, all beauty and bloom; So smiling and tender, so fresh and so fair, And yonder she sits in my cane-bottomed chair.



# XX.-JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

## LIFE AND WORKS.

Among the literary men of this generation, James Russell Lowell presents perhaps the most rounded example of American training and culture. He is at the same time distinguished as a scholar, and as a man of public affairs. While he has profited by the literatures of all nations, he has been the disciple of no one literary master, but has brought an art of his own to the creation of works that strikingly bear the impress of the national spirit and genius.

The subject of this sketch is descended from a line of Puritan ancestors running back to the early days of Massachusetts history. In every generation the Lowell family has produced men of solid, high-minded character; and the father of our poet was Dr. Charles Lowell, a distinguished divine. His mother, Harriet Spencer, belonged to a Scotch family settled in New Hampshire, and it is from her that James Russell inherits his poetic gift. We are told that her memory was a storehouse of minstrelsy and romance, which "she sung over the cradles of her children, and repeated in their early school-days, until poetic lore and feeling were as natural to them as the bodily senses."

James Russell Lowell was born Feb. 22, 1819, at Cambridge, Massachusetts, in a spacious three-story wooden house known as Elmwood. It is surrounded by ample grounds, one boundary of which touches on the beautiful Mount Auburn Cemetery, while a stone

thrown from a sling would reach the home of Longfellow. A noble grove in which are many fine English elms gives the name to the residence. It may be noted as an interesting fact, and an uncommon one in this country, that except during his visits abroad the poet has always lived in the house in which he was born.

After the ordinary years of schooling the lad entered Harvard College in his sixteenth year, and was graduated in 1838. It is said that he did not take high rank in scholarship; and he has himself confessed that he read almost every thing—except the prescribed textbooks. However, his multifarious reading of travels, plays, and poems stored his mind, and fed his imagination; and "learning, in its higher sense, came later." After leaving college, Lowell went through the Law School, and in 1840 opened an office in Boston; but it does not appear that he ever seriously engaged in the practice of law.

Our poet's first literary venture was a small volume of poems entitled "A Year's Life," published a little before his twenty-second birthday. Though most of the pieces have been set aside by Lowell's severer judgment, some of them show intimations of the genius that was to shine out clearly in after-days. About three years later appeared another volume of poems that showed a much higher order of power. It contained such poems as "The Legends of Brittany," "The Heritage," "A Parable," and other pieces which indicated that Lowell's mind was laboring with large and fundamental problems. It was at this time also that he began to take a warm interest in the various reform

movements, and especially in the cause of anti-slavery, to which he brought the support of the keen wit and telling satire of the *Biglow Papers*.

Mr. Lowell was married in 1844 to Miss Maria White of Watertown, a lovely and accomplished woman, and a writer of sweet and beautiful verse; but the lady was of a delicate constitution, and died in 1853.

Lowell's success in the comic vein, so richly opened up in the Biglow Papers, did not divert him from serious composition; and his next effort, The Vision of Sir Launfal, was an outburst of high, impassioned song. The same lofty strain was continued in the noble poem entitled The Present Crisis.

Mr. Lowell's next venture was again in the field of satire,—"A Fable for the Critics,"—

"A Glance at a Few of our Literary Progenies,
(Mrs. Malaprop's word 1) from the Tub of Diogenes."

Though the author may not always do full justice to his contemporaries, the *Fable* is on the whole remarkable for its discriminating estimates of the literary men passed under review.

In the summer of 1854, Professor Longfellow resigned the chair of modern languages and belles-lettres in Harvard College; and Lowell was appointed in his place, with leave of absence for two years. These years he passed in Europe, pursuing his studies, and in the

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Mrs. Malaprop is a character in Sheridan's comedy of *The Rivals*, noted for her blunders in the use of words. In the above couplet the *malapropriateness* is of course the blundering use of "progenies" for *prodigies*.

spring of 1857 returned, and began his lectures. It is said that he was extremely popular with his classes, and his old students always speak of him in terms of affection and admiration.

In this same year 1857 occurred two other important events in the life of our author,—his second marriage, and his assumption of the editorship of the Allantic Monthly, started in November of that year. Under his editorship, which was continued till 1862, the Atlantic gave a marked stimulus to the literary taste and culture of the country. Lowell also wrote frequently for Putnam's Monthly, and for a time was editor of the North American Review. His essays in these periodicals have been collected in three volumes.

The outbreak of the civil war again drew Lowell into political poetry. Recurring to the form of the Biglow Papers, in which he had ridiculed the Mexican war, he made use of the same characters, the same dialect, and the same stinging satire, to deliver himself in regard to secession. His chief works since the war are the collection of poems entitled "Under the Willows," published in 1869; and a noble poem in blank-verse, called The Cathedral, published in the same year.

During several years (1873-1885) Mr. Lowell was in the diplomatic service of the United States,—first as minister to Spain, and afterwards as minister to England. From the latter mission he was recalled in 1885, during which year Mrs. Lowell died in London.

Lowell has written in many moods, "from grave to gay, from lively to severe," and in all with equal excellence. His astonishing versatility is in fact his

most obvious characteristic,—a characteristic aptly delineated by his friend and biographer Underwood:—

"It is common, in speaking of authors who have excelled in various styles of writing, to call them versatile. But what adjective will convey an idea of the many-sidedness of Lowell? When we read the tender story of The First Snowfall, the wise lessons of Ambrose, the prophetic strains of The Present Crisis and of Villa Franca, the wit and shrewdness of Hosea Biglow, the delicious humor of the garrulous Parson, the delicate beauty of Sir Launfal, the grandeur of the Commemoration Ode, the solemn splendor of The Cathedral, what can we do but wonder at the imaginative power that takes on these various shapes, and moves in such diverse ways to touch our souls in every part? When, in addition, we consider his vigorous. learned, and glowing prose essays, full of color like fresh studies from the fields, full of wit that not only sparkles in epigram but pervades and lightens the whole, and full of an elastic spirit such as belongs to immortal youth, we find enough to give him an enduring fame if he had never written a line of verse."

In person Lowell is of medium height, but sinewy and active. His movements indicate what athletes call "staying power," and he is a sturdy and enthusiastic pedestrian. His eyes, mottled gray and brown, are strongly indicative of his moods: "when fixed upon study, or while listening to serious discourse, they are grave and penetrating; in ordinary conversation they are bright and cheery; in moments of excitement they have wonderful luster." Nothing could be finer than his facial expression while telling a story or

tossing a repartee. In conversation his resources are inexhaustible. It is no wonder that he has been admired; for, at his best, he is one of the most fascinating of men.

# 1.-THE VISION OF SIR LAUNFAL.

[Author's Note. — According to the mythology of the Romancers, the San Greal, or Holy Grail, was the cup out of which Jesus Christ partook of the Last Supper with his disciples. It was brought into England by Joseph of Arimathea, and remained there, an object of pilgrimage and adoration, for many years, in the keeping of his lineal descendants. It was incumbent upon those who had charge of it to be chaste in thought, word, and deed; but one of the keepers having broken this condition, the Holy Grail disappeared. From that time it was a favorite enterprise of the Knights of Arthur's court to go in search of it. Sir Galahad was at last successful in finding it, as may be read in the seventeenth book of the Romance of King Arthur. Tennyson has made Sir Galahad the subject of one of the most exquisite of his poems.

The plot (if I may give that name to any thing so slight) of the following poem is my own; and, to serve its purposes, I have enlarged the circle of competition in search of the miraculous cup in such a manner as to include not only other persons than the heroes of the Round Table, but also a period of time subsequent to the date of King Arthur's reign.]

#### PRELUDE: TO PART FIRST.

Over his keys the musing organist,
Beginning doubtfully and far away,
First lets his fingers wander as they list,<sup>2</sup>

And builds a bridge from Dreamland<sup>3</sup> for his lay: <sup>2</sup> Then, as the touch of his loved instrument

<sup>1</sup> Prelude. Define the word.

<sup>2</sup> list. wish.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>8</sup> Dreamland. Explain.

<sup>4</sup> lay, song.

Gives hope and fervor, nearer draws his theme, First guessed by faint auroral 1 flushes sent Along the wavering vista of his dream.

Not only around our infancy Doth heaven with all its splendors lie:2 Daily, with souls that cringe and plot, We Sinais climb, and know it not.

Over our manhood bend the skies; Against our fallen and traitor lives The great winds utter prophecies; With our faint hearts the mountain strives: Its arms outstretched, the druid 4 wood Waits with its benedicite; And to our age's drowsy blood Still shouts the inspiring sea.

Earth gets its price for what Earth gives us: The beggar is taxed for a corner to die in, The priest hath his fee who comes and shrives bus, We bargain for the graves we lie in; At the devil's booth 6 are all things sold,

<sup>1</sup> auroral, dawn-like.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Not only . . . lie. In allusion to Wordsworth's

<sup>&</sup>quot;Heaven lies about us in our infancy," in his ode, Intimations of Immortality.

<sup>\*</sup> We Sinais climb. The thought "stand like Druids of old." is, that we might ascend to high spheres of thought and feeling, - to "the mount of vision."

<sup>4</sup> druid = druidic. The word world.

Druid is said to be derived from an old Celtic word meaning oak, because the Druids instructed in the forest or under an oak. Longfellow speaks of the "murmuring pines and the hemlocks" that

<sup>5</sup> shrives, receives confession.

<sup>6</sup> the devil's booth: that is, the vanities and sinful pleasures of this

Each ounce of dross costs its ounce of gold; For a cap and bells our lives we pay; Bubbles we buy with a whole soul's tasking:

'Tis heaven alone that is given away, 'Tis only God may be had for the asking. No price is set on the lavish summer; June may be had by the poorest comer.

And what is so rare as a day in June? Then, if ever, come perfect days; Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune, And over it softly her warm ear lays:2 Whether we look, or whether we listen, We hear life murmur, or see it glisten;8 Every clod feels 4 a stir of might,

An instinct within it that reaches and towers, And, groping blindly above it for light, Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers; The flush of life may well be seen Thrilling back over hills and valleys; The cowslip startles in meadows green,

The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,<sup>5</sup> And there's never a leaf nor a blade too mean

To be some happy creature's palace.6

<sup>1</sup> cap and bells, the emblems of a court jester or fool.

<sup>3</sup> Then Heaven tries . . . lays. Express in your own words the thought in this fine metaphor.

<sup>3</sup> life murmur...glisten. What objects do you suppose the poet language what is here expressed in had in his mind?

<sup>4</sup> Every clod feels, etc. What is the figure of speech?

<sup>5</sup> chalice, derived through French calice, from Latin calix, a cup or bowl. Calyx is from the same root.

<sup>6</sup> To be ... palace State in plain metaphor.

The little bird sits at his door in the sun,

Atilt¹ like a blossom among the leaves,

And lets his illumined being² o'errun

With the deluge³ of summer it receives;

His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,

And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and sings;

He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest:

In the nice ear of Nature, which song is the best?

Now is the high tide of the year,

And whatever of life hath ebbed away

Comes flooding back with a ripply cheer,

Into every bare inlet and creek and bay;

Now the heart is so full that a drop overfills it;

We are happy now because God wills it;

No matter how barren the past may have been,

'Tis enough for us now that the leaves are green.

We sit in the warm shade, and feel right well

How the sap creeps up, and the blossoms swell;

We may shut our eyes, but we can not help knowing

That the skies are clear, and grass is growing;

The breeze comes whispering in our ear

That dandelions are blossoming near,

That maize has sprouted, that streams are flowing,

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Atilt. What is the application of this word here?

<sup>2</sup> illumined being. Explain.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>8</sup> deluge. Note, in connection with the metaphorical use of this word, that we speak of a flood of light, as well as of water.

<sup>4</sup> high tide. What is meant? How is the metaphor subsequently carried out?

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> comes whispering, etc. What is the figure of speech?

<sup>6</sup> dandelions. See Webster for an interesting derivation.

That the river is bluer than the sky, That the robin is plastering his house hard by. And if the breeze kept the good news back, For other couriers we should not lack;

We could guess it all by you heifer's lowing—And hark! how clear bold chanticleer,<sup>1</sup>
Warmed with the new wine of the year,<sup>2</sup>
Tells all in his lusty<sup>3</sup> crowing!

Joy comes, grief goes, we know not how; Every thing is happy now,

Every thing is upward striving;
"Tis as easy now for the heart to be true
As for grass to be green, or skies to be blue—
"Tis the natural way of living:

Who knows whither the clouds have fled?

In the unscarred heaven they leave no wake; And the eyes forget the tears they have shed,

The heart forgets its sorrow and ache; The soul partakes the season's youth, And the sulphurous rifts of passion and woe Lie deep 'neath a silence pure and smooth,

Like burned-out craters healed with snow. What wonder if Sir Launfal now Remembered the keeping of his vow?

<sup>1</sup> chanticleer (from French chanter, to sing): literally, the clearsinging one.

5 wake, the t sel in the water.
6 sulphurous

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> new wine of the year. Explain the metaphor.

<sup>8</sup> lusty, vigorous.

<sup>4</sup> unscarred heaven. Explain the epithet.

<sup>5</sup> wake, the track left by a vessel in the water.

<sup>6</sup> sulphurous rifts: that is, opening through which exhale sulphur fumes. The metaphor which is carried out in the expression "burned-out craters," is very powerful.

#### PART FIRST.

"My golden spurs now bring to me, And bring to me my richest mail,1 For to-morrow I go over land and sea In search of the Holy Grail; Shall never a bed for me be spread, Nor shall a pillow be under my head, Till I begin my vow to keep; Here on the rushes will I sleep, And perchance there may come a vision true Ere day create the world anew." Slowly Sir Launfal's eyes grew dim, Slumber fell like a cloud on him, And into his soul the vision flew.

#### II.

The crows flapped over by twos and threes, In the pool drowsed the cattle up to their knees, The little birds sang as if it were The one day of summer in all the year, And the very leaves seemed to sing on the trees; The castle alone in the landscape lay Like an outpost<sup>2</sup> of winter, dull and gray; 'Twas the proudest hall in the North Countree,8

<sup>1</sup> mail = coat of mail.

post" in an army is far beyond the thing of winter in the landscape. lines of the army itself. So, when was far away, the "dull and gray" style of the old English ballads.

castle stood in contrast with the <sup>2</sup> Like an outpost. An "out- singing birds and leaves—the only

<sup>8</sup> Countree. This form of the all nature proclaimed that winter word is used in imitation of the

And never its gates might opened be,
Save to lord or lady of high degree.
Summer besieged it on every side,
But the churlish stone 1 her assaults defied;
She could not scale the chilly wall,
Though round it for leagues her pavilions tall 2
Stretched left and right,
Over the hills and out of sight;
Green and broad was every tent,
And out of each a murmur went
Till the breeze fell off at night.

#### TTT.

The drawbridge dropped with a surly clang, And through the dark arch a charger <sup>3</sup> sprang, Bearing Sir Launfal the maiden knight,<sup>4</sup> In his gilded mail, that flamed so bright It seemed the dark castle had gathered all Those shafts the fierce sun had shot over its wall

In his siege of three hundred summers long, And, binding them all in one blazing sheaf,<sup>5</sup> Had cast them forth: so, young and strong, And lightsome as a locust-leaf,<sup>6</sup>

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> churlish stone. Show the appropriateness of the adjective.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> her pavilions tall. "Pavilion" is here equivalent to "tent" used below; and tent is a metaphorical expression for leafy tree.

<sup>\*</sup> charger, a horse for making a charge or onset.

<sup>4</sup> the maiden knight, the young knight.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> binding . . . blazing sheat. What is the figure of speech? (See Def. 9.)

<sup>6</sup> as a locust-leaf. What peculiarity of the locust-leaf makes the simile appropriate?

Sir. Launfal flashed forth in his unscarred mail,<sup>1</sup> To seek in all climes for the Holy Grail.

#### IV.

It was morning on hill and stream and tree,
And morning in the young knight's heart;<sup>2</sup>
Only the castle moodily
Rebuffed the gifts of the sunshine free,
And gloomed <sup>3</sup> by itself apart;
The season brimmed all other things up
Full as the rain fills the pitcher-plant's cup.

## V.

As Sir Launfal made morn through the darksome gate,

He was 'ware ' of a leper, crouched by the same,<sup>5</sup> Who begged with his hand and moaned as he sate; And a loathing over Sir Launfal came:

The sunshine went out of his soul with a thrill,

The flesh 'neath his armor 'gan' shrink and crawl, And midway its leap his heart stood still

Like a frozen waterfall;<sup>7</sup>

For this man, so foul and bent of stature,8 Rasped harshly against his dainty nature,

<sup>1</sup> unscarred mail. The "maiden knight" not having yet been to the wars, his coat of mail showed no scars.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> morning . . . heart. Express in your own words.

<sup>\*</sup> gloomed: that is, stood casting a gloom.

<sup>4</sup> was 'ware: that is, became aware, perceived.

<sup>5</sup> the same: that is, the gate.

<sup>6 &#</sup>x27;gan = began.

<sup>7</sup> Like a frozen, etc. What is the figure?

<sup>8</sup> stature. Explain.

<sup>9</sup> Rasped harshly. Explain.

And seemed the one blot on the summer morn—So he tossed him a piece of gold in scorn.

## VI.

The leper raised not the gold from the dust:
"Better to me the poor man's crust,
Better the blessing of the poor,
Though I turn me¹ empty from his door;
That is no true alms which the hand can hold;
He gives nothing but worthless gold

Who gives from a sense of duty; But he who gives a slender mite, And gives to that which is out of sight,—

That thread of the all-sustaining beauty
Which runs through all, and doth all unite,—
The hand can not clasp the whole of his alms,<sup>2</sup>
The heart outstretches its eager palms,
For a god goes with it, and makes it store<sup>3</sup>
To the soul that was starving in darkness before."

#### PRELUDE TO PART SECOND.

Down swept the chill wind from the mountain-peak,
From the snow five thousand summers old;
On open wold and hill-top bleak
It had gathered all the cold, And whirled it like sleet on the wanderer's cheek;

<sup>1</sup> I turn me = I turn.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> his alms: that is, the alms of him "who gives to that which is out of sight."

<sup>\*</sup> store, bountiful blessing.

<sup>4</sup> wold, a plain, or open country.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> gathered all the cold. Explain.

It carried a shiver everywhere From the unleafed 1 boughs and pastures bare. The little brook heard it,2 and built a roof 'Neath which he could house him, winter-proof; All night by the white stars' frosty gleams He groined his arches and matched his beams; Slender and clear were his crystal spars As the lashes of light that trim the stars; He sculptured every summer delight In his halls and chambers out of sight.8 Sometimes his tinkling waters slipt Down through a frost-leaved forest-crypt,4 Long sparkling aisles of steel-stemmed trees Bending to counterfeit<sup>5</sup> a breeze; Sometimes the roof no fretwork knew,6 But silvery mosses that downward grew; Sometimes it was carved in sharp relief? With quaint arabesques 8 of ice-fern leaf; Sometimes it was simply smooth and clear For the gladness of heaven to shine through, and here He had caught the nodding bulrush-tops, And hung them thickly with diamond drops, That crystaled the beams of moon and sun, And made a star of every one.

<sup>1</sup> unleafed = leafless.

<sup>2</sup> brook heard it, etc. What is the figure of speech?

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>8</sup> He groined his arches . . . sight. Point out and explain the architectural allusions.

<sup>4</sup> crypt, a subterranean cell under a church.

<sup>5</sup> counterfeit, imitate.

<sup>6</sup> no fretwork knew=had no fretwork. "Fretwork" is work adorned with raised ornamentation.

<sup>7</sup> relief, raised work.

<sup>8</sup> arabesques, fanciful ornamentations used for enriching flat surfaces.

No mortal builder's most rare device Could match this winter-palace of ice; <sup>1</sup>
"Twas as if every image that mirrored lay In his depths serene through the summer day, Each fleeting shadow of earth and sky,

Lest the happy model should be lost, Had been mimicked in fairy masonry By the elfin builders of the frost.

Within the hall are song and laughter,

The cheeks of Christmas<sup>2</sup> grow red and jolly,
And sprouting is every corbel<sup>3</sup> and rafter

With lightsome green of ivy and holly;
Through the deep gulf of the chimney wide

Wallows the Yule-log's roaring tide; The broad flame-pennons droop and flap

And belly and tug as a flag in the wind; Like a locust shrills the imprisoned sap,

Hunted to death in its galleries blind; And swift little troops of silent sparks,

Now pausing, now scattering away as in fear, Go threading the soot-forest's tangled darks? Like herds of startled deer.

<sup>1</sup> winter-palace of ice. Perhaps in allusion to the wonderful ice-palace built by Catherine II., Empress of Russia.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> The cheeks of Christmas, etc. Explain the personification.

<sup>\*</sup> corbel, a shoulder-piece of timber, iron, etc., jutting out from a wall.

<sup>4</sup> Yule-log, a great log burned in the fire-place at Christmas time, in honor of Juul, the Scandinavian Thor.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> shrills. What is the subject of this verb? Explain the simile.

<sup>6</sup> hunted to death. Adjunct to what noun?

<sup>7</sup> darks. Explain.

But the wind without was eager and sharp,
Of Sir Launfal's gray hair it makes a harp,
And rattles and wrings
The icy strings,
Singing, in dreary monotone,
A Christmas carol of its own,
Whose burden still, as he might guess,
Was, "Shelterless, shelterless, shelterless!"
The voice of the seneschal lared like a torch
As he shouted the wanderer away from the porch,
And he sat in the gateway, and saw all night
The great hall-fire, so cheery and bold,
Through the window-slits of the castle old,
Build out its piers of ruddy light
Against the drift of the cold.

#### PART SECOND.

I.

There was never a leaf on bush or tree;
The bare boughs rattled shudderingly;
The river was numb, and could not speak,
For the weaver Winter its shroud had spun:
A single crow on the tree-top bleak
From his shining feathers shed off the cold sun;
Again it was morning, but shrunk and cold,
As if her<sup>3</sup> veins were sapless and old,
And she rose up decrepitly
For a last dim look at earth and sea.

<sup>1</sup> seneschal, in feudal times, a steward or officer who had the superintendence of feasts.

2 its shroud had spun. Explain the metaphor.

3 her. Whose?

II.

Sir Launfal turned from his own hard gate,1 For another heir in his earldom sate; An old, bent man, worn out and frail, He came back from seeking the Holy Grail; Little he recked 2 of his earldom's loss. No more on his surcoat 8 was blazoned the cross,4 But deep in his soul the sign he wore, The badge of the suffering and the poor.

#### III.

Sir Launfal's raiment thin and spare Was idle mail 5 'gainst the barbéd 6 air, For it was just at the Christmas 7 time; So he mused, as he sat, of a sunnier clime. And sought for a shelter from cold and snow In the light and warmth of long ago: He sees the snake-like caravan crawl O'er the edge of the desert, black and small, Then nearer and nearer, till, one by one, He can count the camels in the sun. As over the red-hot sands they pass To where, in its slender necklace of grass, The little spring laughed and leapt in the shade,

<sup>1</sup> hard gate: that is, the gate | cross of red cloth worn by the Cruwhere he had been received in a hard-hearted manner.

<sup>2</sup> recked, thought, cared.

surcoat, a short coat worn by knights over the other garments.

<sup>4</sup> the cross, in allusion to the

saders.

<sup>5</sup> idle mail, a figurative expression equivalent to no protection.

<sup>6</sup> barbed, cutting as though with spikes.

<sup>7</sup> Christmas. See Glossary.

And with its own self like an infant played, And waved its signal of palms.<sup>1</sup>

## IV.

"For Christ's sweet sake, I beg an alms:"—
The happy camels may reach the spring,
But Sir Launfal sees only the grewsome 2 thing,
The leper, lank as the rain-blanched bone,
That cowers beside him—a thing as lone
And white as the ice-isles of Northern seas—
In the desolate horror of his disease.

## V.

And Sir Launfal said, "I behold in thee
An image of Him who died on the tree;<sup>3</sup>
Thou also hast had thy crown of thorns,
Thou also hast had the world's buffets and scorns,
And to thy life were not denied
The wounds in the hands and feet and side:
Mild Mary's Son, acknowledge me;
Behold, through him, I give to thee!"

#### VI.

Then the soul of the leper stood up in his eyes
And looked at Sir Launfal, and straightway he
Remembered in what a haughtier guise
He had flung an alms to leprosie,4

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> To where . . . palms. Note son the tree: that is, on the this fine description of an oasis.

<sup>2</sup> grewsome, ugly, frightful. 4 leprosie = the leper.

When he girt his young life up in gilded mail,
And set forth in search of the Holy Grail.
The heart within him was ashes and dust;
He parted in twain his single crust,
He broke the ice on the streamlet's brink,
And gave the leper to eat and drink:
"Twas a mouldy crust of coarse brown bread,
"Twas water out of a wooden bowl—
Yet with fine wheaten bread was the leper fed,
And 'twas red wine he drank with his thirsty soul.

#### VII.

As Sir Launfal mused with a downcast face,
A light shone round about the place;
The leper no longer crouched at his side,
But stood before him glorified,
Shining and tall and fair and straight
As the pillar that stood by the Beautiful Gate<sup>1</sup>—
Himself the Gate whereby men can
Enter the temple of God in Man.

## VIII.

His words were shed softer than leaves from the pine, And they fell on Sir Launfal as snows on the brine, Which mingle their softness and quiet in one With the shaggy unrest they float down upon; And the voice that was calmer than silence said, "Lo, it is I, be not afraid!

<sup>1</sup> the pillar...Beautiful Gate. Boaz, which stood beside the Gate. The reference is to one of the Beautiful in the temple at Jerutwo pillars called Jachin and salem.

In many climes, without avail,
Thou hast spent thy life for the Holy Grail;
Behold, it is here,—this cup which thou
Didst fill at the streamlet for me but now;
This crust is my body broken for thee,
This water His blood that died on the tree.
The Holy Supper is kept indeed,
In whatso we share with another's need;
Not what we give, but what we share—
For the gift without the giver is bare;
Who gives himself with his alms feeds three,—
Himself, his hungering neighbor, and me."

#### IX.

Sir Launfal awoke as from a swound: 1
"The Grail in my castle here is found!
Hang my idle armor up on the wall,
Let it be the spider's banquet-hall:
He must be fenced with stronger mail
Who would seek and find the Holy Grail."

#### X.

The castle gate stands open now,
And the wanderer is welcome to the hall
As the hang-bird is to the elm-tree bough;
No longer scowl the turrets tall,
The Summer's long siege tal last is o'er;
When the first poor outcast went in at the door,

<sup>1</sup> swound=swoon.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> the hang-bird, the Baltimore oriole.

<sup>\*</sup> scowl. What is the figure?

<sup>4</sup> Summer's siege. What is the figure of speech?

She entered with him in disguise, And mastered the fortress by surprise: There is no spot she loves so well on ground, She lingers and smiles there the whole year round. The meanest serf on Sir Launfal's land Has hall and bower at his command: And there's no poor man in the North Countree But is lord of the earldom as much as he.1

## 2.-THE COURTIN'.

[The Courtin' - "the only attempt I had ever made at any thing like a pastoral," as the author states - is the most genuine of our native idyls. The first sketch of the poem comprised only six stanzas, which, curiously enough, were written and inserted merely to fill a vacant page in the introduction to the Biglow Papers. These being greatly admired, the author added stanzas from time to time till the poem assumed its present form of twenty-four stanzas.]

God makes sech 2 nights, all white an' still Fur'z<sup>8</sup> you can look or listen, Moonshine an' snow on field an' hill, All silence an' all glisten.

al purists may raise to the use of these colloquialisms in literature, we should hesitate in condemning such use until we have learned Mr. Lowell's defense in a masterly essay prefixed to the Biglow Papers. In this essay he shows that many of these supposed "provincialisms" have the authority of the best English writers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

8 Fur's=for as, in order that. Courtin' is written in the "Yankee | The form "fur" has the authority

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> The biographer of Mr. Lowell | says of The Vision of Sir Launfal: "This noble poem was composed in a kind of fury, substantially as it now appears, in the space of about forty-eight hours, during which the poet scarcely ate or slept. It was almost an improvisation, and its effect upon the reader is like that of the outburst of an inspired singer."

<sup>2</sup> sech. It will be noted that The dialect." Whatever objections verb- | of Sir Philip Sidney.

Zekle crep' up quite unbeknown,<sup>1</sup>
An' peeked in thru' the winder,
An' there sot Huldy all alone,
'ith no one nigh to hender.

A fireplace filled the room's one side
With half a cord o' wood in —
There warn't no<sup>2</sup> stoves (tell<sup>3</sup> comfort died)
To bake ye to a puddin'.

The wa'nut logs shot sparkles out
Towards the pootiest, bless her!
An' leetle flames danced all about
The chiny on the dresser.

Agin 6 the chimbley 7 crook-necks 8 hung, An' in amongst 'em rusted The ole queen's-arm 9 thet gran'ther 10 Young Fetched 11 back from Concord busted.

The very room, coz <sup>12</sup> she was in, Seemed warm from floor to ceilin',

<sup>1</sup> unbeknown = unknown. In early English, be was a common prefix marking past participles.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> warr't no. Of course modern English permits no defense of such solecisms, but the double negative was freely used by Shakespeare and other writers of the Elizabethan age.

<sup>\*</sup> tell = till: the form was in good use in the eighteenth century.

<sup>4</sup> leetle: this phonetically represents the old English pronunciation of little.

<sup>5</sup> chiny = china, china-ware.

<sup>6</sup> Agin=against. The form has the authority of the poet Donne (seventeenth century).

<sup>7</sup> chimbley = chimney, the old sense of which is fireplace.

<sup>8</sup> crook-necks: that is, crook-neck squashes.

<sup>9</sup> queen's-arm, a musket belong' ing to the time of Queen Anne. 10 gran'ther=grandfather.

<sup>11</sup> fetched. Meaning?

<sup>12</sup> coz = cause: that is, because.

An' she looked full ez rosy agin <sup>1</sup> Ez the apples she was peelin'.

'Twas kin' o' kingdom-come 2 to look On sech a blessed cretur; A dogrose blushin' to a brook Ain't modester nor sweeter.

He was six foot o' man, A 1, Clean grit an' human natur'; None couldn't quicker pitch a ton, Nor dror a furrer straighter.

He'd sparked it<sup>5</sup> with full twenty gals,
Hed squired<sup>6</sup> 'em, danced 'em, druv 'em,
Fust<sup>7</sup> this one, an' then thet, by spells—
All is, he couldn't love 'em.

But 'long o' her his veins 'ould run All crinkly like curled maple,

The side she breshed lo felt full o' sun Ez la south slope in Ap'il.

<sup>1</sup> agin = again.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> kingdom-come. An untranslatable colloquialism, the meaning of which is more easily felt than expressed.

<sup>8</sup> dror = draw.

<sup>4</sup> furrer = furrow.

<sup>5</sup> sparked 1t, played the lover. To spark, in the sense of to court, is used by Washington Irving.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>6</sup> squired, attended as a squire or beau.

<sup>7</sup> Fust=first. The form has the sanction of Prior (eighteenth century).

<sup>8 &#</sup>x27;long o' = along of, beside.

<sup>9</sup> crinkly, from crinkle, a twist or turn.

<sup>10</sup> breshed, brushed against.

<sup>11</sup> Ez, etc. Figure?

She thought no v'ice 1 hed sech a swing Ez hisn 2 in the choir;
My! when he made Ole Hunderd ring,
She knowed the Lord was nigher.

An' she'd blush scarlit, right in prayer, When her new meetin'-bunnet Felt somehow thru' its crown a pair O' blue eyes sot upon it.

Thet night, I tell ye, she looked some! She seemed to've gut a new soul,

For she felt sartin 4-sure he'd come,

Down to her very shoe-sole.

She heered a foot, an' knowed it tu, A-raspin' on the scraper,— All ways to once her feelin's flew Like sparks in burnt-up paper.

He kin' o' l'itered on the mat, Some doubtf'l o' the sekle,8 His heart kep' goin' pity-pat, But hern went pity Zekle.9

<sup>1</sup> v'ice = voice.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> hisn = his. An old English dialectic form.

<sup>\*</sup> some. Another expressive untranslatable colloquialism.

<sup>4</sup> sartin = certain. The form has the sanction of Dryden.

<sup>5</sup> to once = at once.

<sup>6</sup> Hike sparks... paper. What is this droll figure?

<sup>7</sup> l'itered = loitered.

<sup>8</sup> sekle = sequel.

<sup>9</sup> pity-pat . . . pity Zekle. Explain this drollery.

An' yit she gin her cheer a jerk Ez though she wished him furder,<sup>2</sup> An' on her apples kep' to work, Parin' away like murder.

"You want to see my Pa, I s'pose?"
"Wal...no...I come dasignin'"—
"To see my Ma? she's sprinklin' clo'es
Agin to-morrer's i'nin."

To say why gals acts so or so, Or don't, 'ould be presumin'; Mebby to mean yes an' say no Comes nateral to women.

He stood a spell on one foot fust,<sup>6</sup>
Then stood a spell on t'other,
An' on which one he felt the wust <sup>7</sup>
He couldn't ha' told ye nuther.

Says he, "I'd better call agin;"
Says she, "Think likely, Mister:"
Thet last word pricked him like a pin,
An'... Wal,8 he up an' kist her.

<sup>1</sup> cheer = chair: the colloquial form represents the old English pronunciation.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> furder (for further) has the high authority of Lord Bacon.

<sup>8</sup> ini'n' = ironing.

<sup>4</sup> gals = girls.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> Mebby = may be, perhaps.

<sup>6</sup> fust, an authorized old form of first.

<sup>7</sup> wust = worst.

<sup>8</sup> Wal = well.

When Ma bimeby 1 upon 'em slips, Huldy sot pale ez ashes, All kin' o' smily roun' the lips An' teary roun' the lashes.2

For she was jes' the quiet kind Whose naturs never vary, Like streams that keep a summer mind Snow-hid in Jenooary.<sup>8</sup>

The blood clost for all expressin,

Tell mother see how metters stood,

An gin em both her blessin.

Then her red come back like the tide Down to the Bay o' Fundy,<sup>5</sup> An' all I know is, they was cried <sup>6</sup> In meetin' come nex' Sunday.<sup>7</sup>



<sup>1</sup> bimeby = by and by.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> All kin' . . . lashes. What a deft touch!

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>8</sup> Like streams . . . Jenocary. Point out the telling metaphor incorporated in this vivid simile.

<sup>4</sup> clost = close.

<sup>5</sup> like the tide ... Fundy. What fact gives force to the comparison?

<sup>6</sup> was cried. To be cried is to have the bans of marriage announced in church.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>7</sup> come next Sunday: that is, the following Sunday.

# GLOSSARY.

#### ABBREVIATIONS.

adj., adjective. A.-S., Anglo-Saxon. Fr., French. Ger., German. Gr., Greek.

for another.

Heb., Hebrew. lt., Italian. Lat., Latin. lit., literally. n., noun.

O. Eng., Old English. O. Fr., Old French. p. p., past participle. sing., singular. v., verb.

courage by aid and countenance.

abrupt, Lat. ab, off, and rumpere, to break : hasty, blunt.

absurd. Lat. absurdus, from ab, from, and surdus, deaf, lit. proceeding from one that is deaf: hence, opposed to manifest truth.

abundance, Lat. abundantia, ab and unda, a wave; lit., an overflow: an overflowing fullness, plenteousness. ado, A.-S. a, to, and do: bustle, trouble. agent, Lat. agere, to act: one acting

Albion, an ancient or poetical name of England. The name "Albion" is derived from Lat. albus, white, on account of the appearance of England's chalky cliffs.

ambition, Lat. ambitio, from amb, around, and ire, to go, a going around, especially of candidates in Rome to solicit votes, and hence, primarily, desire for office: an eager desire for honor, superiority, or power.

ambitious. See ambition.

annihilation, Lat. ad, to, and nihil, nothing: the being reduced to nothing.

anon. A.-S. an = in, and on = one, that is, in one minute: soon.

abet. O. Fr. abetter. to instigate: to en- armistice. Fr. armistice. from Lat. arma, arms, and stare, to stand still: suspension of hostilities by agreement : a truce.

> arrival, Lat. ad, to, and ripa, the shore: the act of reaching a place. audible, Lat. audire, to hear: that

may be heard.

audience, Lat. audientia, a hearing. from audire, to hear: the act of hearing; admittance to a hearing.

author, Lat. auctor, from augere, to increase, to produce: the composer of a book.

aversion, Lat. a, from, and vertere, to turn: disinclination.

avert, Lat. a, from, and vertere, to turn : to turn aside.

barbarian, Lat. barbarus, Gr. barbaros, foreign: an uncivilized person.

bass. Fr. basse, deep, low: deep or grave in sound.

bay, v., Fr. aboyer, to bark : to bark at. beam, A.-S. beam, a beam: a shaft of rays.

benevolence, Lat. bene, well, and volere, to wish: good-will, charitableness.

betwixt, A.-S. betwixt, from be, by, and twiy, two: between.

boon, Lat. bonus, good, lit. that which is asked as a benefit: a gift, a grant.

bridegroom, A.-S. brydguma, a man newly married or about to be married.

buffoon, Fr. bouffon, from bouffer, to puff out, because the buffoons puffed out their cheeks: a mountebank, clown.

buttress, Fr. bouter, to push, to butt: a projecting support to the exterior of a wall.

calendar, Lat. calendarium, an account-book: an arrangement of the divisions of time.

candid, Lat. candidus, from candere, to be of a glowing white: fair, just, impartial.

cavalier, Fr. cavalier, a horseman, from Lat. caballus, a horse: a knight, a gallant gentleman.

century, Lat. centum, a hundred: the period of a hundred years.

chance, n., through Fr. chance, from Lat. cadere, to fall: hence, what befalls, and so fate, fortune.

chapel. See chaplain.

chaplain, Fr. chapelain, mediæval Lat. capellanus, from capella, a hood, sacred vessel, chapel. It is said that the kings of France, in war, carried into the field St. Martin's hat, which was kept in a tent as a precious relic; whence the place took the name capella, a little hat, and the priest who had the custody of the tent was called capellanus, chaplain.

children, A.-S. cild, pl. cildru, cildra. The word is a curious instance of a double plural (=child+ra+en).

choler, Gr. cholera, from chole, bile: wrath, anger.

chorister, Fr. choriste, a singer in a choir, from Gr. choros, a choir.

Christmas, from Christ, and mediæval Lat. missa, mass: the festival of the Christian Church observed annually on December 25, in memory of the birth of Christ.

clan, Gaelic clann, offspring, descendants: a tribe of families.

clarion, mediæval Lat. clario, from Lat. clarus, clear, from its shrill sound: a kind of trumpet whose note is clear and shrill.

clerk, Lat. clericus, priest: a parish officer in the Church of England.

clown, Lat. colonus, a husbandman. It first came to mean a rustic, and afterwards a buffoon.

coffer, Fr. coffre, from Lat. cophinus, Gr. kophinos, a basket, a chest: treasury or funds.

coherent, Lat. co for con, with, and harrer, to stick: cleaving together, and hence, connected by some relation of order.

collection, Lat. con, together, and legere, to gather.

commune, Lat. communicare, to communicate: to converse together familiarly.

companion, Fr. compagnon, from medisval Lat. companium, fellowship, mess (com, together, panis, bread): an associate, a comrade.

compeer, O. Fr. from Lat. com, with, and par, equal: an equal, an associate.

compensate, Lat. com (con), with, and pendere, pensum, to weigh: to balance, to make equal return.

compensation. See compensate.

congenial, Lat. congenialis, partaking of the same nature: kindred, sympathetic.

conjure, Lat. con, and jurare, to swear: to entreat earnestly.

consent, Lat. con, together, and sentire, to feel: sympathy, accord. Used by Milton in this its etymological sense. contract, Lat. contractus, from con and

contract, Lat. contractus, from con and trahere, to draw together: an agreement, a covenant.

contradiction, Lat. contra, against, and dicere, to speak: an assertion of the contrary, denial.

coronet, Lat. corona, a crown: an in- edify, Lat. zeles, a building, and facere. ferior crown worn by noblemen.

corrupt, adj., Lat. con, and rumpere, to break : vitiated, depraved.

corselet, Fr. corselet, from O. Fr. cors = corps, the body: a piece of armor to cover the front of the body. cosmetic, Gr. knemos, order, adornment: that which beautifies.

covert, n., U. Fr. courir, to cover (covert, covered): a place where animals hunted in the chase find cover.

credit, Lat. credere, creditum, to believe. Hence its derivative meanings. curfew. Fr. courrir, to cover, and feu, fire: the bell-ringing at nightfall practiced in olden times as a signal to cover fires, extinguish lights, and retire to rest.

cynosure. Lat. cipiosura (Gr. kunosoura, lit. dog's tail), the ancient name for the constellation of the Lesser Bear, or rather the stars composing the tail of it. To this group, as containing the pole-star, the eyes of mariners are directed; and hence the meaning of cynosure, as denoting any object that strongly attracts attention.

deliberation, Lat. deliberare, to weigh, from de and libra, a balance : careful consideration.

different, Lat. dif (for dis), apart, and ferre, to bear . separate, distinct.

dispute, n., Lat. dis, apart, and putare, to think : a debate, an argument.

distant, Lat. dis, apart, and stare, to stand : remote.

document, Lat. documentum, from docere, to teach: any thing furnishing proof or evidence.

dole, A.-S. dælan, to divide: to deal out in small portions.

dubious, Lat. dubius (from duo, two), moving in two directions: doubtful as to the result.

dudgeon, Welsh dygen, anger, grudge: discord.

to make: lit., to build up; derivatively, to instruct.

effigy, Lat. effigies, from e (= ex), and fingere, to shape out: the image or likeness of a person.

effluence, Lat. ex, from, and fluere, to flow: that which flows or issues from any body or substance.

election, Lat. e. and legere, to choose: the act of choosing a person to fill an office.

elements. Lat. elementum, a first principle: a constituent part.

ethereal (Lat. ather, from Gr. aithein, to burn or blaze); pertaining to the ether, or celestial region; celestial. event, Lat. e, out, and renire, to come : an occurrence.

exact, v., Lat, exigere, to drive out, to demand: to require authoritatively.

exit, lit. he goes out (3d pers. sing. pres. indic. of Lat. v. exire, to go out): the departure of a player from the stage. when he has performed his part.

extort. Lat. ex. from, and torquere, to turn about, to twist: to wrest or wring from, by force.

fain, adv., A.-S. fagen, glad: gladly.

fanatic, Lat. fanaticus, inspired by divinity, from fanum, a fane or temple : one who indulges wild and extravagant religious notions.

fealty, Lat. fidelitas, fidelity. In feudal times, fidelity to one's lord; now, loyalty to a superior power.

feature, Lat. factura, a making, from facere, to make: lit., form "make," or structure.

fellow, A.-S. felaw, from fylgau, to follow: a companion.

fetich, Portuguese feitico, sorcery, charm, from Lat. factitius, made by art: a material thing, living or dead, which is made the object of superstitious worship, as among certain African tribes.

- fetters, A.-S. fetor, originally a shackle for the foot.
- flend, A.-S. flend or feoud, from flan, to hate, and hence lit. the hating one: a demon.
- firelock, an old-time musket having a lock which was discharged by striking fire with flint and steel.
- fond, A.-S. fonne, to be foolish, to dote:
- forlorn, A.-S. forloren, p.p. of forleosan, to lose: deserted, abandoned.
- frolic, adj., Ger. frolih, frohlich, joyful gay, merry.
- frolic, v., to be gay or merry.
- fustian, so called from Fustat, i.e., Cairo, in Egypt, where it was first made: a kind of coarse twilled cotton stuff.
- garish, A.-S. gearn, prepared, showy :
   dazzling.
- glebe, Lat. gleba, clod, ground: soil, ground.
- gossip, A.-S. god, God, and sib, relation; a relation or sponsor in baptism: an idle tattler.
- grotesque, Fr. grotesque, It. grottesa, It. like the figures found in grottos: whimsical; of extravagant or irregular form.
- guile, allied to A.-S. wile, craft: cunning, artifice.
- hamlet, A.-S. ham, home, house, and let, the diminutive termination: a small village.
- hautboy, n., Fr. hautbois (that is, haut, high, and bois, wood): an oboë, or musical instrument of the clarinet type.
- health, A.-S. hāldh, from hāl, hale, sound: the state of being hale, sound, or whole, in body, mind, or soul.
- heaven, A.-S. hefan, to heave, and hence lit. that which is heaved or arched over us: used by Pope as a synonym of God.

- hight, p.p. of A.-S. hatan, to be called: was named.
- hobgoblin, hot originally an abbreviation of robin (Robin Goodfellow, a domestic sprite), and goblin, from mediaval Lat. gobelinus, a mischievous knave (Ger. Kobold): a frightful apparition; an imp.
- homage, through Fr. homage, from Lat. homo, a man. "Homo" under the feudal system had the sense of vassal: lit., the state of being a vassal under a lord, and hence reverential submission.
- horrid, Lat. horridus, rough, bristly: dreadful, awe-inspiring.
- humor, Lat. humor, from humere, to be moist; that is, lit., the fluids of the body. As the state of mind was in old times believed to depend on these fluids, the word acquired the force of disposition, temper, mood, with various allied meanings.
- impediment, Lat. impedimentum, from im (= in), and pes, pedis, the foot: obstruction.
- import, n., Lat. im (for in), and portare, to bear: 1. import, meaning; 2. importance, consequence.
- impugn, Lat. impugnare, from im(=in)
  and pugnare, to fight: to call in question, gainsa/.
- incongruous, I.at. in, not, and congruus (= congruous', from congruere, to agree: not befitting, unsuitable.
- incredulous, Lat. in, not, and credere, to believe: unbelieving, skeptical.
- incumbent, Lat. incumbere, to lie upon: lying upon, resting on.
- inert, Lat. iners, from in, not, and ars, lit. unskilled: sluggish.
- infinite, Lat. infinitus (from in, without, and finis, end): without end, unlimited.
- ingenuous, Lat. ingenuus, inboru, frank: open, sincere.

insult, r., Lat. insultare, from in, and salire, to leap upon: to affront.

insuperable, Lat. insuperabilis, from super, over: not superable, not to be overpassed.

inter, Lat. in, in, and terra, the earth: to bury, to inhume.

interrupt, Lat. interrumpere, interruptum, to break in upon: to disturb.

intuition, l.at. intuitio, insight, from in, and tuere, to look upon: a truth discovered by direct cognition. It is an exact etymological synonym of A.-S. insight.

irksome, Scotch irk, to tire or weary: wearisome.

ken, n., O. Eng. kennen, to know by sight: reach of sight.

labyrinth, Lat. labyrinthus, from Gr. laburinthos: any object or arrangement of an intricate or involved form.

landscape, A.-S. landscipe, from land, land, and scipe (= suffix ship), shape, form: a portion of land or territory which the eye can comprehend in a single view, including all the objects it contains.

latent, Lat. latens, latentis (pres. p. of latere, to lie hid): hidden secret.

legacy, Lat. legare, to appoint by last will: a bequest.

lineage, Fr. ligne (= Lat. linea), a line, a race: descent in a line from a common ancestor.

livid, Lat. lividus, from livere, to be of a bluish color: black and blue, of a lead color, discolored.

10, interj., A.-S. ld, from imperative of look: behold.

locomotion, Lat. locus, place, and motio, motion: the act of inoving from place to place.

lubbar, equivalent to lubber, from lob: an unwieldy fellow.

madcap, from mad and mp: a person of wild behavior.

magician, Gr. magikos, priestly, from an Oriental word signifying priest: one skilled in magic.

marquis, Fr. marquis, from Ger. mark, a border: a nobleman of a certain rank.

mausoleum, Gr. Mausolus, king of Caria, to whom his widow erected a stately monument: a magnificent tomb.

meager, A.-S. mäger, Fr. maigre, Lat. macer, lean: lean, thin.

medallion, Fr. médaillon, from mediæval Lat. medalla, a medal.

meet, A.-S. hemet, from metan, to meet, find, come together: fit, proper.

melancholy, Gr. melas, black, and chole, gall, bile: a gloomy state of mind, a condition which at one time was supposed to result from a superabundance of bile.

mercenary, Lat. mercenarius, from merces, wages, reward: acting for reward.

mercurial, Lat. mercurialis, having the qualities fabled to belong to Mercury: active, sprightly, changeable.

methinks, compound of me (= to me), the indirect object, and thinks, seems, from the A.-S. verb thincm, to seem. The subject of this so-called inpersonal verb is the clause following.

microscopic, resembling a microscope, and this from Gr. mikros, small, and skopein, to view.

molety, Fr. moitié, Lat. medietas, from medius, middle, half: one of two equal parts.

mosaic, n., Gr. mouseins, belonging to the Muses: inlaid work.

muse, n., connected with Lat. muse, Gr. mouse, from masin, to seek out: lit., in the state of deep thought required by study, or the pursuit of the Muses. napkin, dim. of Fr. nappe, a tablecloth or cloth, from Lat. mappa, napkin: a handkerchief. In this sense used by Shakespeare, but now obsolete.

neighbor, A.-S. neah, nigh, and gebur, a husbandman: one who dwells near. nightingale, A.-S. nihtegale, from niht, night, and galan, to sing: a small bird that sings at night.

nostrum, Lat. nostrum, lit. "our own;" i.e., a special drug known only to the compounder of it: a quack medicine.

obscene, Lat. obscenus, foul, filthy: foul, filthy.

optic, n., Gr. optikos, relating to vision: an organ of sight, an eye. In this sense, generally used in the plural.

orchard, A.-S. ortgeard, an herb-yard: an enclosure of fruit-trees.

overmatch, lit. more than a match: a superior.

pad, A.-S. pad, padh (connected with path): an easy-paced horse.

paradise, Gr. paradisos, from Persian firdaus, a pleasure-garden.

paradox, Gr. para, contrary to, and doxa, opinion: something apparently absurd, and yet true in fact.

parson, Lat. persona (a person, that is, of the church): a clergyman.

peasantry, Eng. peasant, Fr. paysan, from pays (- Lat. pagus), the country: the body of country people among European nations.

Pegasus, Gr. Pegasos: a winged horse of the Muses.

penal, Lat. pæna, punishment: pertaining to or used for punishment.

perennial, Lat. perennialis, from per, throughout, and annus, the year: everlasting.

pervert, Lat. per, thoroughly, and vertere, to turn: to turn from its proper purpose. picturesque, Fr. pittoresque, from Lat. pictura (pingere, to paint): expressing that peculiar kind of beauty which is agreeable in a picture, natural or artificial.

piebald, for pie-balled, from pie, the party-colored bird, and ball: diversified in color.

pied, adj., from Fr. pie, the party-colored bird, the magpie: hence, variegated in color.

pork, Lat. porcus, hog, pig: the flesh of swine.

precious, Lat. pretium, price: of great price or value.

precise, Lat. præ, and cædere, to cut off in front: exact, accurate.

premise, Lat. præ, before, and mittere, to send: to set forth in advance.

prescribe, I.at. præ, before, and scribere, to write: lit. to fore-write, and hence to lay down authoritatively.

presumptuous, Lat. præsumptuosus (præ, before, and sumere, to take): full of presumption (presumption, lit. a taking in advance of warrant).

pretext, Lat. præ, before, and texere, to weave: an assumed motive.

prevent. Lat. præ, before, and renire, to come: to hinder, to obviate.

prodigious, Lat. pradigium, a prodigy: of the nature of a prodigy, and used by Milton in the special sense of portentous.

profusion, the act of one who is profuse, and this from Lat. pro, forth, and fundere, fusum, to pour.

project, v., Lat. pro, forward, and jacere, to throw: jutting.

proper, Fr. propre, Lat. proprius, one's own: belonging to as one's own.

provoke, Lat. provocare (pro, forth, and vocare, to call), to call forth: used by Gray in its etymological sense.

quagmire, O. Eng. quay, to quake or shake, and mire: soft, wet land. quorum, Lat. gen. pl. of qui, and hence af whom (with reference to a body of persons of whom those who are assembled are legally sufficient to do the business of the whole). In England, applied to the justice-court. quoth, A.-S. quedhan, to speak. Used only in the 1st and 3d person past touse.

rankle, A.-S. ranc, proud, strong, rank: to be inflamed, to fester.

rather, A.-S. properly the comparative degree of rathe (radhe), soon, quick, and hence lit. sooner, and thence transferred from connection in time to connection in choice.

reck, A.-S. recan, to care for: to make account of; to care for.

recollect, re and collect (Lat. recolligere): to recover or recall the knowledge of.

recollections, things recalled.

reduce, Lat. re, back, and ducere, to lead, to bring: to restore, to arrange. refrain, Lat. re, back, and frenum, a bit: hence, literally, to bridle, to hold in with a bit; to restrain, to forbear.

refuse, mediæval Lat. refusare, to pour back: to decline, to reject.

remorse, Lat. remordere, remorsus, to bite back, to torment: used by Shakespeare in the rare sense of relenting, compassion.

repel, Lat. re, back, and pellere, to drive: to drive back.

retiring, Fr. retirer, to draw back: retirement.

rival, n., Lat. rivales, two neighbors having the same brook (rivus) in common; a competitor.

rude, Lat. rudis, characterized by roughness: unpolished, barbarous. ruffian, Ger. raufen, to scuffle, to fight:

a boisterous, brutal fellow.

sanctity, Lat. sanctus, holy: holiness.

sanctuary, lat. sanctuarium, from sanctus, sacred: a sacred place.

sanguine, Lat. sanguis, blood.

satisfy, l.at. satisfacere, from satis, enough, and facere, to make: to free from doubt, suspense, or uncertainty.

savage (O. Eng. salvage), Lat. silvaticus, belouging to a wood (from silva, a wood): lit. a forest man, and thence an uncivilized (civis, a city) man.

scopter, Gr. skeptron, a staff: the baton of royalty.

secure, adj., Lat. se (size), without, and cura, care: used by Milton in its literal sense, not in its modern meaning of safe.

selah, Heb. selah, from salah, to repose, to be silent.

sirloin, Fr. surlonge (sur, over, and longe, loin): a loin of beef.

smother, n., A.-S. smorian, to suffocate: a state of suppression.

sooth, A.-S. sodk, truth: truth.

sovran, an old form of sovereign: supreme in power.

specter, Lat. spectrum, an image, from specere, to see: an apparition.

spirit, Lat. spiratus, from spirare, to breathe: a disembodied soul.

sprite, contracted from spirit (Lat. spiritus, breath; spirare, to breathe).

starve, from A.S. steorfan, to die. Its modern meaning, to famish, is a special application. Milton uses it as equivalent to freeze.

still, A.-S. stille, quietly: used by Dryden in the sense of always, ever.

Stygian, relating to the Styx, fabled to be a river of hell: hence hateful, infernal.

sublime, Lat. sublimis (probably from sublevere, to lift up): exalted.

sublimity. See sublime.
subterranean, Lat. sub, under, and
lerra, the earth: underground.

subtile, Lat. subtilis, from sub, under (slightly), tela, a web: lit. woven fire, then thin, then keen. In this last sense used by Milton. Subtle is a contracted form of the same word, but has taken the meaning of sly, artful.

subtle. See subtile.

subtlety. See subtile.

subtly, in a subtle manner. See subtile.

tale, A.-S. telian or tellan, to tell: a reckoning by count, an enumeration.

talents, Lat. talentum, Gr. talantom, any thing weighed; a talent (denomination of noney): mental endowments or capacity; a metaphorical use of the word, probably originating in the Scripture parable of the talents.

tapestry, Fr. tapisserie, from tapis, a carpet: a kind of woven hangings of wool and silk.

taunt, n., Lat. tentare, to test, to assail: scoff, mockery.

tempest, Lat. tempestas, a season, a storm (from tempus, time): a violent storm.

testament, Lat. testamentum, from testis, a witness: an instrument in writing by which a person declares his will as to the disposal of his estate and effects after his death.

thrall, A.-S. thral, a bondman: a slave, a bondman.

tinge, Lat. lingere, to wet, moisten: to imbue or affect one thing with the qualities of another; to color.

turrets, Lat. turris, a tower: a little tower.

twilight, A.-S. twi, two, and Eng. light, lit. doubtful light: the faint light perceived before the rising and after the setting of the sun.

ubiquitous, Lat. ubique, everywhere: existing everywhere.

uncouth, from A.-S. un, not, and cudh, known, from cunnun, to know: hence unknown, and in this literal sense it is used by Milton. This signification is now obsolete.

undulation, Lat. undula, a little wave, from unda, a wave: a waving motion or vibration.

untractable = intractable. The latter is the better form, — the Latin prefix in being used with the Latin root, in place of the A.-S. un.

unreproved, lit. not reproved, which is its modern meaning; but in Milton it signifies that cannot be reproved: irreproachable, blameless.

Utopia, Gr. ou, not, and topos, a place: an imaginary island spoken of in a work called *Utopia*, by Sir Thomas More.

vault, Fr. voûte, from Lat. volvere, volutum, to roll: an arched apartment.

velocity, Lat. velox, relocis, swift: swiftness of motion.

verger, Fr. verger, from rerge, a rod: the beadle of a cathedral church.

vernal, Lat. vernalis, from ver, spring: belonging to spring.

vicarious, Lat. vicarius, from vicis, change: acting or suffering for another.

victor, adj., Lat. vincere, to conquer: victorious.

victuals, Fr. victuailles, from Lat. victus, nourishment, from vivere, victum, to live: food for human beings, prepared for eating. Now used only in the plural.

vignette, Fr. vignette, from vigne, a vine, originally applied to ornaments consisting of leaves and tendrils: an engraving not inclosed within a definite border.

villain, mediæval Lat. villanus, a farmservant, a serf. By a process of degradation the word early came to mean a scoundrel, a knave. virtue, Lat. virtus, strength, excel- | wight, A.-S. wiht, a creature : a person. lence, from vir, a man: natural or moral excellence.

vista, It. vista, sight, view, from Lat. videre, to see: a view, especially a distant view, through or between intervening objects.

vulgar, Lat. vulgus, the common people: used by Emerson in the sense of popular.

wax, A.-S. wearan, to increase: to increase, as opposed to wane.

weal, A.-S. wela, wealth: well-being, prosperity.

weeds, A.-S. waed, a garment. The word was in the seventeenth century not confined to a widow's dress.

The word is used chiefly in burlesque. wit, A.-S. wit, knowledge. This word

in the older English literature is used in various senses widely different from its modern signification. Thus, in Shakespeare, (1) intellectual power, (2) sharpness, ingenuity; in Milton, intellect; in Butler, subtlety; in Dryden, skill.

withal, A.-S. with and all: with.

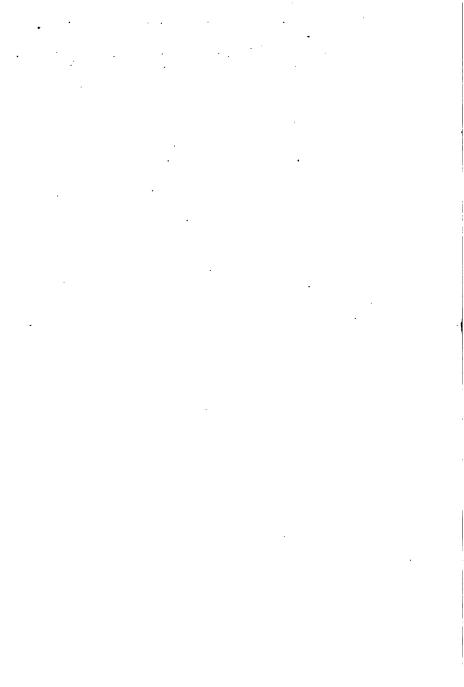
wizard, A.-S. wis, wise, and ard, man: a conjurer.

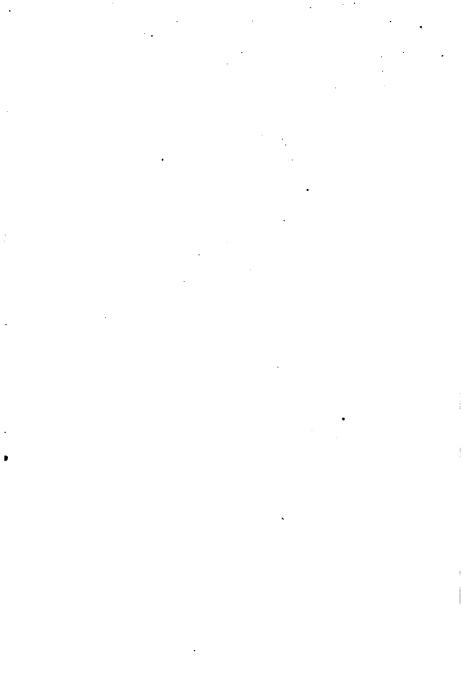
ycleped (I-klept), called, named: p.p. of A.-S. geclipian, to call; obsolete except in burlesque writing.

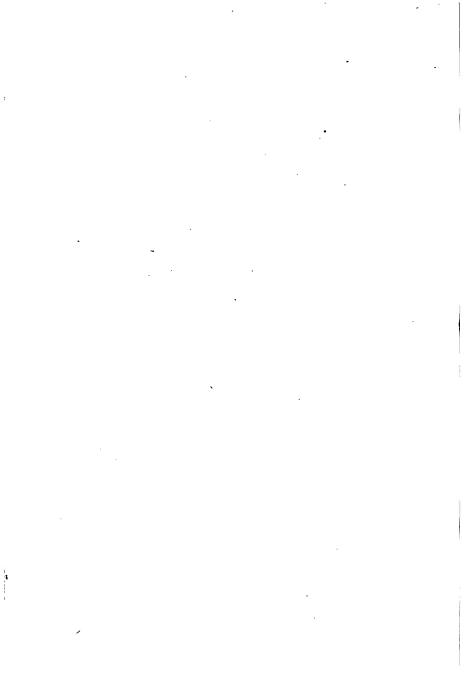
yore, A.-S. geo, formerly, and zr, ere, before.

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